



THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE
December 1949 - 15c.

CHRISTMAS FICTION • FUN

Larry Halvorsen

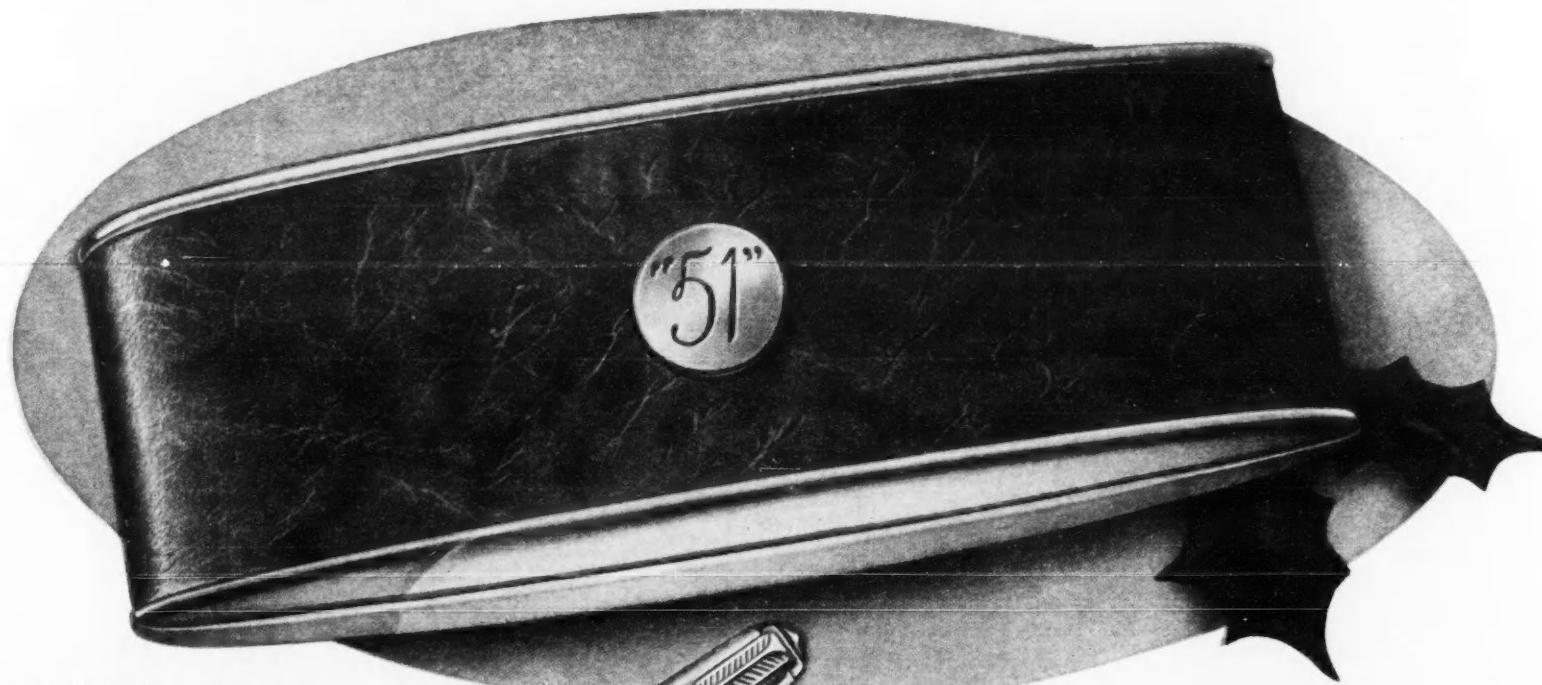
Gordon Sinclair tells about the "Miracle Man from Montreal"

FOOD • DECORATIONS • GIFTS

Please Return To:
Lauria Newton, Chat editor

The *Christmas* GIFT that thrills over and over again

NEW Parker "51"



Lovely Teal Blue Gold Cap Pen and Pencil Set, \$26.50; Pen \$17.50; Pencil \$9.00. Available also in Black, Burgundy and Cocoa.

Smart, sleek black Lustraloy Cap Pen, \$14.50; Pencil to match, \$7.00. Other available colours Teal Blue, Cocoa and Burgundy.



Burgundy Gold Cap "Demi" Pen, \$17.50; Pencil to match \$9.00; Set, \$26.50. This dainty pen set is the answer to your gift problem. Available also in Black, Teal Blue and Cocoa.

Many, indeed, are the gifts costing far more than the NEW "51" writing instruments shown on this page. Yet, for all their greater price, they will not be so eagerly desired—nor delight so much—as these latest gift achievements of the World's Pen Authority.

See the models illustrated on this page at your dealers. These gifts that thrill over and over again are ardently longed for by practically everyone on your shopping list from the ages of 16 to 60.... Inspired giving this year, the NEW "51" pen masterpieces!

Parker
World's Pen Authority

PARKER PEN CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA



1B—White Onyx Base Magnetix Desk Set, \$26.50. An ideal gift for Dad or brother.

3BM—Black and Gold Marble Base Magnetix Desk Set, \$31.50.

Give Her 365 HOURS of EXTRA LEISURE!

Presto
COOKER

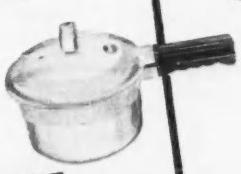
SAVES TIME — WORK — MONEY!

Any homemaker who now has a PRESTO COOKER would be happy to have another one. Every homemaker can use two or more PRESTO COOKERS to advantage. This most practical of all gifts is a constant reminder of your thoughtfulness.



New This Year!
PRESTO "FRY-MASTER"

MODEL 404 MEDIUM
The original PRESTO COOKER. A practical size for the average family 3½ quart liquid capacity. Holds 3 pint jars for canning. More than 500,000 in use in Canadian homes.



\$16.95

MODEL 406 "MEAT-MASTER"
For larger families 5 quart liquid capacity. Holds 5 pint jars for canning. If you have the original PRESTO you will want this Model too.



\$19.95

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The bride-size PRESTO, ideal for "extra" vegetables, desserts, cereals, soups! 2½ quart capacity.



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PRESTO cooking saves you . . . \$1.00 per week every week . . . 1 hour's kitchen time every day
SAY happy PRESTO users.

Glorifies fried foods—makes foods tastier, more appetizing, more digestible . . . fries foods under pressure with amazing speed. The most wonderful kitchen-helper ever invented for frying foods.....

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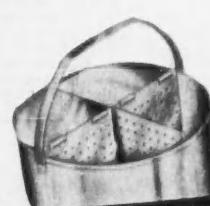
COOKER-CANNERS
For large meal cooking and safe home canning.
No. 4-8 qt. capacity. **\$21.95**
No. 5-10 qt. capacity. **\$25.50**
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PRESTO cooking assures you more appetizing, more nourishing, tastier meals.

PRESTO TIMER
For exact timing of cooking, baking, canning. Many other practical daily uses. Every PRESTO user wants one. Only..... **\$4.95**



PRESTO SEPARATOR
Designed for use in Model 404 PRESTO. Makes possible cooking 2-3 different foods at one time. Sturdy, safe, simple, easy to clean. Only..... **\$2.45**





It's Listerine Antiseptic *Quick!* For COLDS and SORE THROATS

MOTHER knows best . . . realizes that, used early and often, a Listerine Antiseptic gargle can often head off a cold or lessen its severity. In countless families it's a time-tried first-aid against colds and sore throats. Here's why:

Attacks Surface Germs

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs called "secondary invaders". These germs often invade throat tissue when body resistance is lowered by wet feet, cold feet, fatigue, or sudden changes in temperature.

If used frequently during the 12 to 36-hour period of "incubation" when a cold may be developing, Listerine Antiseptic can often help guard against the mass invasion of germs.

If the cold has already started, the Listerine Antiseptic gargle may help reduce the severity of the infection.

Keep Listerine Antiseptic on Hand

Bear in mind Listerine Antiseptic's impressive record in tests over a 12 year period: those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds

and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats.

So make the Listerine Antiseptic gargle a "must" for the whole family. Keep a bottle in the medicine chest and use it at the first hint of a cold. Better still, make the Listerine Antiseptic gargle a morning and night habit for everyone.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (Canada) Ltd.
Toronto, Ontario

Some "Secondary Invaders" which Listerine Antiseptic attacks

These are some types of the threatening germs that can cause so much of the misery of a cold when they invade the body through throat membranes.



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus hemolyticus, Friedlander's bacillus.
BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus viridans, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

P.S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?

MADE IN CANADA

SKI week end



READY for a holiday? Looking for fun and excitement to brighten up the grey days of winter? If so you'll be a wise gal to save your pennies for a ski week end. It's a good buy because you're getting fun, exciting sport and relaxation in skiland. Where's skiland? Why, almost any place in Canada. We're the Switzerland of this continent, didn't you know? There are the Laurentians in Quebec, the quaint French-Canadian resorts and farmhouses, where doors are thrown open to welcome the ski crowd. Hockley Valley and Collingwood are two popular Ontario spots. And there's the West—Manitoba or the king-size hills of the Canadian Rockies

. . . Mount Norquay where the Dominion ski meets are held, and Sunshine Valley. British Columbia has Grouse Mountain, Hollyburn Ridge, Mount Seymour and the Forbidden Plateau . . . all skifully yours. Not only will you get good skiing for your money, but you'll meet new pals from across the border as well as from all parts of Canada.

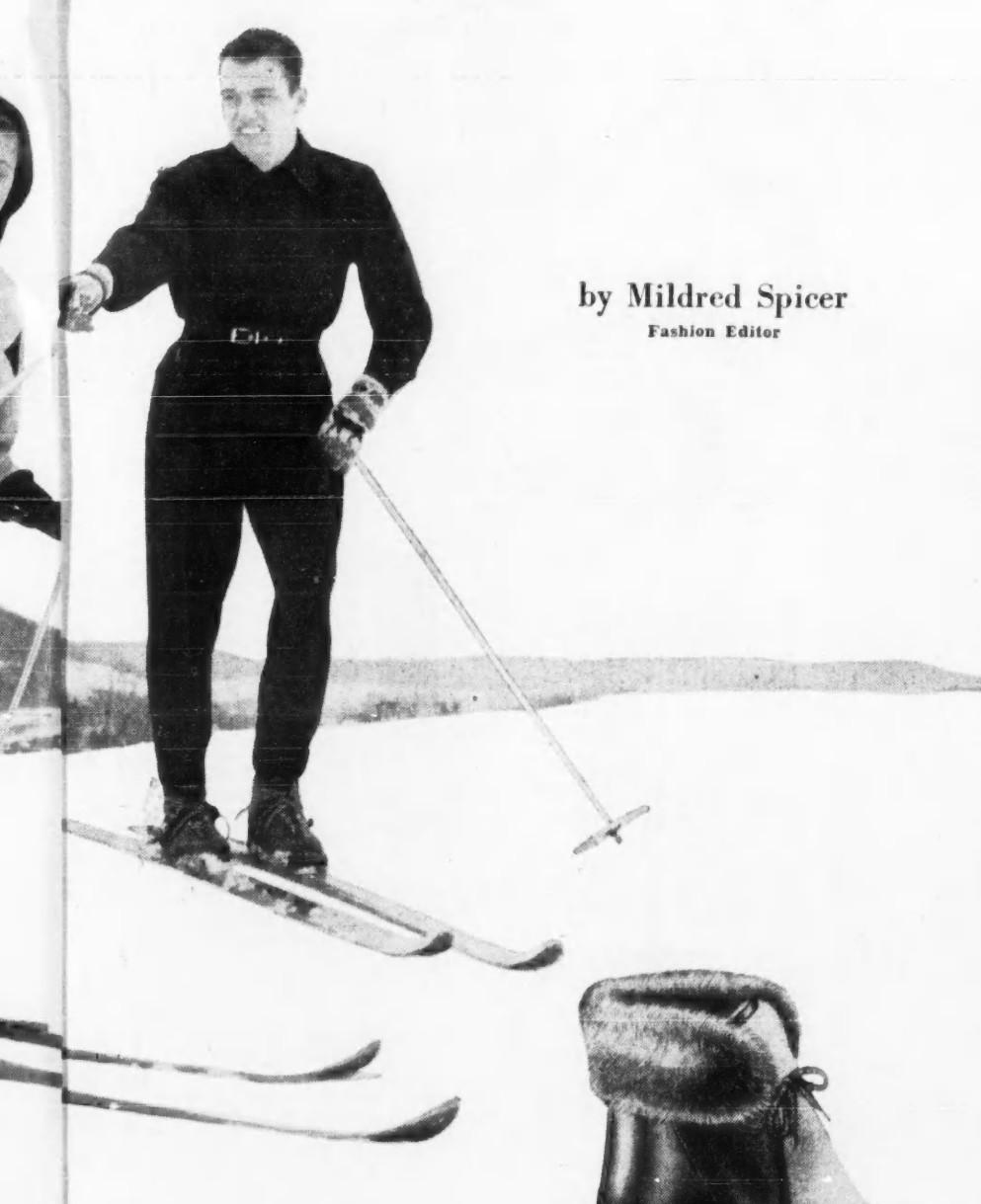
Skiland is a world of its own—where people dress casually. It's an all-white land where formalities are forgotten and everybody has a friendly "Hi!" But the language they speak is strange to the newcomer. So if you're a novice at the sport, better get to know the definition of "sitzmark"—"telemark"—"eggbeater"—and "slalom." (Don't ask us to explain . . . we're just learning too.)

If you're a beginner you'll be wise to get yourself a good sturdy pair of ski pants . . . you'll likely spend more time on them than you think. A well-cut, tapered pair of wool gabardine slacks will be wind- and water-resistant as well as light. You may laugh at the idea of "red flannels" but you'll bless the day you bought them when the wind blows cold from the north. For less than \$5 you can buy all-wool shrink-resistant longies in red, navy or beige. Skiers wear light, semifitted jackets of poplin or weatherized gabardine which do not catch the snow and absorb water. A warm, colorful sweater should be worn

underneath. You can get attractive machine-knit sweaters under \$10—beautifully patterned hand knits up to \$25. Ski suits are also priced to meet most any budget, from under \$30 up to the \$100 price bracket. Grey, rust, black, navy or beige are the most popular shades and many of them have colorful contrasting trim in pockets and hoods.

A station wagon coat of cotton or wool gabardine with a snug mouton collar can be mighty handy to travel in if you're going north by car. How about a bright red one over a navy-blue ski suit? Irving of Montreal has designed something new in warm-up coverups. It's a plaid wool blanket with a hole in the middle for your head, complete with a snug-fitting hood. Depending on where you go you might want to take along something for evening wear (pardon the expression, we don't mean formal). For singsongs and after-ski small talk before a roaring fire wear a pair of scarlet wool slacks . . . a white shetland sweater. A wide full skirt made of felt and appliqued tyrolean fashion is one you can make yourself. And if you want to look very glamourous to convince some six-foot skier of your charms wear a leopard (fake-fur) skirt with after-ski sock-shoes to match. Or you can just latch onto your brother's plaid shirt and wear it with your flannel slacks.

Got the idea now? If there's anything you'd like to know about prices or where to buy the ski wear and equipment we've mentioned just drop us a line. We've got it down pat 'cause this winter, come the snow we're going to ski! Here's hoping for 6 N.P. on 48 O.B. . . . (That's vernacular for 6 inches of new powder snow on 48 inches of old base.)



by Mildred Spicer

Fashion Editor

Wingfoot and Nordon, all-wool gabardine ski suits for men and women. They come in black, beige, navy, grey or rust. The hoods snap on in a wrap-around fashion. The down-hill slacks have handy zippered pockets. Under \$50 by Fairway of Montreal.

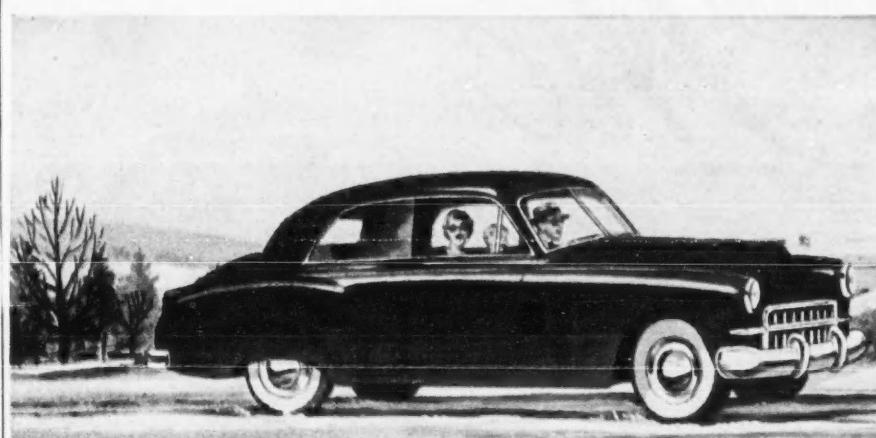


After skiing you welcome a pair of soft-heated boots to keep you warm and dry. These red rubber ones fill the bill, with their snug fleece lining. They're appropriately called Muffettes by the B. F. Goodrich Co. Footwear. Under \$9.



She's all aglow because she's cosy and warm in her embroidered angora wool helmet and mitts to match. Just the thing after you come down from the snowy slopes. All colors, under \$10 by Grandmère Knitting Co., Quebec.

For Safer Winter Driving



Driving in winter can be safe, convenient and enjoyable — but only if safety regulations and seasonable precautions are carefully observed.

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics reports a total of 74,738 motor vehicle accidents for the year 1947 alone (latest figures available). Of these, 1,611 involved one or more fatalities. This indicates a need for much greater care in driving the year 'round.

Safety authorities agree that most accidents are the result of drivers'

mistakes. By far the most important cause of accidents is the failure of drivers to adjust speed to changing road and traffic conditions. For example, a high percentage of fatal accidents happen at night, when vision is obscured, and many occur in inclement weather, when roads are slippery.

Traffic experts stress driving at reasonable speeds as one of the most important steps in reducing highway accidents. In addition, they make a number of other suggestions, some of which are illustrated below:



1. Vehicle defects are reported as contributing causes in many accidents. So, it is important to have your car completely checked at regular intervals to make sure it is in safe operating condition. Particular attention should be given at all times to brakes, tires, steering mechanism and lights.



3. Collisions frequently occur when cars are too close together. On dry pavements, a good rule is to allow one car length for every 10 miles of speed. This margin should be increased at night, on slippery roads, or at high speeds.



2. Skidding on slippery surfaces is a frequent cause of accidents. To help avoid this, brakes should be applied with light pressure, then released and applied again. Jamming the brakes on will lock the wheels and may cause a skid.



4. Emergencies need not always cause accidents if drivers know how to handle them. For example, when a tire blows out, keep a tight grip on the wheel and allow the car to slow down before applying the brakes. This makes it easier to prevent swerving or skidding.

The cardinal principle of safe driving is to keep one's car under control at all times. Only as more and more motorists observe this basic principle can the number of automobile accident fatalities be reduced.

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**Metropolitan Life
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Home Office: New York

Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

The

ALIEN LAND

by Nancy Laing

Illustrated by John Scott

SHE WOULD always remember that oblique question of Lucette's, the question on the lips and the answer in the eyes.

"Did you know, this morning? Did you have the feeling?"

Startled, Jennifer looked at her. She hadn't looked at Lucette for a long time. She hadn't wanted to look at anyone.

"What feeling?"

"You know," Lucette said very softly. "How do you say it? *La sensation grise*. The grey feeling, we call it. Did you have it, this morning?"

Jennifer's lips twisted, but not in a smile. She could keep her hands still, and her eyes lowered, but sometimes she couldn't control her lips. "No." And then, because she knew that her clipped tone was abrupt, and that Lucette wanted to talk, she asked, "Did you?"

"Yes. As soon I wake up. We were going to a dance tonight, you know. The Miners' Union have a dance. When the shift come off, at 11. Henri's sister look after the kids. So many kids. It is hard to go out. We don't go, very often. Tonight we go. Only"—the black eyes veiled—"the rain come. Henri moan when he sleep, and I shiver. All over I shiver. Then I know. We do not dance. *La sensation grise*." She fell silent, for she didn't want to talk after all.

Jennifer lit two cigarettes and passed one over. It was better to be doing something. Lucette had run out of cigarettes hours ago. Or perhaps only minutes. It didn't matter which. Time had ceased to have any reality.

La sensation grise. It was only a silly superstition, a knowledge after the fact. How could one have a grey feeling when all one's life was grey?

JENNIFER HAD wakened that morning to the cold drum of rain against the windows, and life had been toneless and hueless, but no



more so than for the past three dreary years. Peter had turned in his sleep, and flung an arm across her breast, and she had felt its weight, a heavy bar holding her down. But she wouldn't move it. This was a prison she had chosen. Peter's alien land was her prison, and Peter her gaoler, but she would not, could not, have it otherwise. She lay listening to the hard slash of the downpour, so different from the companionable rain of her English countryside. The gaunt pines would be bent before it, and the rocks washed harsh and clean, and in the street mud and water would shift aimlessly. In the grey square of window a mine shaft reared its ungainly height, sinister as a backdrop for tragedy.

Peter stirred and shook his head. "Close your eyes, Jennie. It's only a bad dream. The weatherman can't do this to us."

Always she wanted to be gentle with him, for she loved him very much, and always frustration drove her to asperity. "It's a bad dream we've had for a week and a half, then." A week and four days, to be exact. In England the roses + *Continued on page 22*

The arbutus was a sweet and haunting fragrance—a remembrance of past and dear enchantments to free her from the prison of today.



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Miracle Man



Telegram

"Love can cast out devils quicker than psychiatry," says Dr. Albert Cliffe, Canada's famous lay preacher, who believes Christianity to be the most practical religion on earth.

"Take all resentment out of your life, rectify wrongs you have done other people and forgive those who have wronged you," is the basis of his doctrine for health, happiness . . . and worldly success.

by Gordon Sinclair

ON A WINDY and storm-tossed night 12 years ago, Toronto's marine police raced their fastest launch across the choppy waters of Toronto Bay to pick up a dying man and speed him toward the city.

At St. Michael's Hospital, where the frail bundle of flesh arrived an hour later, the admittance label read something like this: "Patient; Albert Edward Cliffe, male, English, age 48, weight 99. Diagnosis: duodenal ulcers with hemorrhage. Destination: surgery. Immediate treatment; transfusion."

A day or so later Albert Cliffe, who had previously lost a third of his stomach to the surgeon's knife, lost another third to the same sharp blade. By the time he'd rallied from shock, this patient, as patients will, asked the surgeon his chances of full recovery.

"None, I'm afraid."

"You mean that too much of my stomach is gone already?"

"Partly that . . . but mostly I mean that you're a worry wart, and worry will kill you. You fret about futures; you cross bridges before you come to them. You get yourself into a sweat about things that can't be helped or haven't happened and probably never shall happen. You'll ulcer again and bleed again and next time I think it will get you. I say this with unprofessional bluntness because that's the only way to tell a man of your education and background."

"Can't this worry be stopped?"

"That's up to you . . . but I'd say no. Right now you're tensed up like a walnut in a shell. You don't know how to relax and never did know."

"Suppose I learn how?"

"A good idea, but you won't do it. You're tight as a drum. If you slacken off you've got a small chance, but your history shows nervousness since boyhood, ulcers since 1916, frequent treatment, serious operations and much loss of blood."

"As things are now, how long would you say I'd live?"

"A man of your education should know for himself. My guess is less than a year."

ALBERT CLIFFE was a chemist and food specialist with an additional doctorate in philosophy granted by the University of London. He'd had several years successful practice as a bio-chemist in Canada and Europe. While serving as a captain in the First World War a punctured ulcer almost led to his death and did cause his discharge.

Now, at 48, he'd been told that death had him tagged and labeled and not much could be done about it.

In his propped-up bed the emaciated chemist began furiously

from Montreal

to think. What the surgeon had said was true. He *did* worry. He worried out of all proportion. As a scientist he knew that the foods he ate and the occasional drinks he enjoyed had not brought on the ulcers. Worry had done that; worry and the inability to relax.

Cliffe therefore sent for books. Printed pep talks on living each day and enjoying that day. Religious books; psychological essays, courses in living, cures for worry and guide books toward peace of mind. He also read steadily from the Bible.

FROM THE MASS of words he read, two works impressed him: "How to Win Friends and Influence People," by Carnegie, and "In Tune With the Infinite," by Trine.

These seemed to bring Cliffe a personal contentment while most of the others offered the generalized advice that the selfish man is the sick man.

The one who sails in to help others, whether "others" means pigeons, pooches or people, is the one with happiness in his heart. It was the golden rule all over again—"Do unto others as you would be done by."

Out of this came abrupt realization of the simplest fact in the world. The essential of any life is survival. Life is for living. Not for working, loving, despairing, worrying, dancing or scribbling articles like this, but for living. All this other activity is fine and dandy, but the essential core of it all is to keep on living. And here was a man, told by competent medical experts that for him life was hanging by a thread.

There and then Albert Cliffe decided to change the pattern of his own life. No matter what came or threatened to come he would not worry. No matter how black the outlook he would beam his thoughts toward the positive and not the negative. He would refuse to give any thought whatever to the fears and dangers of tomorrow. This day was here to be lived and enjoyed and he was alive to live it. That was enough.

WHEN an improved Cliffe got out of hospital on that occasion, he'd gone over the hundred-pound mark and had regained much of his bounce and appetite, but he'd lost his job. Perhaps his employers had heard that dread sentence, "One year to live."

In keeping with the carefree determination gained from words and thought, Cliffe gave his personal fears the brush-off and devoted his time toward personal survival. He was 48, frail, tired, far from rich, and lonely. Certainly he had plenty to worry about and doctors had said he'd do just that. This time the jimmjams would cost his life.

As it happened, destiny, not death, was waiting.

In Montreal there was a padre . . . Father Norman Peterson of St. Columba's Church—whose age and background were much like those of Cliffe. He too had been threatened with personal disaster through worry and tension of mind.

Peterson, while a high-school student in Montreal, had been struck on the head by a heavy bundle of books fastened together by a belt buckled with steel.

The immediate result was concussion followed by headaches, fears, alarms, nightmares and chronic tension. By the time Peterson had enrolled at McGill he suffered twitches, black spots and disorientation or what was clinically listed as "severe nervous tension."

In his second year arts Peterson got a letter from the university's health director instructing him to cease his studies, withdraw from the university and go home.

Examinations had satisfied the director that Sophomore Peterson was on the long sad road toward nervous breakdown or mental collapse. Since the cause of his inability toward concentration or contentment was a physical injury to the brain, the doctor reluctantly concluded that the student would steadily grow worse.

PETERSON, who had set his fast-beating heart on the Anglican ministry, took his letters and symptoms and fears to the family doctor. There he solemnly promised that no matter what that physician advised he would obey. If it meant standing on his head at Peel and St. Catherine Streets and there yodeling a tune, he'd do just that with no questions asked.

The doctor was soon able to declare that Peterson's brain tissue had not been damaged and what he was suffering was an acute case of jitters. This calmed him down and restored a measure of composure.

Soon the doctor wrote his colleague at McGill to urge that Peterson be reinstated. He wrote that if Peterson was released from homework on all but two evenings a week, he, the family physician, thought the youth could graduate and reorient his injured mind.

This was agreed and Peterson not only did graduate in arts but also in divinity.

But those free evenings had caused him boredom and discontent. Deciding to do something about them he tried to organize a boys' club in Montreal's slums. The boys refused to attend. They said it was a lot of "Big Jesus talk." They said it was for sissies and softies and saps.

Continued on page 34

Santa Claus





A certain top executive and a girl with shapely legs were given plenty of new ideas when fate sent Grandpa to the toy department for a brief but exciting career

VALERIE TALBOT brushed the burnished copper that was her hair slowly that morning four shopping days before Christmas. For a week her room had been a sanctuary from the growing bustle in the wide handsome house that clung to a middle level of Mount Royal and faced, beyond the sprawling City of Montreal, the icy breadth of the St. Lawrence River.

The Family had gathered. Talbots had bestirred themselves and for days had been arriving by train and plane; from Halifax and Winnipeg; Toronto and Ottawa; one branch had ventured shivering from Victoria, B.C.

If the items and pictures appearing daily on the society pages could be credited, the Talbots foregathered for the Christmas Eve wedding of Alida, Valerie's elder sister. The true reason had been in a short paragraph on the financial pages in early December which said that the American corporation commissioned by the Talbots to reorganize and modernize the Talbot Department Store had made a sudden offer to buy. A fantastic offer that must be executed before December 31.

Most of the documents had been gathered via air mail—this service having brought one shore of the Dominion within little more than a day of the other. Then, the final and most important consent, Grandfather Talbot's, had been bluntly refused. The Montreal branch of the family, with whom he lived—he considered *they* lived with him—could not move him, so mass pressure was being tried.

A tap on her door preceded Valerie's mother by a breath. A tall, strikingly handsome woman, Mrs. Thaddeus Talbot III wore her preoccupation delicately, displaying thereby a false softness. "Val dear, where is Grandfather Talbot?"

"He was out watching Jake shovel snow off the drive a moment ago. Today's Alida's day with him." Poor Grandfather, Valerie thought. He's under more direct surveillance than I, but for the same reason. He rebels against personal change, and I for it, but we both merely wish to be ourselves.

"Alida was out so late she's still asleep." In the mirror Mrs. Talbot's eyes asked a sisterly pardon, but Valerie's shrug said Alida was an old story to her.

"If I were going away for good I'd not want to miss my last day with Grandfather." Valerie could not resist this thrust, though Alida was going only to Toronto to live. "And do you think she's fond of David? I know you are, but she seems to consider him part of the arrangements." Valerie thought privately that David had been merely handy in the Store crisis. Her mother ignored the remark.

"Of course you have always been closer to your grandfather than the rest of us, Val. Will you take over for Alida today?"

Valerie knew she would do this as it was no sacrifice and she liked an objective, but she need not discard an advantage. "I will, if you promise to make Dad let me take a job after the holidays."

Mrs. Talbot sighed. "After Alida is off my hands I shall concentrate on you, dear."

"I didn't mean that as you well know, mother. You finally agreed I could take a business course—now I want to use it. There is a job I can take—the girl at the school telephoned, and—"

"Oh Val—dear!" Mrs. Talbot looked put upon.

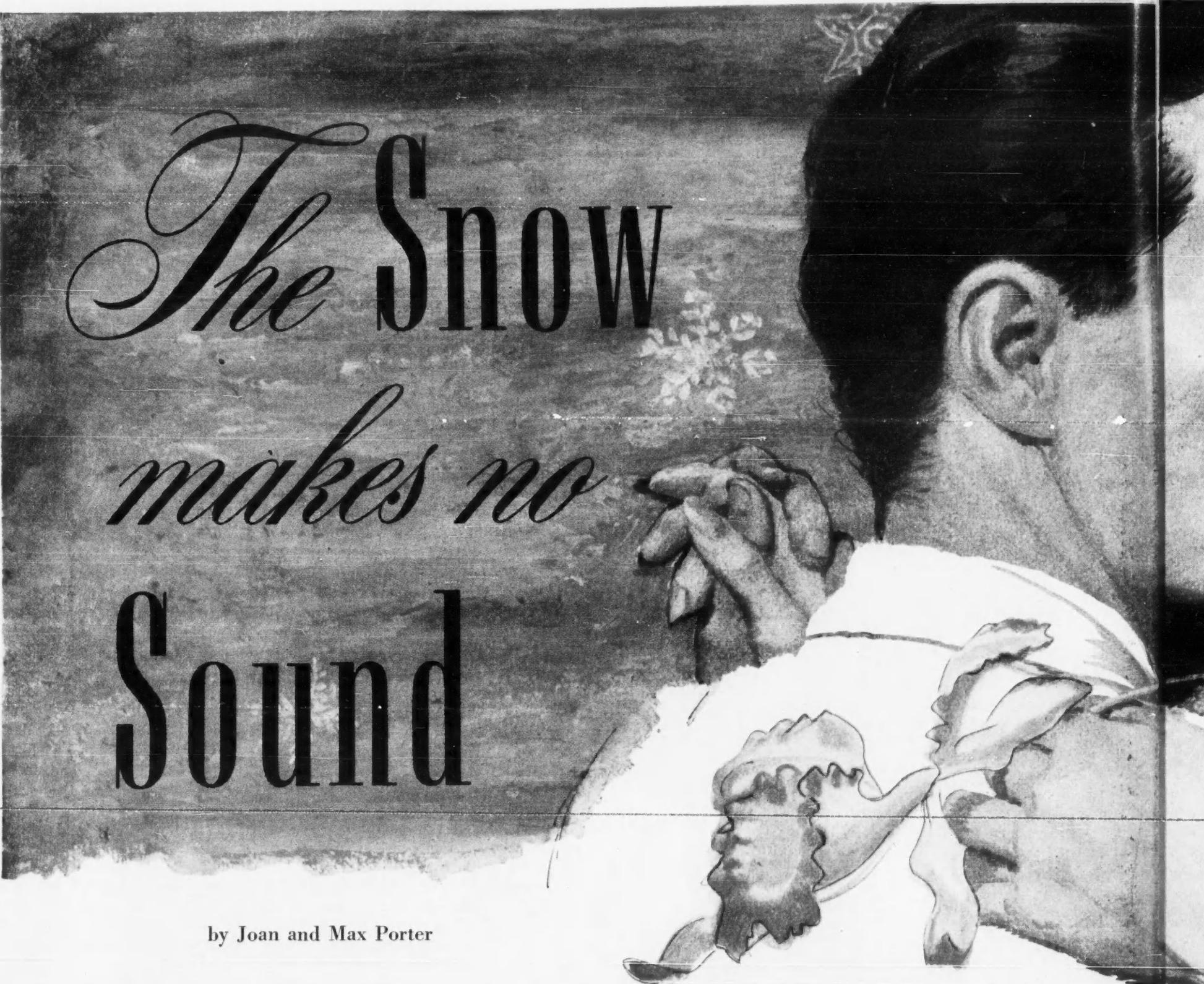
But Valerie scented success. "If you promise, I'll take Grandfather over until day after Christmas—you can put us both out of your mind. I'll take everybody's days! Until after the wedding."

This was more than Mrs. Talbot had hoped to get so she accepted and promised. "Could you think of something to keep him out of the house a good deal? He's rude to everybody and the servants are tense with all the extras."

"Maybe I could get him working on his Memoirs—I could say the libraries would be better to work in, with all the mess here—"

"Oh, Val, if you could."

EXCITEDLY, once her mother was gone, Valerie dug a brown ribbon from a drawer and caught her hair back smoothly into a thick soft clutch at the nape of her neck. Would + *Continued on page 56*



The Snow makes no Sound

by Joan and Max Porter

THE ROOM was cool and unclinical and the doctor wore a beard. He was a young man, an Austrian, with a soft, glib idiomatic English speech. Perhaps, Lisa thought, the beard had been planned judiciously to minimize his youth and call up confidence; as the consulting room had been planned with the small elegance of a drawing-room lifting its face politely from all sickness. Dr. Weinar was expensive and very wise. He drew a table before him and set down his notebook and pen. He had the air of a man setting out a decanter of sherry and thin glasses—still preserving the illusion that he was the host and Lisa the honored guest.

The doctor had spoken and she had missed his words, catching only the soft faint burr of his voice.

"I'm sorry—" Lisa said bending forward a little to fix her alert eyes on the doctor's face. Dr. Weinar's smile filtered through his beard. He repeated the question turning his head a little so the light fell upon his mouth.

"Oh, yes, of course," Lisa said quickly. "My audiograph." Sliding the cool zipper across the length of her purse she withdrew the card marked with graphlike notations.

"So you have 45% residual hearing in the left ear. And almost 50% in the right. That's very good," the doctor said scanning the card. He smiled encouragement at Lisa, his eyebrows lifting.

"The thing is, doctor, I want to have a child. My husband—well, we've discussed it pretty thoroughly and my husband feels the decision is entirely up to me since I'm the one—since I'm—" Lisa steadied her breath, leaning for a moment on the doctor's smile. "As far as I know I was born with imperfect hearing. I can't ever remember hearing well at any rate, and that's why it's so difficult for me now. I want to have a child, but not if there is a possibility that the baby will be partially or wholly deaf. When we heard that you had come to this country—of course, we've read of the work you've done on deafness—well, we thought—"

"That perhaps I had some way of analyzing chromosomes so one could tell beforehand," Dr. Weinar said mildly.

Lisa's eyes flickered over his face. For a moment she had felt a lick of reproof in his voice, but she saw now that this was not so. There was only a vast and rebellious pity that there was so much work still to be done within the short grasping fingers of Time.

"Sometimes these things are not hereditary at all, Mrs. Kendall."

"Yes," Lisa said. "We've been counting on that—that's been our hope."

Dr. Weinar reached for his notebook. "We will take a little history. Your parents?"

"Dead," Lisa said. "My father

+

Continued on page 46



**She was willing to forfeit a woman's destiny . . . that she
might spare her child the world of silence
in which she spent her days**

*He liked the
way she danced
—with an intense
but quiet joy, as though
she were responding to
some inner cadence.*

Illustrated by Ed Vebell

Let's make Pies and

**Sugar and spice and everything nice . . .
mincemeat, lemon and Christmas Snow pies
all add zest to holiday menus
when we gather round a table for
the festive season**

by Marie Holmes, Director, Chatelaine Institute

PANTRY SHELVES laden with homemade good things to eat! The cookie tins filled to the brim! A well-stocked refrigerator ready for any emergency! Add to these a perfectly groomed house. There's the hospitably minded homemaker's dream of successful Christmas preparedness.

Unlike many another dream this one can become a reality. What's needed most to do it is inspiration. And there's plenty of that in sparkling, inviting recipes. Once you have some of these before you, out comes the mixing bowl. Then you're off on a baking spree, one you'll really enjoy. And somehow the housework will get done. Might be squeezed in between batches of cookies and pies. Elation over your cooking successes and general Christmas excitement will ease the work of the dust mop.

To get you off to a good start, the Institute offers you some



Cookies for Christmas

baking ideas. They're planned especially for your collection of "inviting" holiday recipes.

We've departed from the more usual traditional dessert ideas by suggesting pies. Puddings if you wish, but pies as well. So many Canadian families like pie to finish off a meal. And as our photograph shows, pies can be festive too.

Like both mincemeat and lemon meringue pies? How about combining them in one pie as we did in the Institute? You'll like the result. The rich spicy mincemeat and tangy lemon enhance one another. "Refreshing and not too heavy" was the comment of the Institute staff.

~~Same can be said for the Christmas Snow Pie. The filling's all foamy, has a peppermint flavor. The garnish is a chocolate whipped-cream star.~~

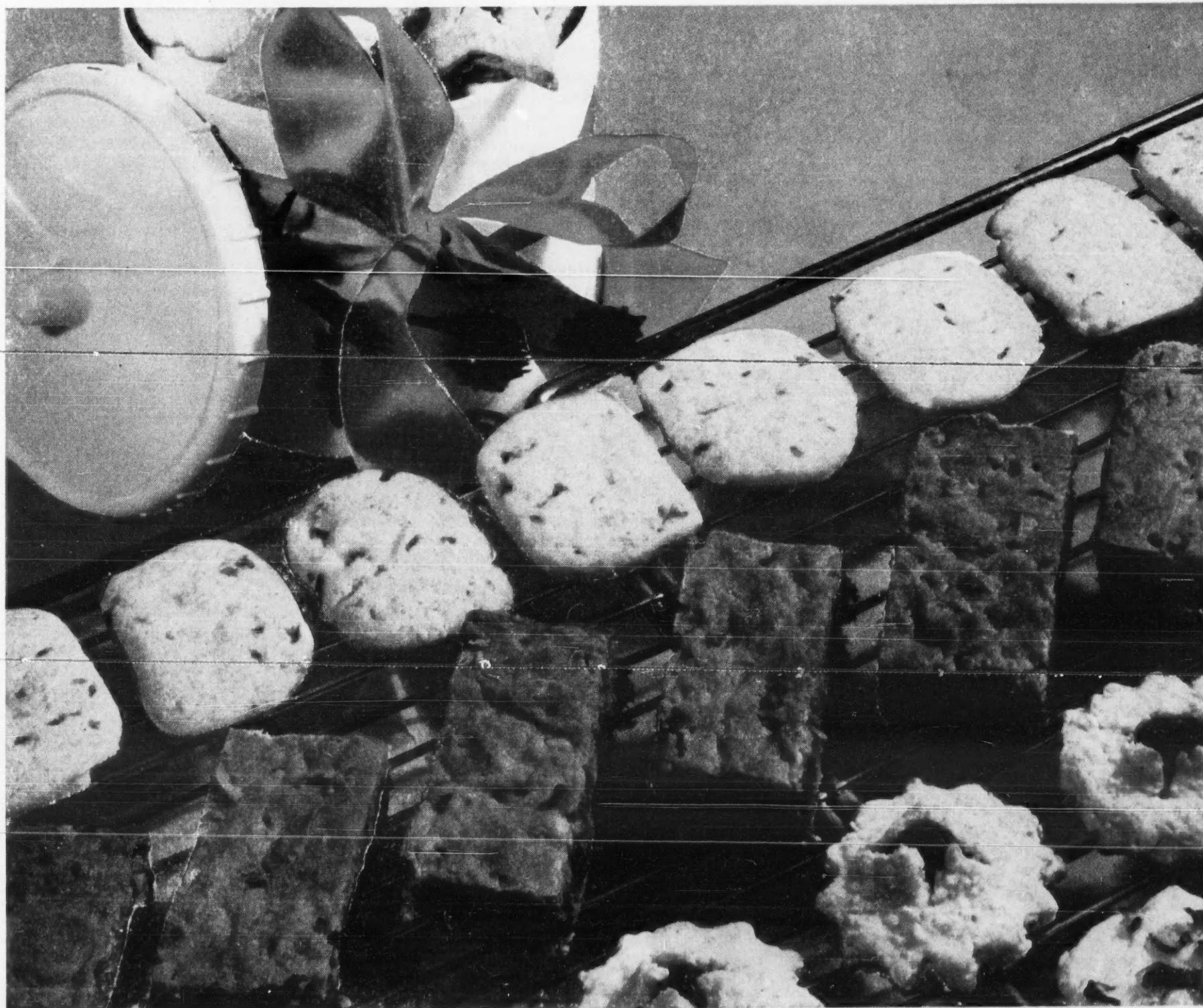
For raisin and butter tart fans we made a pie that has the best features of both. When baked our Raisin Sponge Pie has a cakelike filling with raisins all through.

No trouble to fill the cookie jar if you make the variety we've chosen. One kind is baked in a tin, then cut in bars.

Another is an old standby—where the dough is made into rolls, put in the refrigerator, then sliced and baked when needed. Melt-in-your-mouth drop cookies decorated with bright-colored gumdrops have a real made-at-home flavor. Easy to bake, and pretty on a plate.

Everybody will want to sample the Oat Surprise Stars. They're just an old-fashioned oat sandwich cookie, in star shape. The filling can be one of your own choice. Ours was orange marmalade with chopped preserved ginger.

Recipes for Pies and Cookies on page 74



PART TWO

Melody Unheard

All he asked was to love and protect her. Yet he was the one who must destroy her as an artist . . . and as a woman

by Frances Shelley Wees

THE TALL wrought-iron gates of Somerville's garden stood open, and Isabel went slowly up the bricked path. She swallowed hard as she mounted the three wide steps and lifted her hand to the shining brass bell push set beside the polished mahogany door. She smoothed her gloves nervously as she waited for the sound of footsteps.

There was no sound; the door swung back without warning and a man in a white jacket looked at her silently.

Isabel said in a small voice, "I should like to see Mr. Somerville."

The man bowed slightly and stepped aside. She moved over the threshold and he shut the door behind her. He said, "I shall tell him who is calling?"

"Isabel Gay," she said. "Miss Isabel Gay."

He left her standing, and turned to go up the curving stairs. They were thickly carpeted, as was the hall, in beautiful dark green. Isabel stood waiting, her heart beating heavily. Probably this was an unsophisticated, even an impertinent, thing to do—but she had to see him.

Waiting there, she heard a woman's voice in a room at the right, a room separated from the hall by a velvet curtain the color of the rug. The woman was saying, "That means there will be four for dinner, Arni, so make sure the butcher understands." Then a far door closed softly and in a moment she came into the hall. She was the big woman who had sat beside Arthur Somerville last night, and for the first time Isabel found herself thinking with sudden shock that he probably had a wife. This big insensitive-looking woman? His wife?

Her eyes fell on Isabel and she said quickly, "Why, my dear. It's Isabel Gay, isn't it?"

Isabel nodded. Her throat was queer again.

"Well, do come in," the woman said. "How very nice to see you! You must be wretchedly tired this morning, aren't you? I was telling my brother at breakfast how they went on and on, applauding and calling for encores. Five, wasn't it?"



Synopsis, Part 1: Two men fell in love with Isabel Gay the night she made her début as a concert pianist: **Zachary Jones**, art student, whose talent has been shrewdly appraised by his fiancée, Cleo Matthews. Although Zack has little understanding of music, Isabel's playing brings back all the happiest memories of his childhood; **Arthur Somerville**, music critic, who holds a one-man monopoly of the town's musical life. By his criticism artists rise or fall. Dedicated to music from childhood, rheumatic fever has ended his personal ambitions, and it is his dream to find a protégée to whom he can impart his own considerable musical knowledge. Watching Isabel, he realizes he has found her. When he sends white roses backstage after her performance, Isabel is sure of success, so sure that she is completely shattered by his review the following morning ". . . a promising but undisciplined performer requiring years of intensive training . . ." Facing the ruin of her hopes and without the money to continue her musical studies she allows friends to convince her that Somerville wrote his criticism before hearing her play. She decides to see him and ask for the truth.

"Your brother?" Isabel repeated. Then, "Was he interested?" "Of course, my dear. Frightfully interested. He thought you were charming."

Isabel looked at her. She had a big handsome face. It was not an artist's face, and maybe not even kind; but she was trying to be kind.

Isabel tried to relax in her chair. There were a lot of things she couldn't understand. If these people thought she had talent, then why . . . She said quickly, "This is a beautiful room."

"Yes, isn't it? I admit that because I take no credit for it. My brother has the most exquisite taste, in furnishings as well as music."

They sat and looked about the room together, at the green carpet covering the great expanse of floor, at the faintly greyed walls and woodwork, at the splashes of deep crimson on the old painted screens and the two Chinese vases over the fireplace.

Arthur Somerville appeared suddenly in the doorway. He stopped there and looked at Isabel, and the odd feeling she had had last night came suddenly back to her again. He was so clean-looking, so tall and integrated—and clean. But it was his eyes which held her; they were the clear blue of ocean ice, but with a veiled depth one could not fathom.

He said, "Good morning, Miss Gay. This is an unexpected pleasure."

Isabel said, "Good morning," in a small voice, but did not move. He had not offered his hand, as people welcoming guests surely always did. He was carefully setting the pace for a formal impersonal interview, she realized, and her heart sank lower. He knew what he had done, and he had intended to do it. But she had to speak. She said abruptly, "I came to ask you about your criticism."

Mrs. Woods got up quickly. She said, "I'll just go and see about tea, Arthur. I'm sure you'd like a little time to gossip with Miss Gay about music."

He looked after his sister for a moment, then enquired, "What about my criticism?"

She found herself pressing her lips together tightly. But she said, "I didn't understand. You sent me roses." She found herself flushing suddenly at the thought of them. "They were beautiful. I appreciated them. I thought they meant . . ." she stopped.

He said lightly, "That as a critic I approved of your work?"

"I thought so. Why else should you have sent them?" she asked, her anger rising. "It wasn't kind of you. My hopes went right to the sky. And then . . . to realize they were sent in pity."

He sat down opposite her, crossing one knee over the other. He said quickly, "They were not sent in pity. I have no pity for you."

"They why? When you intended to hurt me so much? When you knew you were going to destroy me?"

"I have no intention of destroying you."

"But that's what you have



Continued on page 16

There was suddenly a new tension between them. "You've been so kind to me," Isabel said gently, and before she knew it had raised herself on her toes and kissed him lightly on the cheek.



Illustrated by Paul Englert

Continued from preceding page
done." Then, as his eyes on her face didn't waver, she said, "My friends thought that maybe you wrote the criticism before you went to the concert. They said it didn't sound as though you were writing about me at all."

He got up and walked across the room, to stand for a moment before one of the wall hangings, but not as if he saw it. He put up a hand and straightened it a little. He came back and sat down. He said soberly, "Friends are the curse of young artists, no matter what field they work in."

"I have no idea what you mean."

"Last night you were surrounded by friends, each one anxious to outdo the rest in praising you. But friendship, affection, blinds the critical sense. Don't think that you are the only person who has suffered this difficulty. I've known it to happen over and over." His voice was quiet, serene. "Believe me, Miss Gay, I may seem an ogre to you now, but the world is a worse ogre if you face it before you are ready."

"Keellor thinks I am ready. Leonora Kane thinks so."

"Keellor is an old man. He is a remarkable teacher, but it is a long time since he has been out in the world which exists outside our small city. The same is true of Leonora Kane. They know nothing whatever of modern competition, of the hard, hard road of the concert artist who is not prepared—and prepared far, far beyond any level they have experienced."

"They hear all the good musicians who come here. They know music. They have been judging me by the best."

Arthur Somerville sat looking at her, not answering. After a long time Isabel said in a low voice, "I suppose I know what you are telling me. But . . . you sent me flowers, and you told your sister I was charming."

His eyes flickered over her, and he smiled. It was the sort of smile one gives a naïve child. He said gently, "You are charming."

"I have no wish to be. Particularly . . ."

"Particularly to me? That is wise. One does not wish to win critical approbation through personal charm. And, if I may speak quite frankly, you have now touched on the real core of your difficulty." He got up restlessly, crushed out his cigarette, and thrust his hands deep into the pockets of the blue jacket.

He walked up and down the floor. "People who are charming rarely drive themselves, discipline themselves, beyond a certain point. They know instinctively that they needn't bother—that their particular quality of personality will carry them through even when the last perfection of their work is absent. Do you see what I mean? On the stage last night," he said, and turned to look down at her deliberately again, "your appearance and manner were such that your audience would have given you the acclaim they did even if your musicianship had been a hundred times less able. To go on, if I must be brutal—and some day you will thank me—I think you have charmed old Keellor slightly out of his wits. I have never had such a letter from a sound musician as I received from Keellor about you. I must admit that I was troubled even before I went to the concert—which is why I went back to meet you first."

Family Christmas 1949

by Lotta Dempsey

Christmas will come . . .

**The snows be soft and white
And feather-soft the night.**

**A thousand Christmases will come . . .
and we be gone.**

**Stilled all the songs we sang, the lights
that shone**

**The bells, the holly, and the cedar boughs
The joy deep-rooted as our early vows.**

**Let us stand close, this year around the Tree,
This man, these children—so we newly see
Our faith made manifest;
Our prayers a part of a great welling thanks
Within our heart.**

**Here in our house, where flame
and candle shine
Simple but sure the fare of me and mine.
So let us meet, with wonder and repose,
Knowing the sum of all a free man knows.**

**Let us come in
Like children to His side.
Peace at our table,
warmth at our hearth abide.
Holding, above the fullness of our living,
His gifts of mirth and tears
And long forgiving.**



Isabel said under her breath, "I think you are making some sort of accusation about my conduct, or my morals . . ."

"No. Certainly not. My whole point is that you have a dangerous proclivity toward leaning, however unconsciously, on your beauty and your magnetism, and that if ever you are going to become a truly great artiste you must recognize that fact and fight it. That is why I suggested a year or two of study elsewhere. As a matter of fact, I think it is time now that you left Keellor and studied under other more rigorous—and less biased teachers."

The quiet manservant came in with a silver tray. He set it down on a small nearby table and stood waiting. Somerville moved his head sharply and the maid went out.

"You will have a cup of tea? I believe

my sister rather prides herself on it—some special Chinese blend."

"No, thank you."

He sat down in his chair again and put his hand on the teapot handle. "You mean, you won't break bread in the house of an enemy?" Then, "I'm not your enemy. I am very definitely your friend. I doubt if you will ever find anyone who is more truly your friend." He poured out a cup of the tea and handed it to her.

She took it. After a second she sipped at the fragrant steaming liquid.

He said lightly, "I don't suppose I could ask you to play for me now?"

"No."

He nodded. "I didn't suppose you would. Some day you will conquer all these personal feelings and understand what I have been trying to do for you.

Meanwhile I suppose your world is in a sort of chaos and you are trying to make plans. Do you think you will go elsewhere and study?"

He seemed to watch carefully for her answer. Isabel still felt numb and ill, but she was trying to master herself and understand what he had been saying.

"I can't possibly go elsewhere and study. I don't know what I can do."

"Money?"

"That's the trouble."

He nodded again. "It's an old story," he said. "Have you no people to go to, somewhere where you might rest until you get your breath and a chance to make future plans?"

"Only my sister. She lives at Riverview. She has four children in a little six-roomed house and her husband runs the lumber yard there. They have no money at all and no room for me really, although I suppose we'll have to manage for a while."

He said casually, "What was in my mind was that I might look about a bit to see if there were any scholarships available. There are, sometimes, although by this time of year they are usually taken. However, I might just chance to find something. When do you go, by the way?"

"I suppose at once," Isabel said unhappily. "There's nothing to stay here for."

"Well, suppose you do go there, and let me search about for a few days and see what I can find. How could I reach you?"

"I don't want you to take any trouble for me."

"Nonsense," he said gently. "I want to very much. How do I reach you at Riverview?"

She told him. She got up. "I suppose I should thank you for being so—so interested—and so—"

He got up too. "Don't say 'kind' if it troubles you," he said. "I know exactly how you must be feeling. As if the world had dropped out from under you. I have had that experience."

"You?"

"In a slightly different way. It actually has been all for the best, very likely, in my case," he said. "And now will you please do one thing for me?"

"What would you like me to do?"

"Take off that beret for a minute and go and sit on my piano bench. Don't play if you don't want to. Although I'd like it very much if you could."

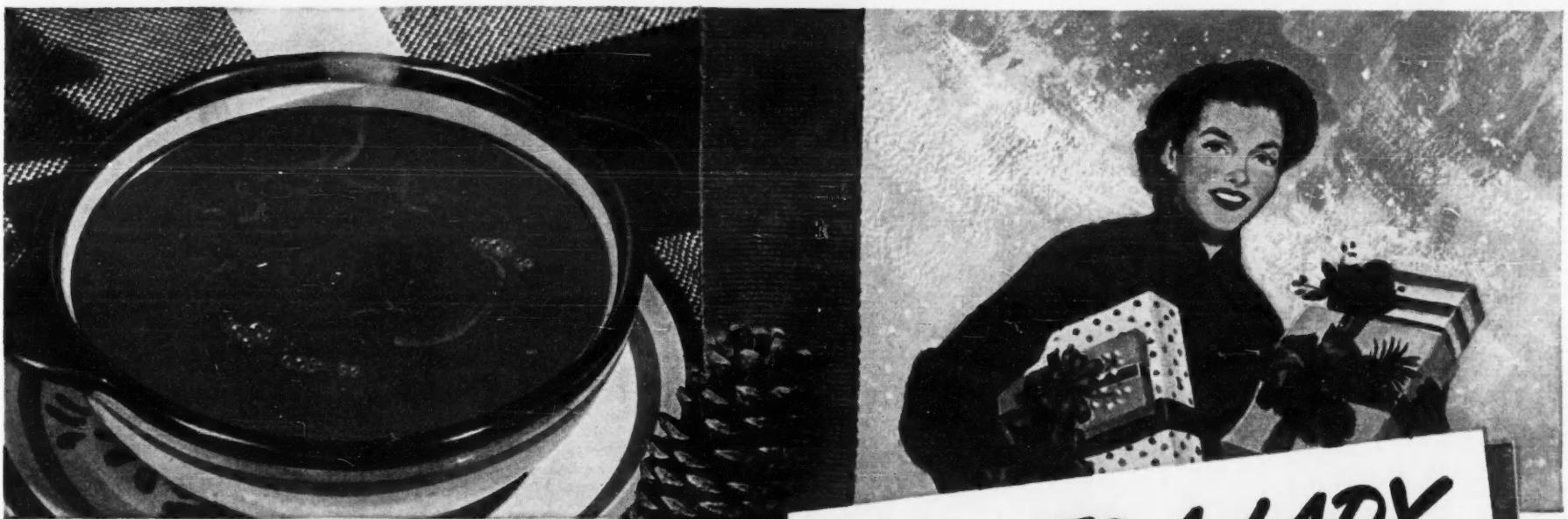
Isabel went slowly across the room, and looked down at the keys. Underneath them was her world . . . what had been her world . . .

As she sat there Arthur Somerville found himself sitting down again slowly; he set a hand over his eyes and was the figure of a listening critic—detached, cool. But it was difficult to be cool. This girl, at his piano, in his house, was his. She was everything he had ever wanted—could ever love. He stilled his pulses. He waited. She was a child and an artist. He must wait.

Isabel put her fingers unwillingly down on the keys; but the notes that answered her touch were so rich, so deep and true that she was momentarily betrayed. Her hands moved automatically into the Arioso, and the slow dark comforting music filled the room.

But there was no happiness in playing; only a subdued kind of appreciation of the piano and its perfection, and the beauty of the Arioso. There was no

Continued on page 37



"The soup most folks like best"

Household duties done...an afternoon of shopping ahead. But first, fortify yourself with a good lunch! Make some nice sandwiches and heat up a bowl of Campbell's Tomato Soup! It's made from the world's finest tomatoes...table butter...a whisper of seasoning. Delicious, nourishing, and easy!

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

TO A LADY

...out of breath
and short of time!

Such crowded days, so many things to do,
this holiday season! Plan delicious, easy
meals around the family's favorite soups!



Extra-nourishing...extra-good!

Here they come—small, hungry whirlwinds in snow suits and stocking caps! Just when you're busiest! No matter—spread some bread and give them each a bowl of Campbell's Green Pea Soup. Made from sweet, tender young peas...creamy butter...a touch of seasoning. It's high in food value...and oh, so good!

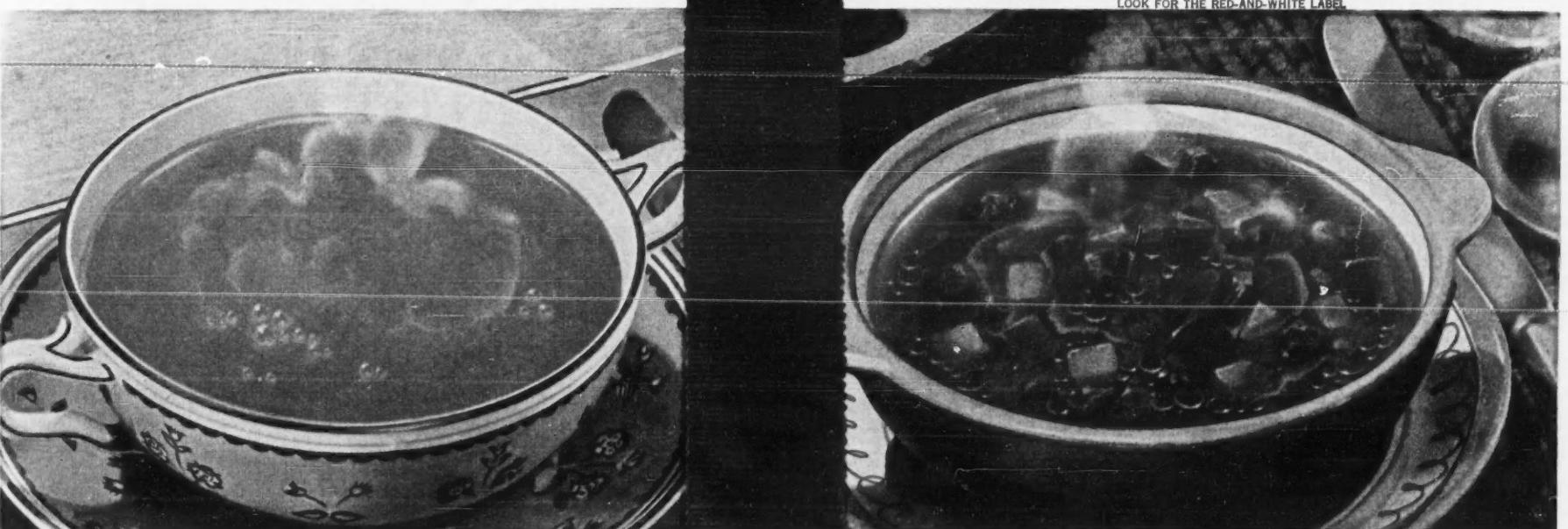
Campbell's GREEN PEA SOUP

A hearty, "square-meal" soup!

When you've been shopping, and your man is home almost before you are, give him a steaming bowl of Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup—and watch him smile! It's the real, old-fashioned kind, made with rich beef stock...nourishing garden vegetables...and generous pieces of lean beef throughout. Quick, satisfying—and delicious!

Campbell's VEGETABLE-BEEF SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



CAMPBELL'S ARE CANADA'S FAVORITE SOUPS



So NICE TO COME HOME TO delicious Fry's Cocoa!

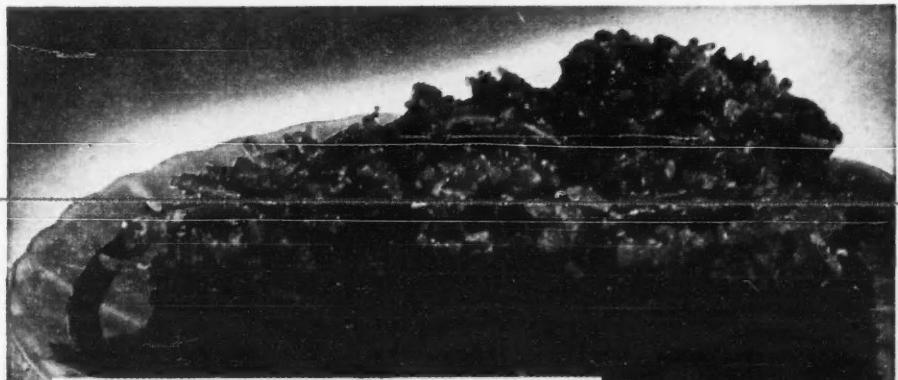
For good taste and good cheer, climax that enjoyable outing with Fry's Cocoa.

After skiing, skating, hockey-game or show — you'll love its smooth, richer chocolate flavor.

*According to a National Survey

Be sure to serve Fry's! See why it's the favorite cocoa of Canadians by 3 to 1.*

Just follow the easy directions on the famous yellow tin. Use Fry's for your cooking recipes, too.



SELF-ICED COCOA CAKE

FEATURING: Fry's Cocoa—Coconut—1 egg

Sift, then measure 1 cup pastry flour
Add and sift together twice $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

$\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar

$2\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoons Fry's Cocoa

Cream until soft 6 tablespoons shortening

Add 1 egg, well beaten

6 tablespoons milk

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla

Sift on top the dry ingredients. Stir until well blended and smooth, about 2 minutes.

Melt in a skillet 3 tablespoons butter (or margarine)

Add $\frac{2}{3}$ cup brown sugar, firmly packed

2 tablespoons water

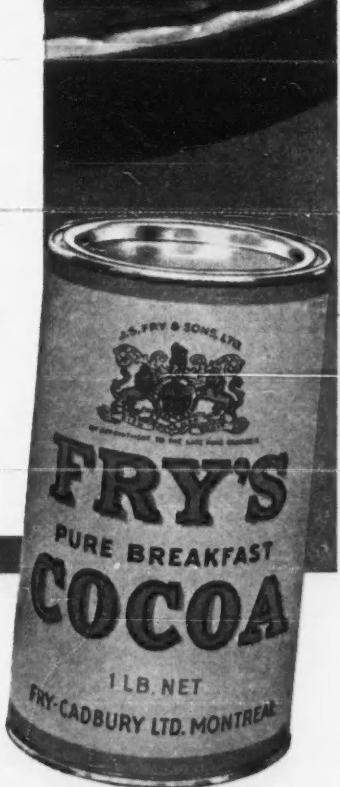
Cook and stir until well blended.

Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup coconut

Turn batter out on contents of skillet.

PAN SIZE: 8-inch skillet. TEMPERATURE: 350°F. (moderate oven). TIME: 50 minutes.

Turn upside-down as soon as baked.



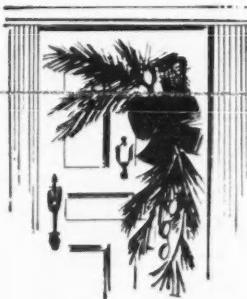
FRY'S the cocoa with
the richer chocolate flavor



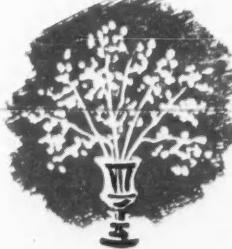
As old as your great-grandmother, as new as the youngest child are these simple ideas for Christmas decorations. They are fast becoming a part of our heritage, a tradition among Canadians.

Chatelaine councilors, from Victoria to St. John's, are enthusiasts about this type of decoration. They advise us to explore our own Canadian woods, to make an artistic choice of nature's materials —such things as shapely pine cones, large and small; wild nuts—acorns, chestnuts, butternuts, hazelnuts and the dainty hawthorn branch.

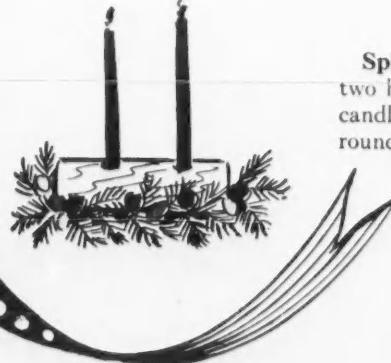
Gather the family around the dining room table. Cover it with newspapers and assemble scissors, paint pots and mucilage. Let your talent and imagination improve the basic suggestions on these pages—all contributed by our councilors.



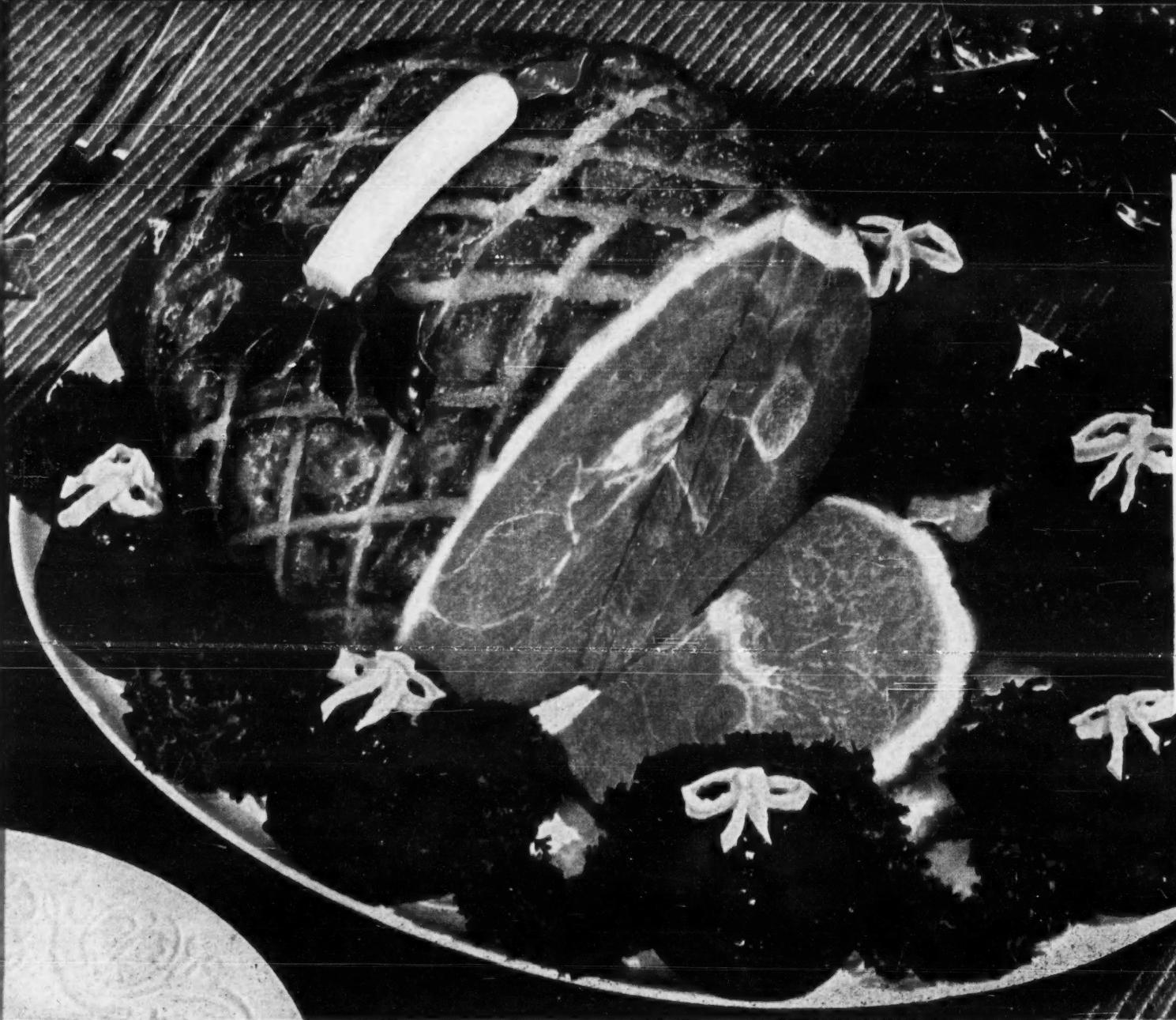
Nesting in this graceful fir spray are large and small cones wired to the branch. Gild, silver or tip the cones with bright red, or heighten with their own color. Wreaths also can be made by twisting a coat hanger into a circle for a base. Variations on an artistic door spray are many.



Any delicately designed branch (spirea is excellent) makes an attractive centerpiece. Frost by mixing a quart or more of thick starch. Dip branches in mixture and immediately cover with artificial snow. White dip may be made of soapflakes and water, beaten well.



Split a pretty birch log in half. Bore two holes on the rounded side. Secure candles in holes with melted wax. Surround with small evergreen branches and brightly painted wild nuts, whatever grows in your favorite stretch of countryside. Any of the soft woods with attractive barks can be used effectively in this way.



Martha Logan's

FESTIVE FIXIN'S

Spiced Cranberry Bells: Boil 4 c. cranberries in 2 c. water for 20 min. Add 2 c. sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. cinnamon; cook 2 min. Add 2 tbsp. gelatin softened in $\frac{1}{2}$ c. cold water. Rinse small molds in cold water; fill with sauce; chill. At serving time, top with bows of softened cream cheese put through pastry tube. For festoon, tie parsley sprigs with thread to make 36" rope; trim with shears. *Bake Swift's Premium Ham* according to directions on tag with every ham. Candle is cream cheese with flame cut from pimiento, holly leaves from green pepper.

*Company is coming...
and your mind's at ease*

When you're serving Swift's Premium Ham you needn't wait till mealtime to be sure of a meat-treat. That fork-tender texture is always the same. That matchless flavor never varies.

For thanks to a unique system of quality control, Swift's Premium is *always* perfect. From the

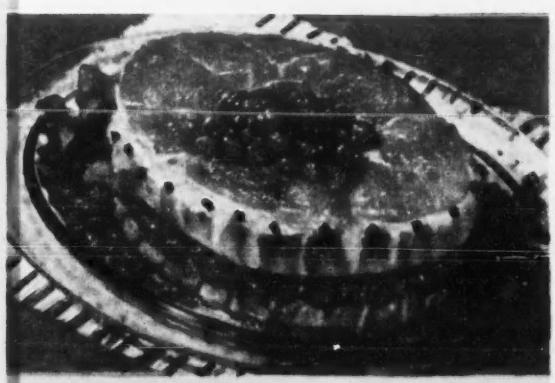
careful choosing of each ham, through the Brown-Sugar-Cure and oven-smoking over hardwood fires, a long series of controls assures uniformity.

Swift's Premium is dependably, deliciously the same any time, anywhere you buy it. That's why it continues to be Canada's *best-liked ham*.

SWIFT'S PREMIUM Ham is perfect every time



A gift you'd love
to get! Swift's
Premium Ham in
gay wrappings.



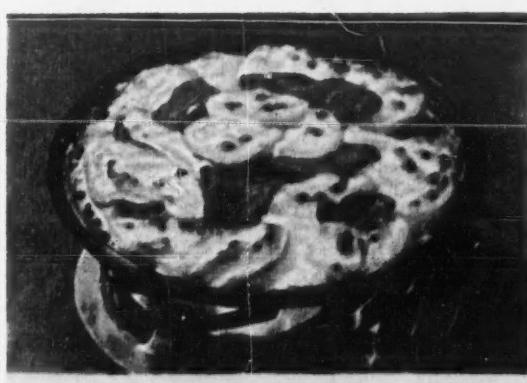
CRANBERRY HAM SLICES: Mix 2 c. raw cranberries with 1 c. honey; spread on 1" center slice of Swift's Premium Ham. Top with another slice edged with cloves. Bake in slow oven (325°F.) about 75 min., basting occasionally. Garnish top with some of the cooked cranberries.

*Canada's favorite ham
comes in 2 styles:*

*Blue Label, for easy
home cooking;*

Red Label, fully cooked.

NOTE: Not so-called "ready-to-eat" . . . but really, deliciously fully cooked as you'd do it at home!



HAM AND POTATO SCALLOP: Slice 6 c. cooked potatoes. (If possible, use potatoes of baking type.) Arrange in alternate layers with pieces of cooked Swift's Premium Ham in 2 qt. casserole. Add 2 c. thin, seasoned white sauce. Bake in mod. oven (350°F.) about 30 minutes.

*Swift's unique system
of quality-control
assures you the same
superbly mellow flavor,
the same delicious
tenderness, in every
Swift's Premium Ham.*

The GRANDEST of CHEESE SPREADS in

GAY FORGET-ME-NOT PATTERN GLASSES!

Smart Starter for Dinner!

The tomato juice is served in one of the new "Forget-me-not" Pattern Glasses in which you now get Kraft Cheese Spreads. These glasses come with red flowers, yellow, royal blue, and light blue—all with the charming green vine design around the base.

Grand glasses for many uses. The appetizers are: a pin wheel sandwich with Kraft Olive Pimento Spread, golden "Old English" Spread forced through a pastry tube on the round cracker, and zestful Roka on the square cracker. But get to know all of the 8 famous Kraft Cheese Spreads. Keep several varieties on hand all the time for fancy snacks and husky sandwiches.



THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES

ARE MADE BY

KRAFT

Inexpensive tree decorations may be made from penny candy sticks and all-day suckers. Tie them to the Christmas tree with ribbon. Popcorn and peanuts, dipped in bright-colored vegetable dyes, also make gay tree decorations when strung together on thread. And that's a job the youngsters love to do.



Hawthorn, spirea or any of the other delicately designed branches are most effective if left uncolored but tipped with gumdrops. Needless to say these will be very popular on Christmas Day with both young and old who will help with the dismantling.



This apple Santa makes a colorful table decoration. He is easily made with marshmallow head, raisin or candied-peel face, cotton-wool beard, gumdrop feet and hands, and marshmallow cuffs. Put him together with cocktail picks which are a little stronger than toothpicks. Use your originality in thinking up ways to vary his appearance.



Table-decoration Christmas trees are created from a delicious mixture of oven-popped rice cereal, marshmallow and chocolate. No cooking needed. The base is a large gumdrop. They are also made firm with toothpicks. You will find the recipe for both the dark and the light on page 77.

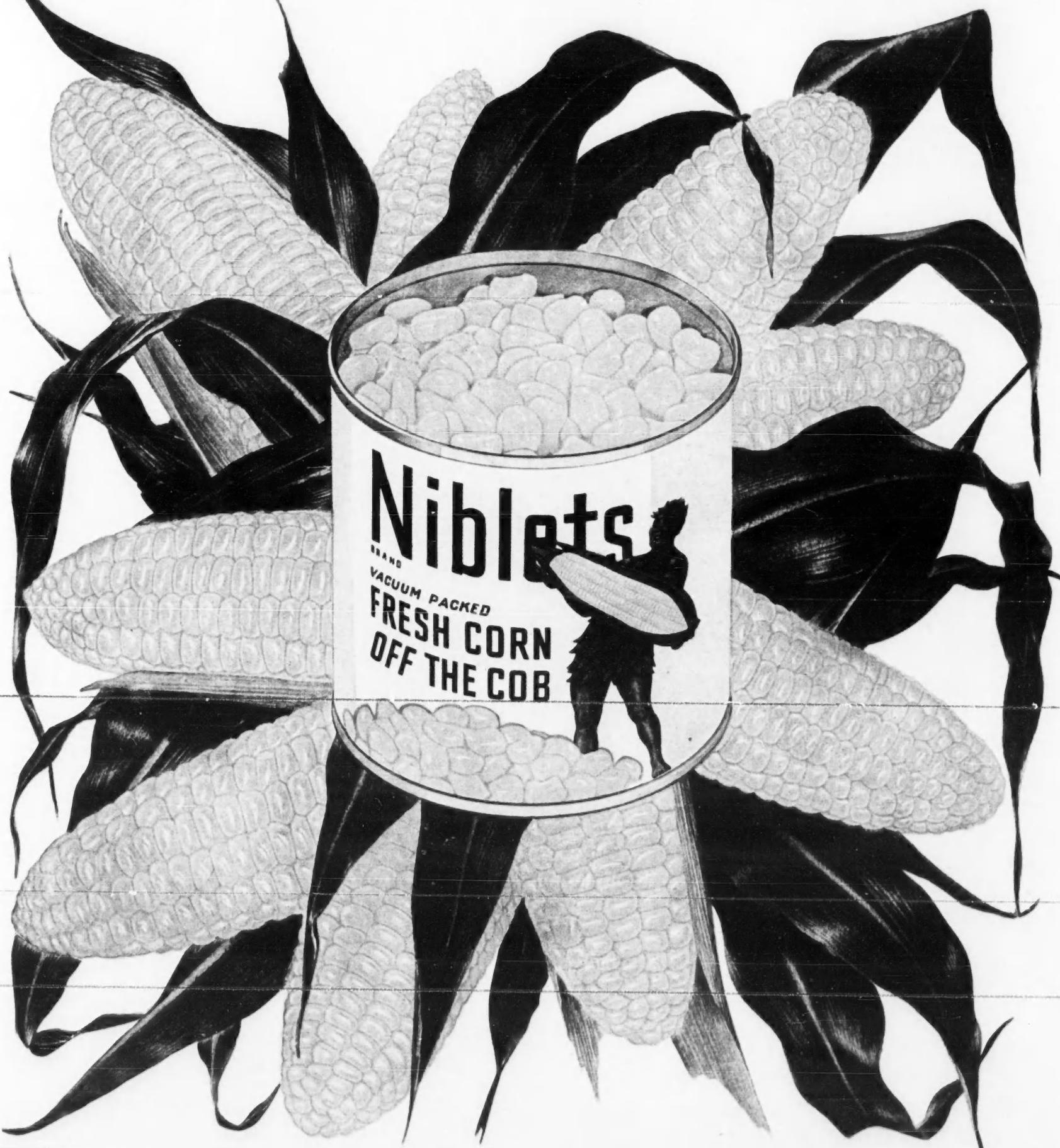


The materials necessary for these little men are cocktail picks, seedless raisins, candy peel and marshmallows. Odd-shaped animals can also be created with the help of colored gumdrops.

Fill a high clear bowl with water. Color with red or green vegetable coloring. Add a tablespoon of citric acid and two tablespoons of baking soda to each cup of water. Mixture will fizz and clear. Drop handful of ordinary mothballs into solution and watch them perform an adagio.



The BEST EARS of Your Life

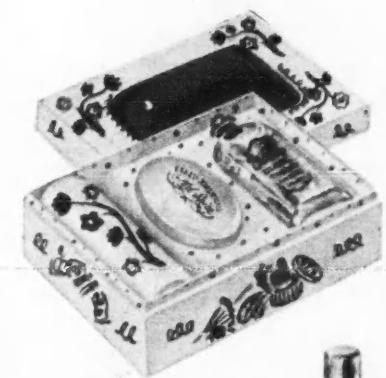


Deep, sweet kernels, tissue-thin skins, the fresh-shucked flavor of magnificent corn—that's Niblets Brand whole kernel corn. Corn-on-the-cob without the cob. Enjoy the best ears of your life tonight!

Listen to the Fred Waring Show Saturdays on NBC for the Green Giant

Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario. Also packers of Green Giant Brand peas.

Shulton GIFT STARS



Sewing Kit 1.50
Guest sizes of Toilet Water,
Talcum, Soap.

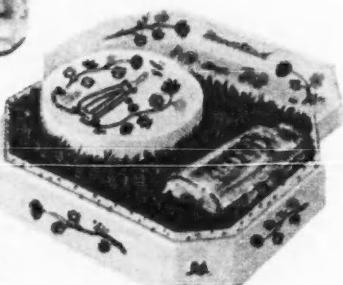


Toilet Water
with Atomizer 2.00

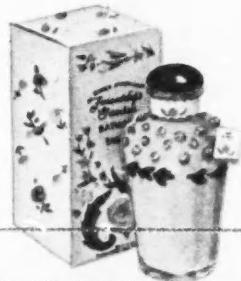


Purse Perfume 1.25

EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice
®



Homestead Box 2.75
Toilet Water and Dusting Powder.

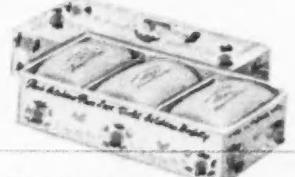


Bath Salts 1.25

EARLY AMERICAN
*Friendship's
Garden*



Plantation Box 2.75
Toilet Water and
Dusting Powder.



Toilet Soap 1.20



Dusting Powder 1.25

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The Alien Land

Continued from page 4

would be out, jewel all gardens with loveliness.

"I know. But I hoped today would be different." So he remembered that today was the first of June, and that her heart would be filled with memories of hedges quick with blossom, and the long sweep of elms against the sky, and a lark's song in the blue. If she could hide her pain from him, would it be better or worse? But she couldn't. That was why she was a part of him, and he of her.

Peter gave her a gentle push. "You stay in bed, and I'll fix you a cup of tea. Nothing like a cup of tea to bring the sun out."

She laughed then, and the sun came out in her eyes. "Coffee, darling. It tastes better in the Canadian climate." She swung her feet over the edge, dug her toes into furry moccasins, and went to the window. A leaden mass of cloud lay over the town, the rain thudded pitilessly, and the street was almost deserted. Jennifer leaned forward, straining into the morning twilight. "Oh Peter that girl across the road! She's going biking. She's got her mac on, and rubber boots. And she has a new bicycle, a beautiful slim black job. Heavens, I believe it's English. Yes, it is. Do you know, Peter, she's got an English bicycle!"

Peter grinned. "Why not? I saw some uptown. The Atlantic Ocean doesn't cut us into two worlds. Even the barbarians can have an English bicycle. Would you like one?"

"Oh, love one!" She thought of the bumpy roads leading off into the bush, the flat bush with its dreadful monotony, rolling away over the endless, uninhabited hills. And she thought of the money a bicycle would cost. "But we can't, you know. Not while we're saving for that car."

"And that trip to England in the 1970's! Never mind, maybe she'll lend you hers."

But I don't want that, Jennifer's heart cried. I want to go with her, and be her friend, and share her hopes and her fears and her laughter. I want to talk clothes with her, and ask her to make my hair look like other people's, and find out what books she's reading. I want her to smile at me as she smiles at Jimmy in his pram, instead of turning away in awkward silence when I come out. I want to break down this horrible reserve of mine, and make a friend of her. She looks so nice, and I can't make myself friendly and casual with her.

Peter came up beside her and rubbed his cheek against her hair. "I'll have to step on it. There's Joe out tinkering with his jalopy already. How's his missus? Any sign of the new offspring being a June baby? Joe's plenty scared, because she hemorrhaged the last time."

"How should I know? We don't speak the same language. Joe's family talks

Canadian, you know." That had been a joke once, that all the heterogeneous tongues of the north made up a strange language called Canadian. Joe and his family talked Polish, and his wife could scarcely speak a word of English. In the flat above Peter and Jennifer lived a Ukrainian family, still in the Ukraine as far as language was concerned, and on the other side was a noisy crew of French Canadians.

Jennifer had been thrilled at first to be coming to a land where French was the second language. She was so glad she had specialized in moderns, and delighted that her children would learn French without all the laborious effort she had put into it. But her first visit to the grocer had disillusioned her. "Des pommes de terre," she had asked for, in the accent she had acquired through six months' study at the Sorbonne.

M. Pelletier looked at her blankly. "Des pommes? Apples?" he asked, helpfully as with a backward child.

"Mais non. Des pommes de terre. Des légumes, vous comprenez. Pour manger avec la viande. To go with meat," she, too, lapsed into English, furious at being beaten by his polite incomprehension.

M. Pelletier let out a bellow of laughter. "Patates!" he roared, and everybody else in the store laughed too. Jennifer never practiced her French in public again.

Peter slung his robe around him and started for the bathroom. "Well, Joe'll be a better mucker, anyway, after the baby gets itself born. Right now he doesn't know whether he's digging for gold or safety pins."

Jennifer went into the dark kitchen, and started the coffee and began to heat the baby's formula. She felt shamed resentment that she hadn't known about Joe's baby. The Polish woman was so big, she defended herself, that you would scarcely notice her being any bigger. But that wasn't true. She wouldn't have noticed if the woman had been tiny. She simply didn't notice Joe's wife. She had no interest in her, and therefore was unaware of her. The woman was absorbed with her family and her friends and unable or unwilling to bridge the gap of their different languages in order to make friends with her aloof English neighbor.

LYING ON a daisy-dusted Sussex hillside, watching the blue dusk creep up from the sea, Peter had tried to explain his home to Jennifer. "It's new, you know, so new that nothing is settled and nobody quite belongs yet. When the town first grew up, nobody knew whether the mines would close down overnight and the whole population would have to move on. So it's sprawling and jerry-built and ugly. I was born there in a shack, with my father 2,000 feet underground and the only doctor in the district out on a mine accident call. Now, at 27, I'm one of the oldest inhabitants. Do you know, I never saw a person over 50 until I went down,

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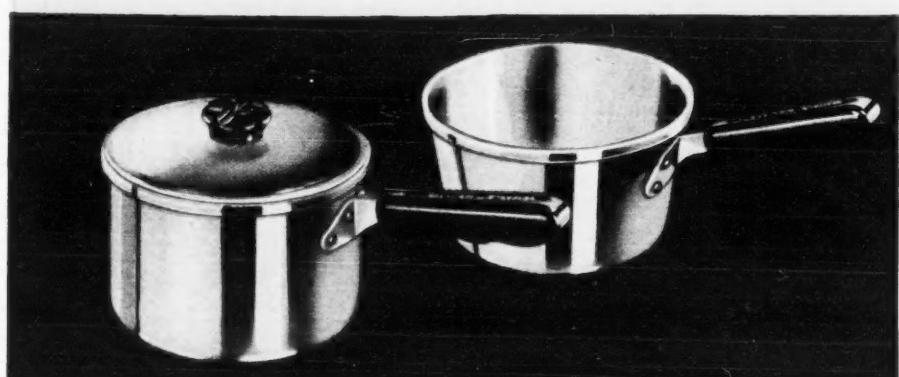
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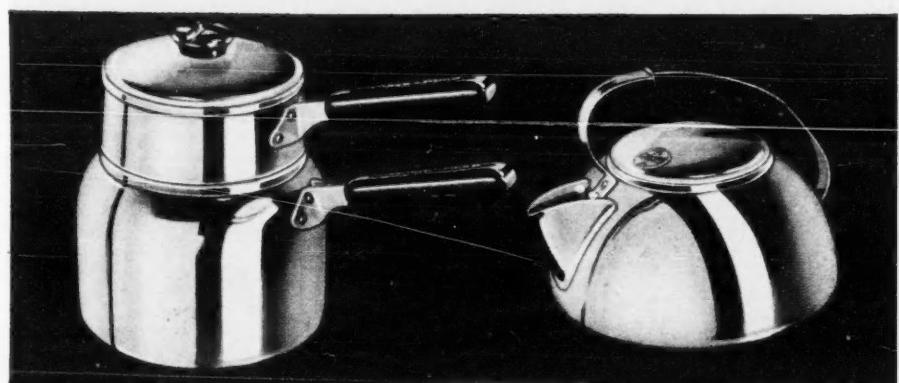
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one fall, to the Exhibition in Toronto. I thought that everyone in the South—and Toronto was the South—seemed frightfully old. Some of them even had white hair! The North is new, and it's young, and we are its only ancestors. We are the ones who will dig our roots in, and raise our families, and bring the North to life. Poor Jennifer, it's an appalling world for you. Are you sure you're game?"

And Jennifer had smiled into his eyes, and had seen, not a foreign land, but only Peter. "Darling, it's yours. I want it to be mine, too."

And at first it had been exciting. In the thrill of its newness she had forgotten that there she must settle down to live out all the years of her life. The snow-heaped rocks and tough evergreens against hard blue sky had seemed romantic, like scenes from a Yukon movie starring Clark Gable or Alan Ladd. But you could not get up and walk out when you had had enough, and the subzero weather that went with them was shattering. When she tried out any of her home-decorating schemes in the cramped apartment, she found only that she had sacrificed more of the tiny space to an idea which never quite came off, and she could not convince herself that the shining refrigerator and the new washing-machine made up for the wide fireplaces and deep windows of home.

Peter worked a long shift at the mine, leaving her many idle hours which she tried to fill in with reading from the small public library, where she searched in growing frustration among western fiction and half-baked romances for something she could read with pleasure. Peter's friends talked mining and fishing and when anyone mentioned Varsity he did not mean Oxford. She suspected that none of them had ever heard of her own college, Somerville, and found that college, to their wives, meant three years of a gay social whirl with a little dabbling in dietetics and food chemistry

on the side. Their only interests seemed to be their children's doings, the new recipes in the current magazines and the latest developments in the daily soap operas. Sometimes she wondered at her feeling of security in her marriage. How could Peter be so content with such an utter stranger to all that he was used to? Yet she knew in her heart that he was happy.

PETER HELPED himself liberally to cereal, glancing covertly at her averted face. "Had you noticed," he made valiant effort, "the lush vegetation of the countryside? Wonderful for the time of year. If you look really hard, you might see a faint swelling of buds along the poplars, and that means leaves by at least the middle of June."

She tried desperately to match his gaiety. "And that means roses by September. Aren't we lucky?" She knew it hadn't quite come off, could detect the edge in her voice.

But Peter was determined to be cheerful. "That means trailing arbutus in a couple of weeks. This spring we'll really get out to Smoky Lake, even if we have a dozen children by then. Arbutus smells like heaven. There's a legend, you know, that the angels play in the northern woods in the early spring, and in every place their footsteps touch, arbutus springs."

"Is there?"

"I don't know, but if there isn't there ought to be. Bear up, Jennie, we may have missed the spring, but even our ornery weatherman wouldn't skip summer, too. This year I'm turning you into a fisherman. A day going after speckled trout at Rainbow Falls will make up for the blackest June on record."

He tried so hard. She kissed him and clung to him and watched him swinging down the street in the old army jacket he wore to the mine. It looked very different now from what it had the first time she had seen it, when he had



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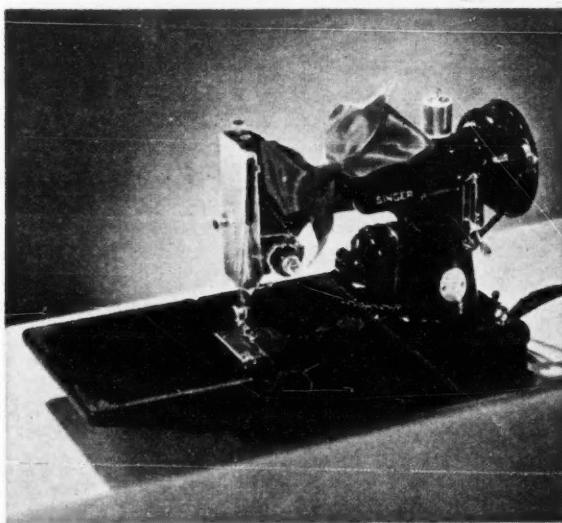
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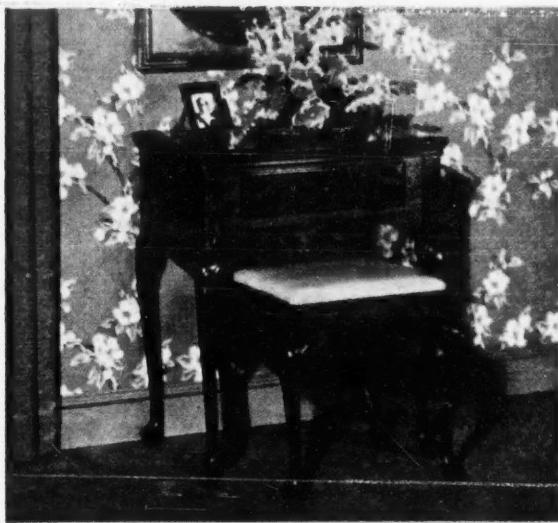
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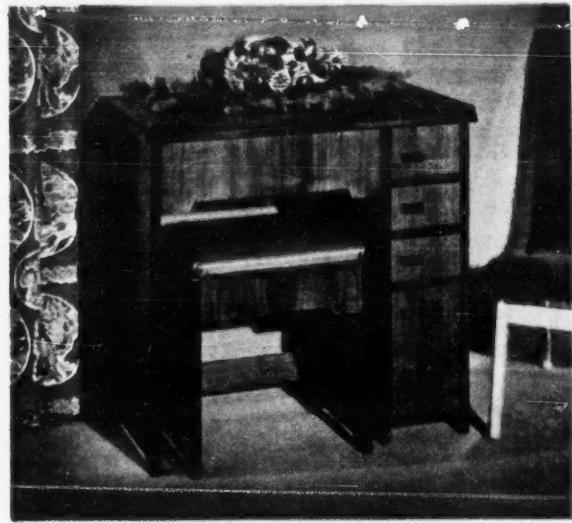
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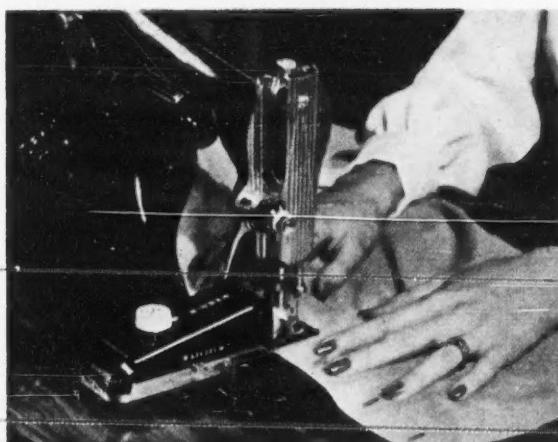
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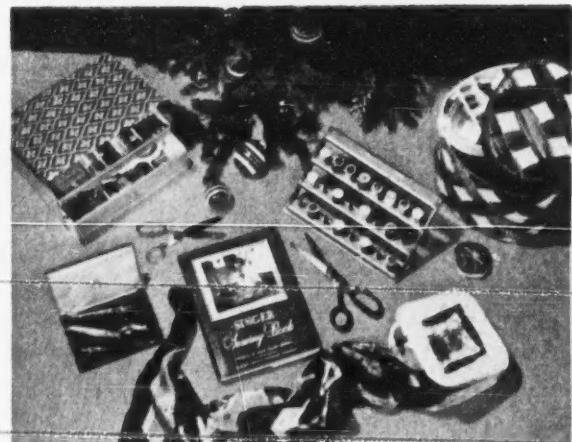
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stopped to ask directions of her in a Sussex lane. Her heart followed his lean figure into the driving rain, and she wondered how she could come to bear this alien land of his, and how she could bear to be any place where he was not.

The baby wakened fretful and hot, and she considered calling the doctor. But he was a horribly busy young man, and she didn't like the way he looked at her when he thought she was fussing unnecessarily. By the time Sally had finished her porridge and hunted out her rubber boots for the trek to school, Jimmy had brightened up and was hanging on the tray of his high chair for attention.

"Here, Sally, let me straighten your ribbon. And have you a clean handkerchief?"

"But Mummy, I ain't got a cold."

"Never mind. Go and get a handkerchief. And don't say 'ain't.'"

"Jakey Duval says it," defensively.

"Jakey doesn't know it's wrong," she explained patiently. "Some day he'll learn, and then he won't say it." Which seemed highly improbable. "Now get your handkerchief."

Sally wailed, "Jakey'll laugh at me. He'll say it's for my tears. He'll call me a cry baby."

"Jakey Duval is an ignorant little French Canadian," Jennifer said furiously, "and he doesn't know what he's talking about." And she cursed the Canadian school system, which subjected Sally to the companionship of Jakey Duval, and hated herself for this betrayal into racial and class prejudice.

The postman came while she was lazing over a second cup of coffee. Two letters for her, both with an English postmark. She thanked him, pitying him for his cold red nose and soaked shoulders. She would have liked to offer him a cup of coffee, but her tongue was stiff with shyness. Some days he was

her only link with the world around her, and she could not break down her reserve enough to talk to him.

The letters were from her sister Brenda, deep in Women's Institute activities and full of plans for the annual trip to the sea, and her friend Elizabeth, off for a fortnight of mountain-climbing in Switzerland. Jennifer looked out at the bare boughs stretching naked to the downpour, and sighed. She would almost as soon not get such letters. She stubbed out her cigarette and started to pile the dishes.

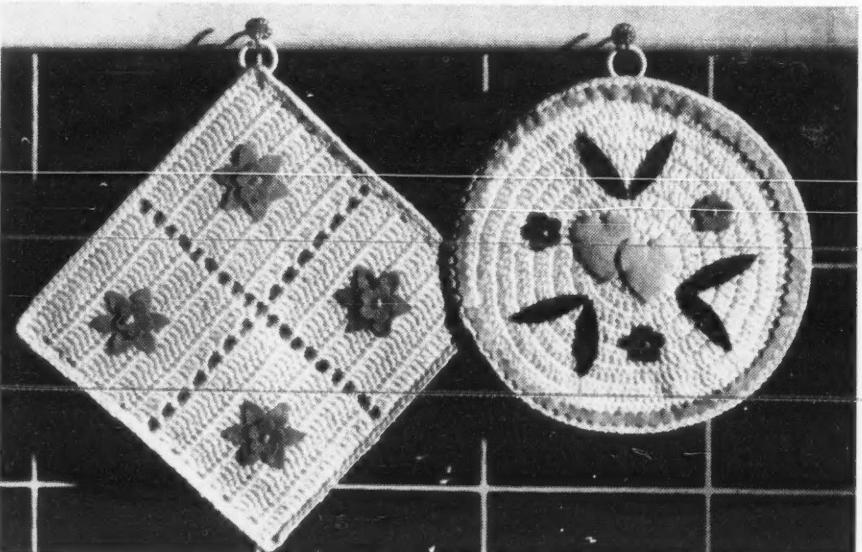
There was a sudden growling rumble, then a prolonged roar. The pictures swung on the wall, dishes clattered to the floor, and Jennifer was knocked sideways against a chair. She clutched it, trembling, listening to the echoes quiver into silence. An earthquake, surely? But they didn't have earthquakes here, at least of such proportions. Lightning? Well, hardly, for it came from the earth under her, and not out of the air.

Now she knew. An air blast. One of those terrific falls of rock which compress the air in the narrow stope of the mine and force it with such pressure against the sides that it must burst the very rock walls asunder. She had heard legendary tales of the huge air blasts of early mining days, and had felt the occasional mild shock of a minor blast. But never anything like this. Never this shattering horror.

Which mine? She stumbled wildly to the telephone, took down the receiver and listened to the steady hum. But there was no answer. Central was too busy already, answering hundreds of calls. And what news could she have yet?

The radio! Jennifer turned it with trembling fingers to the local station, to be greeted with the blare of jaunty canned music. No help there, not yet.

She heard running footsteps on the



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stairs from the apartment above, and dashed to the door, to be confronted with the stricken face of the Ukrainian woman. Her husband and her two sons worked at Goldcliff.

Jennifer stared, and the woman stared back. "Air blast," the woman said.

Jennifer nodded. "Where?"

The woman shrugged. Then, "Telephone?"

"No. They don't answer."

The woman came down the last step, and her big hands closed warm over Jennifer's. Only then did Jennifer realize that she had been wringing her own hands. The woman gave her fingers a little squeeze, and smiled. "Maybe all right. Lots of mines. Lots of tunnels where nobody work. Old mines. El Dorado. McVicar-Crawford. Princeton. Lakeside,"—she counted them bravely, hesitated, then—"and Goldcliff."

Jennifer wouldn't be outdone. She looked steadily at the Ukrainian woman. "And Long Shaft."

The woman jerked open the door, letting the rain whip into the tiny hallway. They stood together on the stoop, staring out into the grey morning. Down the street Joe's wife, bareheaded, was poised on the sidewalk, looking up and down the street. The French-Canadian woman next door was peering from her doorway. They saw Jennifer and the Ukrainian, and came toward them.

"Which mine?"

"We don't know." Jennifer faltered, then, "Come in out of the rain. We have a telephone, and the radio's on. Come in and we'll wait."

They came crowding into the little sitting room, trying to rub the mud from their shoes before stepping on Jennifer's blue rug. They were quiet, and stricken, peering uncertainly at each other, like awkward children, and turning away because they couldn't bear their own fear reflected in someone else's eyes. Their stillness frightened Jennifer.

She turned to Joe's wife. "You try the telephone again. I'm going to make some coffee."

Joe's wife got through to central, but there was no information. The French Canadian picked up Jimmy, who had begun to whimper, and started playing some fantastic child's game with him, coaxing back the smiles. The Ukrainian set out cups and saucers for Jennifer, and cream and sugar, finding things as though she had always known the kitchen. And she has never been here before, Jennifer thought, she's never been inside my door. She's kind, and she's competent, and I don't even know her name.

Over the hot coffee their awkwardness thawed. The French Canadian didn't laugh at Jennifer's French, she greeted it with pleased volubility, and the other two joined in with their broken English. Jimmy was admired and petted, and the Ukrainian promised Jennifer a sweater pattern which she would design just for him. They were all trying, desperately, to talk of ordinary things. They knew, of old, that the mine managements could be trusted, and that theirs must be the age-old tragic role of waiting. There was nothing more they could do. Jennifer summoned all her courage to match their stoicism. She forced her tongue to talk of trivial things, and asked the Ukrainian woman to show her how to do the exquisite embroidery she had seen on the upstairs line on wash-day. The woman was delighted with the

request, and naïvely pleased at the implied compliment. Joe's wife, that stolid dumpy woman, had in her slim youth been a schoolteacher in Poland, and—wonder of wonders—had studied at the Sorbonne the same year Jennifer had been there. Some of the fright left Jennifer's eyes and her heart grew quieter.

THE TELEPHONE rang. They looked at it, suddenly frozen. Then Jennifer got up and moved woodenly toward it.

"Yes? Yes, this is Mrs. Blake. Who? Mr. Hughes? Oh yes." Mr. Hughes was the Number Three Shaft superintendent, a gruff man of whom Peter always spoke with respect and liking. Jennifer had met him and his icy little wife at a Christmas party at the mine recreation hall. She hadn't heard his voice since. Now it was even gruffer, and he cleared his throat as if it hurt.

"Mrs. Blake, I'm sorry to have to tell you that there's been some trouble at the mine." He paused, but Jennifer

could say nothing. She was gripping the receiver till her fingers were numb.

"I—we—that is—you must have heard it. The air blast?"

"Yes," she forced the syllable through stiff lips. The women were tense and silent behind her.

"We didn't want you to hear first over the radio. Understand, there is no immediate need for alarm. There's been a rock fall closing off one of the stopes. Mrs. Blake, your husband was working

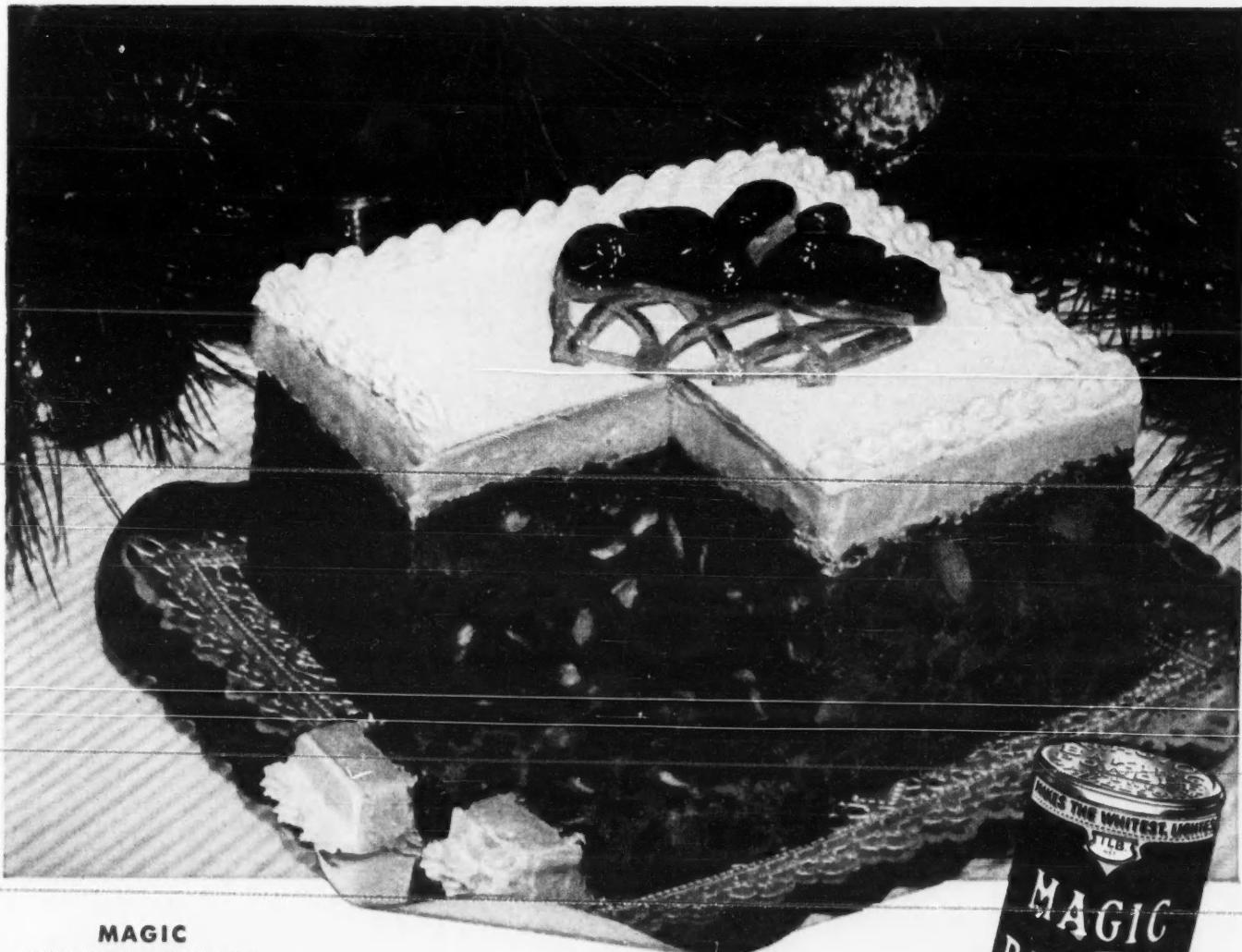
Continued on page 32

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MAGIC CHRISTMAS CAKE

2 cups seedless raisins

1 cup currants

1½ cups separated seeded raisins

1½ cups drained red maraschino or candied cherries (or a mixture of red cherries and green candied cherries)

1 cup almonds

1 cup cut-up pitted dates

1½ cups slivered or chopped mixed candied peels and citron

½ cup cut-up candied pineapple or other candied fruits

1 tbsp. finely-chopped candied ginger

3 cups sifted pastry flour or 2½ cups sifted hard-wheat flour

1½ tsps. Magic Baking Powder

¼ tsp. salt

1½ tsps. ground cinnamon

½ tsp. grated nutmeg

½ tsp. ground ginger

¼ tsp. ground mace

¼ tsp. ground cloves

1 cup butter

1¼ cups lightly-packed brown sugar

6 eggs

½ cup molasses

½ cup cold strong coffee

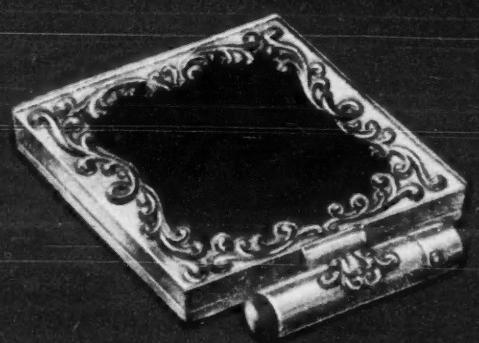
Wash and dry the seedless raisins and currants. Wash and dry the seeded raisins, if necessary, and cut into halves. Cut cherries into halves.

Blanch the almonds and cut into halves. Prepare the dates, peels and citron, candied pineapple or other fruits, and ginger. Sift together 3 times, the flour, Magic Baking Powder, salt, cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger, mace and cloves; add prepared fruits and nuts, a few at a time, mixing until fruits are separated and coated with flour. Cream the butter; gradually blend in the sugar. Add unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition; stir in molasses. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture alternately with coffee, combining thoroughly after each

addition. Turn batter into a deep 8-inch square cake pan that has been lined with three layers of heavy paper and the top layer greased with butter; spread evenly. Bake in a slow oven, 300°, 2½ to 3 hours. Let cake stand in its pan on a cake cooler until cold. Store in a crock, or wrap in waxed paper and store in a tin. A few days before cake is to be cut, top with almond paste and ornamental icing; just before cutting, cake may be decorated attractively.



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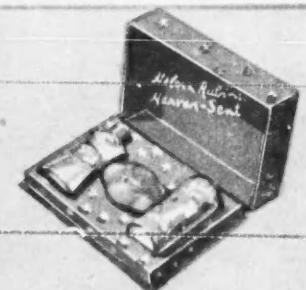
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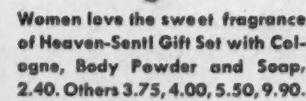
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birthdays—in my life seem to get closer together. Only a few galloping months between them nowadays and it used to be an eternity. If you know what I mean.

So Christmas is just for the children, is it? Well, don't you believe that. Christmas is for the young and the old and the inbetweens. For the male and female of the species. For the rich and all the rest of us. For everyone b'golly.

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and one of jam, a pot holder, apron, clothespin bag, 2 movie tickets, a painted funnel holding a ball of string, a calendar for my desk, a heart-shaped emory bag for my sewing basket, a jigsaw puzzle, some birthday cards to send my friends and a box of paper for "thank you" notes. Each package was wrapped and tied fancy and labeled with the month for which it was intended. Idea for you this Christmas? No, I didn't peek and I loved the 12 reminders of my friend's friendship.

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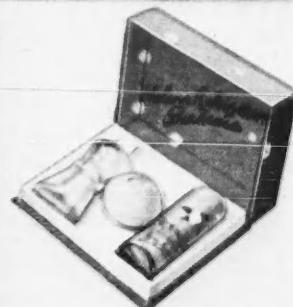
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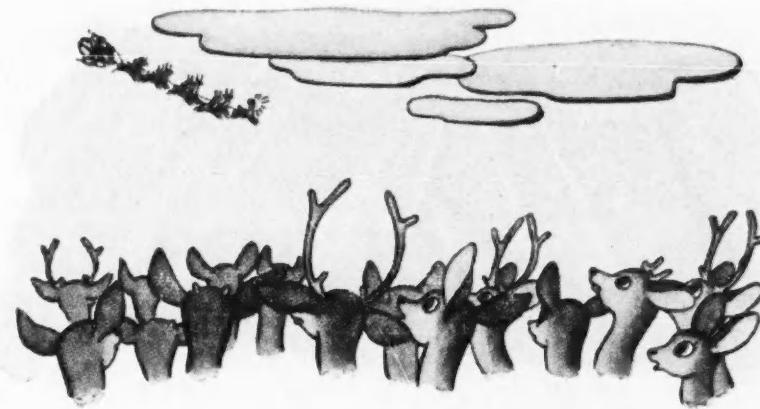
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Helen Campbell's Page

Here's the last leaf on the calendar and a date is marked in red. A happy color—and a happy day.

Funny how the Christmases—and birthdays—in my life seem to get closer together. Only a few galloping months between them nowadays and it used to be an eternity. If you know what I mean.

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From a friend last December came not one but twelve Christmas presents—the first to be opened on the 25th and the others in succeeding months. They were "little" gifts—a jar of pickles and one of jam, a pot holder, apron, clothespin bag, 2 movie tickets, a painted funnel holding a ball of string, a calendar for my desk, a heart-shaped emory bag for my sewing basket, a jigsaw puzzle, some birthday cards to send my friends and a box of paper for "thank you" notes. Each package was wrapped and tied fancy and labeled with the month for which it was intended. Idea for you this Christmas? No, I didn't peek and I loved the 12 reminders of my friend's friendship.

Thank goodness I was young in the days when Santa came to town around Christmas, not around the first of November.

Mulled cider: Add to 2 quarts of sweet cider $\frac{2}{3}$ cup brown sugar, 10 to a dozen whole cloves, 2 or 3 sticks of cinnamon, a bit of allspice and a pinch of salt. Simmer 10 minutes; strain. Pour hot into mugs and top with a grating of nutmeg, then

"Sit roun' the table weel content
And steer about the toddy."

A pen pal tells me she makes a flock of small Christmas cakes for gifts. Decorates with a ribbon of smooth icing tinted pastel green and forced through a pastry tube (the flat border tube is the one to use). Adds an icing "bow" and tucks a holly sprig under.



Family I know makes a specialty of what they call Holiday Ice Cream. They freeze a plain vanilla mix in a crank freezer or buy it in bulk and heap it in a serving bowl. In another they heap a mound of hot mincemeat. Pour a little warm brandy over it, set it alight and carry it blazing to the table. When the flames die down the ice cream is served and the mincemeat spooned over.

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Eggnog is the classic tipple of the season. Don't ask me why. And don't ask me how to make it. I have my own problems, me, apropos of filling the cavern of a 12-pound turkey.

I'm all for a real old-fashioned Christmas, whatever that means. I think it's green wreaths, red candles, pine cones and holly, big bowls of apples with their faces shining, a tree decked with tinsel and glittering baubles, candy canes and balls of popcorn, grand smells from the kitchen mingling with the scent of cedar, a brown-crusted bird and all the trimmings on the table and a sprig of mistletoe where it's likely to do the most good.

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no Sniffing



Eileen Morris
Beauty Editor

GIVE BEAUTY, for it is a subtle compliment, intimate and endearing. Give an atomizer of fragrance or a purse vial she'll adore . . . give precious jars of her favorite creams and lotions . . . give a make-up case filled with every beauty essential . . . give lovely bath preparations . . . give matched lipstick, rouge, powder and nail lacquer . . . give a home permanent kit, a swish hairbrush . . . give a compact whose mirror will reflect a pretty face . . . give a leather-lined carryall for her money and beauty aids.

TO TUCK IN the toe of her Christmas stocking consider a maribou puff, a lipbrush, a long eyebrow pencil. If she's never tried them, treat her to skin freshener, eye cream, solid cologne, eye make-up, a lipstick fixative. Yes, give beauty, and we know she'll have a *lovely* Christmas!

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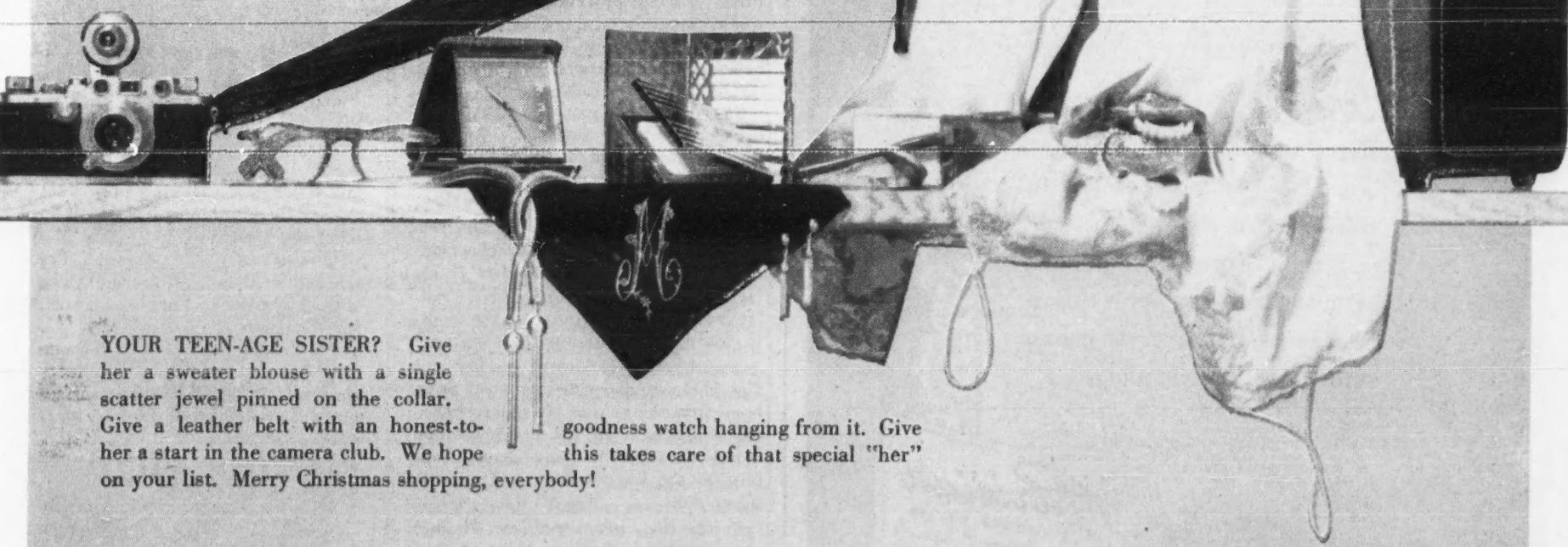
no Peeking

No fair snooping before the 25th, but here's a hint. Those gay packages contain some delightful surprises . . . gifts you'll be giving, and getting, this Christmas morn.



Mildred Spicer
Fashion Editor

GIVE FASHION to suit her type, her clothes, her way of life. If she's planning a trousseau give a lacy pastel slip, a piece of colorful rawhide luggage, delicately embroidered slippers . . . or give her that special ring. Give that career girl friend a tiny clock, a roomy leather bag, pigskin gloves, or pure silk scarves. To mother, give a long slender umbrella, a black initialed hankie, a wide gold bracelet, long suede gloves or give her web sheer nylons. Give a tiny jewel box for earrings and her rings. If "she" is your best beau's mother give a rope of pearls with beaded dangles, artificial carnations nestled in a transparent box. Give a hankie lavishly edged with lace.



YOUR TEEN-AGE SISTER? Give her a sweater blouse with a single scatter jewel pinned on the collar. Give a leather belt with an honest-to-her a start in the camera club. We hope on your list. Merry Christmas shopping, everybody!

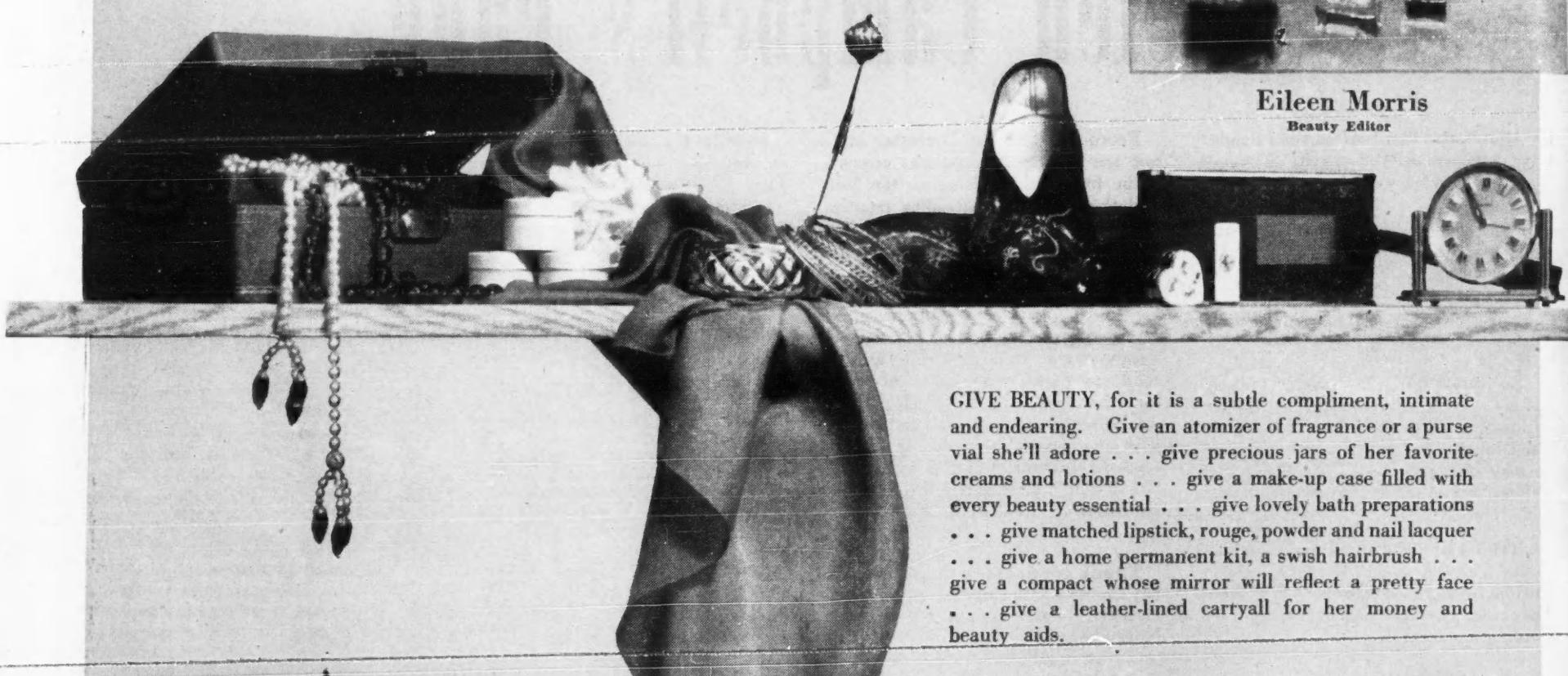
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Continued from page 27

in that stope. Of course"—the words came tumbling now—"we don't expect that there is any real danger. We hope that the rock fall was just at the entrance. We have no reason to suppose that it extended into the stope."

We expect. We hope. We have no reason to suppose. That terrific blast was not just from a few rocks dislodged and tumbling down. It was earth-shaking.

"I'm coming over."

"No, no, Mrs. Blake. Please don't. There is nothing you can do. You will be the first to receive any news available. You can do nothing here. I promise you, we will let you know the moment we have any news. The rescue crew has gone down. They are already at work. We are doing all that we can to get the men released as soon as possible."

Jennifer heard the escape of a long indrawn breath behind her. The suspense had become intolerable. She remembered Joe's wife, and Joe working in the same mine as Peter.

"There are—others?"

"Only one. Henri Arcand. We are sending a messenger to his wife. I promise you, Mrs. Blake, you shall know as soon as we have any information. I—I can't say how sorry I am. But we hope—" That horrible, impersonal "we." Jennifer dropped the receiver.

She met a battery of eyes, questioning, commiserating. Joe's wife fearful. They had been kind to her, these women. They were her friends.

"Joe's all right." Then she covered her face with her hands and collapsed into the chair the Ukrainian gently pushed beneath her.

They were wonderfully gentle. No questions, no proddings, until they had chafed the blood back into her hands, forced scalding coffee down her throat, lulled Jimmy's anxious cries. Then she told them, brokenly, and found relief in the tears that came.

She wanted to go to the mine, to go at once. But they dissuaded her, urging from their own experience that she would only be in the way, that Sally would be frightened if she weren't there at noon, that John Hughes would be as good as his word. When the radio station rang up, they dealt firmly with the enquirer, and when a reporter came to the door they sent him away abashed. Finally, when she admitted that she would rather be alone, they went quietly away, leaving lunch ready for herself and Sally, and a bottle warming for Jimmy.

Sally came in, gay and chattering, excited about the air blast. "And it knocked me right off my seat, Mummy."

Jennifer tried to make conversation. "You didn't come home with Jakey. Was he sick?"

"No. He was there. Teacher said I was to walk home with Jim Hunt. He's a big boy, Mummy. He's swell. He walked me right up to the door. It gave me a awful important feeling."

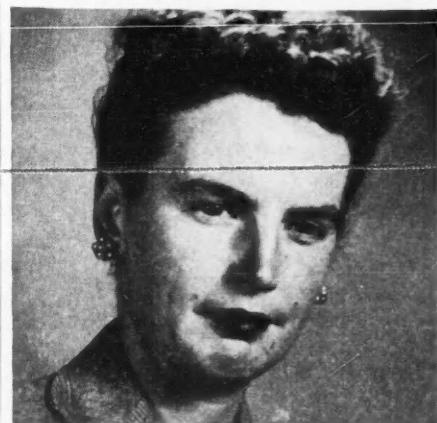
Jennifer silently blessed teacher and Jim Hunt, and decided to keep Sally home from school that afternoon. Sally, too delighted with the holiday to be inquisitive as to its cause, played happily on the kitchen floor, cutting out paper dolls.

In the early afternoon John Hughes came, gravely reassuring and courteous, grateful that she had done as she was asked. Then the Anglican rector came, a shy boy whom she had always thought

a little ridiculous, but to whom she found herself warming as she had to help him out with his stumbling, honest sympathy. Going to the door with him she saw a little knot of curious idlers gazing intently at her door, and breathed in relief to see the clergyman sternly drive them away. Then Joe's wife brought over a cake, and the French Canadian offered to look after Jimmy and Sally if she wanted to go out. Until now she would have been afraid to send her children into that noisy cluttered household, but suddenly she could stand her inactivity no longer. She had to go to the mine.

ARRIVING THERE, she found that Mr. Hughes had been right. It was no place for her. The crowds of men, miners and rescue workers, executives and even government officials, confused and frightened her. John Hughes was too busy to do more than cover his distress at her presence with a cursory politeness. She felt farther away from Peter than ever, and more lonely than she had ever been in her life. An aching need for him rose up in her throat, choking her, and she turned blindly away, wanting only to get back to Jimmy and Sally and all the things which had been a part of their life together.

When she came into the house a sweet and haunting fragrance assailed her. It was a perfume she had never known before, and yet it whispered of all past and dear enchantments. On the coffee table she found a low bowl brimming with tiny, delicate pink and white blossoms. Knowing that they



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She looks positively middle-aged, don't you agree? She's lost the golden opportunities of youth and romance . . . and yet she's actually just turned 28! A poor complexion can do that to an otherwise lovely girl.

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must be Peter's beloved trailing arbutus, she bent to read the note beside them: "I found these in the bush this morning. If there is anything I can do to help you, please think of me as your friend. I have wanted to know you for a long time. Ennis MacLean." Ennis MacLean. The girl across the road. The girl for whose friendship she had yearned. Quick tears gathered in her eyes as she fastened a spray in her belt. She would like Ennis to know that she understood her gesture.

Sally was puzzled at supper when her father did not come home. "Where is he, Mummy? Isn't he hungry?"

"Yes, darling." Oh yes, he must be hungry! Please, God, let him be hungry. "But he couldn't get home. He had to stay to work late at the mine."

Sally shook her head sagely. "He won't like that. That isn't up his alley 'tall."

Jennifer's heart contracted at the casual slang. Sally was a typical Canadian. Her very expressions were typical. She wouldn't be Peter's daughter if they weren't. And when Jimmy grew up he would be a Canadian too. The outlandish expressions would come tripping glibly off his tongue. If these two were all that she was to have left of Peter, they must retain their Canadianism. Only in that way would they still be his as well as hers.

The thought frightened her. Was she giving Peter up so easily? Sooner give up life itself.

"Come along, Sally. It's bedtime. Quiet now, for we mustn't wake Jimmy."

After Sally was in bed there was

nothing to do but sit in the early northern dusk and wait. A dozen times she went to the phone, but there was nothing to ask. When there was news, she would know. She wandered to the window and looked across to the house where Ennis MacLean lived. It would be good to have a friend waiting with her, there in the darkness. But you could not beg such a favor of someone to whom you had never made a friendly overture.

A figure was standing on the street, head craned toward her house. Jennifer bent forward. The person moved on, but turned, came back again. Fury rose in Jennifer. To be stared at, watched, wondered about, by strangers! Suddenly she couldn't bear it. She slipped out the door and ran down the walk to confront the figure. A woman, small and solitary, flattening herself unobtrusively against a tree trunk.

"How dare you?" Jennifer flared. "Why do you stand in front of my house? Go away! Go away, I say!"

The woman turned away, and as the light from the open doorway touched her face, Jennifer saw that she was crying. Standing there alone in the darkness, crying.

Jennifer caught the woman's hand, and her voice wavered as she asked, "What's wrong? What's the matter?"

The woman faced her, tears falling quietly. "You are Mis' Blake, yes? Your husband is friend of my Henri. They work together. The rock fall." She made a helpless little gesture with her hands. "I do not know you. But I come to be near you. We are together too, no?"

"Oh yes. Yes." Jennifer flung her arms around the girl in an abandon of which she would not once have dreamed herself capable, and they wept together and comforted each other, standing there in the dark. Then Jennifer drew Lucette Arcand into the house, gave her coffee and cigarettes, talked gently with her and received gentle shy replies. And when a car came from the mine, bringing word from John Hughes that they hoped to reach the trapped men within the hour, Jennifer asked Ennis MacLean to sit with her children and went out with Lucette to the car.

There was an air of tension in the mine office, and a more directive force to the swift comings and goings of stubby-faced and grimy men. Jennifer and Lucette sat rigidly side by side, smoking Jennifer's cigarettes, answering with monosyllables the kindly queries of the men, talking to each other at long intervals. John Hughes had been too optimistic. As the hours dragged on Lucette's grey feeling engulfed them more and more.

Jennifer stood up abruptly. "Let's go out."

They stumbled stiffly out into the mine yard, ablaze with lights and thronged with people. It was almost three o'clock. John Hughes was standing in a corner of the yard, conferring with a group of men wearing miners' lights in their hats. One of the rescue workers was lying sprawled across a rock, snatching a few moments' badly needed sleep. Jennifer saw, sitting on a pile of wood at one side, a cigarette between nervous fingers, the young doctor she had not dared to call for Jimmy's fretfulness that morning. It was long past midnight, and he ought to be in bed, but he sat on here, quietly



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waiting, because he might be needed. Such were the men whom Peter could call his friends.

The young doctor saw the women and came over. "Hello, Mrs. Blake. Hello, Lucette. They think it won't be very long now."

Jennifer tried to smile at him, to thank him, but there was nothing to say.

"I met Peter in England, you know," he remarked abruptly, "before I ever thought of coming up here. I was in Sussex, too. It's lovely there. You must have found this a very grim change."

It was a friendly speech, which once she would have welcomed. Now she hardly recognized its kindness. What did that lovely, distant land have to do with her and Peter? This was their home, where they belonged. Because Peter belonged to it, she belonged to it, too. She could never be separated from what was a part of Peter. She was only beginning to see its beauty and its friendliness, but she could never be blind to them again.

Suddenly came a long shout from the minehead. The young doctor caught her hand, hers and Lucette's, and looked very steadily at them for a moment. Then he swung off toward the mouth of the shaft, elbowing his way to the front. The crowd surged forward, then back, and down the lane they made as they parted came a party of stretcher-bearers, the two low, basketlike stretchers slung among them. For a moment Jennifer closed her eyes, and the world swung dizzily around her. Then her hand caught Lucette's tightly, and she gave a gentle tug, and the two women walked forward, alone, to meet the stretchers. *

Miracle Man

Continued from page 7

So Peterson became a sidewalk preacher, aiming toward boys, and he loved it.

Gaining the confidence of his tough kids he soon had an indoor class of 250, learning words and making gadgets.

In this work the padre learned that thoughts and ideas can be strong and tough and durable. Many thoughts can be dangerous or sickening. Properly grooved or beamed thoughts are uplifting tonics and sources of joy, inspiration and achievement. "He can who thinks he can." "Every day in every way I get better and better." "I am what I am and what I am is good and strong and filled with health."

So Norman Peterson, who knew both the joy and the anguish of thought, got his divinity degree and in 1929 was named curate at the Church of St. Columba in Montreal's West End. Ten years later he became rector and a few years after that he gained a new parishioner in the person of a revitalized and optimistic Albert Cliffe.

Cliffe, while in Toronto, had been a member of St. Mary Magdalen Church which was High Anglican. So high that many a churchman branded it Roman. When Cliffe's chemical chores carried him to Montreal he bought a home in Westmount and sought out another High Anglican place of worship.

In what seemed no time at all the two former nerve cases, Peterson and Cliffe, had mentally tuned to the same thought band. They were a year apart in age, both were undersized, both had



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been on the verge of collapse through fear and worry, and both knew the power of suggestion.

Father Peterson had joined the Society of the Nazarene and, in his own church, had set up a spiritual healing centre. Quickly he realized that to listen to the fears and frustrations of his parishioners was a full-time job, so the pep talks were shelved in favor of parish duties.

Two Months — One Thousand Followers

However, Albert Cliffe soon made his cheerful presence felt. He was at this time conducting research in the field of food and nutrition for a flour mill and it seemed that everyone in the Men's Bible Class had digestive troubles that, they thought, Cliffe might solve.

"It's all in your mind," he told them. "Worry does it; worry and fears about tomorrow. That's what causes indigestion and sleepless nights and haggard looks."

"That's all very easy to say," the men exclaimed. "But how can anybody stop worrying?"

"By sensibly looking at the cause of the worry. Nine times in 10 it's either something that's over and done with and therefore beyond help, or it's something that never will happen."

In many cases the effect of these few simple words worked magic. Soon Father Peterson suggested that a spiritual healing centre be revived with Cliffe in charge.

The chemist declined. The idea was good, he said, but he personally was not ready.

Five years later, after several urgings, Cliffe said he was ready, and in October, 1947, he opened his lessons in living.

The first night was a disappointment. Only 24 people turned up, and none of these seemed to have fears or frustrations on their mind. These were the steady dependables of the congregation. The people who would lend a hand to any budding endeavor.

A week later there were 51 in the class and by Christmas more than a thousand tried to get in.

Within a year Cliffe was speaking to audiences of 2,000 from many faiths twice a week. Since the capacity of church and parish hall at St. Columba's was about 900, he was hooked up, by public address systems, with other churches. Once he spoke to an overflow Toronto crowd with hook-ups in several parts of Montreal and New York State.

More intimately Cliffe sees, by personal interview, about six worried people—mostly women—each afternoon. They pay no fee but, following a pattern set by Aimee Semple MacPherson, they contribute a love offering.

In these tête-à-têtes, if you believe Cliffe's critics, he's a combination of Carnegie, Freud, Kinsey and Alcoholics Anonymous with a touch of soap opera and confessional for good measure.

Four types predominate; male and female drunks, neurotic wives whose husbands don't understand them, old folks with aches and pains and young women who seem to enjoy confession to sexual promiscuity. Cliffe says many of these are wishful thinking or anyhow thinking. In all cases the result is worry, and Albert Cliffe is expected to evaporate the worry.

With this background to go on I called the healing centre for a personal inter-

view. One of Cliffe's three secretaries said sorry, the master's appointments were booked 10 weeks in advance. On the basis of 42 face-to-face palavers a week I was 42nd in line.

"What's wrong with you anyway?" the secretary asked.

"I've been drinking too much and people don't like me. Especially my wife. I have a terrible temper and a sarcastic tongue. I just don't get along with anybody." (I think most of this is untrue but can't be sure.)

Under her breath the sophisticated secretary mumbled, "These men!" and out loud she said, "Why don't you go to Alcoholics Anonymous? They'll straighten you out right away."

"I did go. They say it's up to me. I have to help myself."

"Then why don't you do it?" the secretary demanded. Her logic was devastating.

"Because I want to see Mr. Cliffe. Folks say he can banish worry in half an hour."

"That's right; he can. But he's booked up for 10 weeks. You'd better come to his next lecture, but come an hour early or you won't be able to get in."

The afternoon of the lecture was one of those effervescent autumn Sundays when every breath seems pure tonic oxygen. The leaves were just turning, the sun was clear and hard. It was a day meant for golf or making love or walking in the bush. Not for going to church. To my surprise the church was filled to overflowing and the parish hall was two thirds full by the time I got there.

With a smile that seemed a bit forced Cliffe opened with one of the briefest prayers on record (47 seconds) then we sang two hopeful hymns and he read a letter. The audience was predominantly well dressed female in the 35 to 45 age bracket.

The letter was from a Toronto woman who, threatened with dispossession of her home, had turned to Cliffe for help. He advised prayer and the prayer had asked God for a house with a garden and at least one tree in that garden. The woman had got the house and garden with two fine trees and was jubilantly grateful.

Cliffe then gave a report on finance. In 40 years of casual church going I'd come to feel that every financial report was a tale of woe. Always the parish seemed to need more money. In this case the cash position was healthy to the point of excellence. I could hardly believe my ears.

Next came a report on special prayers for the very sick. Cliffe said that 31 special cases had been directed his way and 27 reported complete cures. He gave no details but launched immediately into his lecture. This was 47 solid minutes of non-stop anecdote.

With a good sense of timing and a fluffless delivery, Cliffe told yarn after yarn about people—mostly women—who had suffered everything from lock-jaw to delirium and had been relieved by positive rather than negative thinking. He seldom used the word "cured," but stuck to the safer "relieved."

In the course of the talk, Cliffe told of saving a very wealthy woman from alcoholism and when he said that the woman was personally present there was a polite but determined examination of the many people in the room by inquisitive neighbors.



The Aristocrat of Cork Tipped Cigarettes at a Popular Price

The gist of the many anecdotes was that some people succeeded in life where others failed, largely because they had faith in themselves and were determined to pursue a certain course.

The theme song, if any, was based on self-confidence and self-reliance. He can who thinks he can.

The audience flattered the speaker with rapt attention and when the lecture ended with an even briefer prayer than the first one, it took almost an hour to empty the church. Cliffe tried to bid bon voyage to everyone present, but each one lingered over the parting as if to inhale some personal inspiration.

At least 20% of the thousand people tried to arrange personal interviews for the following week. So far as I could see only one succeeded. She, I was told, had a rich and capable husband who was a two-bottle-a-day man and thus on the verge of losing both job and health. Unfortunately he refused to submit to the ministrations of Albert Cliffe or anyone else. The wife was trying to work out some scheme whereby this thirsty executive might be saved from himself.

Most of the departing parishioners told the speaker how much they'd been uplifted by his talk and how well they felt by following his advice as written in a best seller called "Lessons in Living."

There was, however, an occasional sour note. One woman of, say, 33, blurted, "Look, at me! Worse! Thinner! All my hair falling out! You've done me no good." Then she was gone.

The rector took it up from there. "Allergy case. She says she has 14 different allergies. Can't stand dogs; can't eat potatoes, can't relax. Can't tolerate the smell of cigars. Can't ride in streetcars. All nerves."

Three hours later, at the evening service, a similar lecture based on the theory of personal betterment through positive thought was given again.

This time, as a lay reader, Cliffe wore clerical vestments and the major part of the service was done by the rector.

Between times I made myself known and explained that I was writing this article.

Now 55 and the grandfather of four, Albert Cliffe is an erect 148 pounds of 5 feet 8. He has blue eyes under glasses, an abundance of silky chestnut hair with no grey, and a youthful voice. In the flesh he looks about 45, but in pictures he can be made to look a sourpuss 90. He works about 12 hours a day seven days a week and can eat almost anything despite a stomach the size of a grapefruit. He smokes a pack of cigarettes a day and takes a sociable drink from time to time. In drinks he has no special preference. It might be gin, beer or bourbon. As a food chemist he thinks Scotch the most healthful stimulant.

He reads much and in lectures tries not to repeat himself but doesn't quite succeed. About 80% of the people who ask Cliffe's help in overcoming the drink habit are men, but his general run of pep seekers are women . . . say three out of five.

Most of these feel that somebody has done them wrong. Cliffe talks to them in man to woman fashion with plenty of slang, but quickly lets them know that he's not interested in a one-sided story. He wants to know who has done them wrong. Then he calls the wrong guy, or gal, and asks if they'd like to talk with him. If the answer is no, that's

the end of it, because he won't take a one-sided story. If the answer is yes, he sees the person—usually a man—and gets his version. Then, if possible, Cliffe brings both sides together to call each other a few gusty names and make up.

Although not a member of Alcoholics Anonymous, Cliffe draws rave notices at AA clubrooms. I spent part of a Saturday night, which is the busiest of all nights, in the Montreal chapter of AA and there heard some Cliffian anecdotes that were interesting, some that were ridiculous and some that were boring, but not one was malicious. Cliffe is personally barred from membership because he has never been an alcoholic. But he has pulled 23 women and 88 men from the den of the golden gazelles and the baby blue bears after AA had either given them up or listed them as unreliable backsliders. Cliffe claims that none of his alcoholics has been a backslider.

True — If Not Original

His critics are mostly doctors or clergymen. Some medicos say that Cliffe, by encouraging sick people to believe that all is well, and that faith, plus the carefree mind, can cure, does damage in the field of time. This delay might prove fatal, especially in cancer cases.

Occasional clergymen object to Cliffe using a pulpit for his talks which, they say, are not based on the Bible.

When these come to his attention the healer asks that the critic come to his meetings and see for himself what the score is. Usually the doctors do come, but the preachers do not. However, in both cases the criticism ends.

When I posed a few blunt questions Cliffe said this: "All I do or say is that thought is a poison or thought is a tonic. Think well and you feel well. He can who thinks he can. The world stands aside for the man who knows where he's going. Platitudes to be sure. None of this is original but all of it is true.

"If a person comes here with a disease, say cancer, diabetes, tuberculosis, polio or what not, there's nothing I can do but tell him to see a doctor. I've often been described as a Christian Scientist, but they, I believe, don't admit the existence of disease. I do. I also believe in the basic principle of AA that to be cured of the drink habit you must take personal action and make personal decision. Nobody can do that for you. Likewise with worry, indecision, fear, frustration. The individual person must, by personal will power, overcome these negative situations. He must know that there is a force stronger than himself no matter how long he lives. That force is the God force. He must know that to think successfully is to live successfully."

"But everybody likes to talk about himself," I suggested. "How can you afford the time?"

"Because I like it and people do what they like to do. Certainly everybody thinks his or her problems or triumphs are the greatest problems or the greatest triumphs in all the world."

On the way out I passed through the counting room where women were totting up the love offerings. Most of this was in folding money. And folding money from a thousand customers means that lessons in living are on a sound paying basis.

Melody Unheard

Continued from page 16

thing of herself in it. Maybe that was as it should be. Maybe that was what he wanted. Two lines she had once heard quoted came into her mind: "Seraphically free from taint of personality . . ." Maybe that was what he wanted.

ISABEL'S DEBUT concert faded quickly from Cleo Matthews' mind; it had made no particular impression on her, nor had she an idea it had meant anything to Zack. He had made no comment as they left the Auditorium.

It was three days after the concert when Cleo went into the little coffee shop near the art school for the fourth time to see if she could catch Zack. He wasn't there. He hadn't called her since the concert, though that wasn't unusual—when he was working to finish something he lost track of time.

Don Barnes was in the coffee shop, finishing a doughnut absently, and smoking a cigarette at the same time. Don lived with Zack in a decrepit rooming house where they were allowed to make themselves a meal once in a while in a common grubby kitchen.

Cleo went down the aisle and slid into Don's booth now, and he lifted his eyes in surprise to see her. There was always something else in his eyes when he looked at Cleo, something not surprise, something constant. She understood. Don had been in love with her in his odd way since the beginning, but of course he would never say anything because of Zack. Even if he did it wouldn't make any difference. Don wasn't the sort Cleo wanted. He wasn't a man you could make anything of.

"H'lo," Cleo said. "Where's Zack? I haven't heard from him for three days."

"He's working."

"What's he doing?"

"Oh," Don said vaguely, "something he got started at a couple of days ago. Coffee?"

"I suppose so." She went on. "What'd he get started on? He didn't tell me anything about it. Something new?"

"Yes. It's good too, in a way. He'll likely show you," Don said, and lapsed into silence.

Cleo's coffee came and she sipped at it. "I've got a part-time job designing rooms at Halliday's. It means I can get in some practical work while I finish my course. I don't see why Zack can't get something like that to do. He needs success, security. That's why—that's

one reason why I've pushed him so hard."

"Is it?"

"Don't you think what I say is true?"

"About Zack needing success? It might be. But how are you going to measure it? By money?"

"Is there any other way?"

He went on looking at her. His grey eyes were gentle. After a long time he said, "Maybe not."

"Money's terribly important. It's only when you have money that you're really free to do what you want. Don't you see?" She leaned forward. "Don, be honest. What would you do if you had money?"

Don went on looking at her. He said, "I'd marry you." He got up lazily. "You'd better come and see what Zack is doing."

DON OPENED the door into a blue fog of smoke and said, "Hi, I brought your girl."

Zack said, "Girl?" in a hazy way. He was standing at his easel, painting abstractedly. On the wall behind him there was a whole row of new things. Small canvases that looked brilliant, colorful, interesting.

Cleo went over to him. His hair stood wildly on end and he had a green chin and a streak of yellow ochre on one eyelid. He looked at her absently and then back at what he was painting. Cleo went round behind him and looked.

The thing he was doing had astonishing clarity. It fell, at first glance, into the landscape class, but it was a landscape with figures. He was painting an orchard, an old apple orchard with children playing among the trees; and in the distance a woman stood calling them with her hand to her mouth, apprehension in her bearing. It was a picture with a story, an odd thing for Zack to be painting, and the story emerged clearly. The characters of the children and of the woman came out definitely as if they had worn printed labels.

"Zack, what are you doing? Some kind of series?"

"Haven't exactly thought about it. I just wanted to get some things down. I guess they're pretty good."

Cleo turned and looked at the row on the wall. "It looks," she said, "as if you're trying to tell a story in paint."

"Maybe I am."

"What story? Are they people you know?"

"I knew them once."

"They're very happy pictures. They were nice people. That's a lovely place

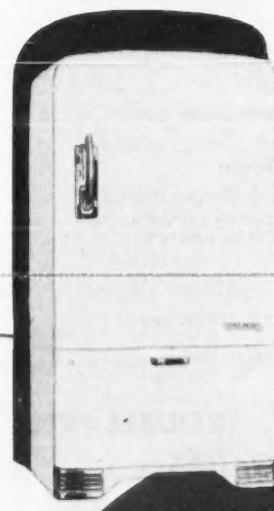
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. . . idyllic. I don't suppose it was exactly like that. It's got a sort of dream aura."

Don looked at her quizzically, but Cleo persisted. "Are there any more pictures in your head? Is there much more story?"

"Not much that really happened," Zack replied thoughtfully. "Maybe I've thought up quite a bit more, one time or another."

Cleo took up two or three of the dry paintings and went over to sit down on the couch and think. She began to be excited.

"Zack, have you tried drawing these, not painting them?"

Zack brought her a sheaf of drawings. They were wonderful. Lively, funny, warm, gay-hearted—looking at the happy children, sensing their predicaments, living with them through the ordinary events of a farm day . . . they produced such a friendly effect.

Cleo took the drawings and laid them out side by side on the floor. She rearranged them a bit so that they fell in a kind of sequence . . . made a continued story, the story of a day . . .

She looked up suddenly. "Could this story go on and on?"

"Forever, I should think. Must be lots of things happening on a farm I don't know about, but I suppose I could always find out."

"Well then, what you've got," Cleo said, and took a long breath, "what you've got is a brand-new idea for a strip."

"A strip?" he repeated. Then, incredulously, "You mean, the funny papers?"

"They're not so funny. And all the children in the world seem to be crazy about them. You want to tell a warm happy comfortable story about a good farm family, and do it in beautiful drawing like this, there's your market. And there isn't a strip like it, or certainly none I ever saw. There are three or four with really good drawing, but they're very different. And, in strips there's loads and loads of money. Quick money. If you can get started."

"It sounds crazy," Zack said briefly.

"It isn't crazy. I think you would need someone to write your story, keep it going for you. Do we know any good writer who understands kids and could do that kind of thing?"

Don sat down and crossed his legs. He said, "Alice Hooper."

"Oh, she'd be wonderful," Cleo said. "What's she doing, Zack?"

"Still on the Journal," Zack said slowly, thinking.

"Could she write your story?"

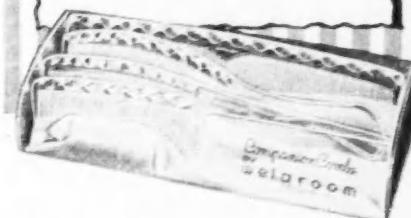
"Well, if there's a story to write. And if anybody could. Sure."

Zack looked at Don. Don said, "I think you'd better go ahead with it, chum. If you don't do it this way, there'll likely be a harder one turn up."

"Whatever you mean by that, Don Barnes," Cleo said bitterly.

THE THREE WEEKS that Isabel spent immediately following her debut were filled with such hopelessness that she was almost ill. Mary and Hugh were really desperately poor, far worse than she had imagined; so poor they had had to sell Isabel's old piano, which had been the only thing in the world she had clung to on her way back to Riverview. Her piano—at least she could go on practicing. It wasn't a good piano,

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Remembering the wonderful instrument in Arthur Somerville's house, looking forward to the battered old upright of her childhood on that unhappy return journey Isabel's heart had been sick.

Even before they reached the drab little house, she had realized how much her sister and brother-in-law needed help. There was no money and no room there for her actually with four clamoring children. She turned her mind round and round the problem as a squirrel races over the wheel in his cage, trying, while she washed dishes for Mary, or scrubbed out cupboards or ironed the children's shabby little dresses, to see what she could do immediately to help.

Maybe she could demonstrate music in a department store—but of course not, she could read the notes, but her training was wrong. There might be jobs teaching in the fall but not now. There wasn't any answer, any way out. There wasn't a chance of using her talent, her vitality, to go on with the only thing that mattered to her—music. Not to repay her debt to her sister.

But there had to be a way.

It was on a long dreary Sunday afternoon, when Mary and Hugh had gone to visit Hugh's mother, that Isabel felt she had really reached rock bottom. She stood at the window in Mary's sitting room, her hand on the shabby chintz curtains, staring out into the world. The street was empty and bare, profitless and drab. It led nowhere.

Then, down at the corner, a long black car turned into it slowly, and edged its way along the block as if the driver were looking for a certain house and did not know his way. And when the car came to Mary's gate, it stopped and the driver got out. Isabel stared incredulously.

It was Arthur Somerville.

She never knew afterward how she got to him; but she found herself with both her hands in his, clinging to him eagerly, and listening to him as he said in an odd voice, "Are you then so glad to see me?"

"You're like somebody from heaven," she told him.

There was a moment while he looked at her. Then he withdrew his hand and patted her shoulder lightly. "I suppose that's it," he said. "How would you like to come back to heaven with me and hear a concert? That's what I came for. Marzinski is playing. Will you come? I've brought you a note from my sister. She'd like you to stay at our house tonight and I'll bring you home again tomorrow. Will you come?"

Marzinski's recital, it developed, was to be given in a private house, the home of one of Arthur's friends—a Mrs. Angela Gordon. It was only when Isabel was brushing her hair in the big bedroom in the Somerville house that she began to think about her clothes. She looked like a schoolgirl in her blue pleated skirt and pink cashmere sweater.

Well, that was what she was. A schoolgirl. This was part of her education. She had not been invited here for social reasons. That was a thing she had to remember.

Mrs. Gordon's house was beautiful, with spacious high-ceilinged rooms opening into each other. The music room was in the centre and a great many people were already seated when Arthur and Isabel arrived. Mrs. Gordon was a tall thin woman with a face that was almost haggard it was so thin and tense. Her dark eyes lit up warmly, though, when she saw Arthur Somerville. She

gave him both her hands and said, "My dear, I am so glad to see you!" Her glance turned to Isabel, and then went quickly back to Arthur's face again. She said in a changed voice, "And this is the little protégée?"

"This is Isabel Gay, Angela. I don't think you heard her debut some weeks ago."

"I'm so sorry. I didn't." She looked at Isabel again, curiously. "I'm sure I missed something remarkable. Have we a genius in our midst, Arthur?" Her tone was light, but somehow mocking.

He said, "That's a large word."

Mrs. Gordon laid a hand on Isabel's arm. "It's very beautiful, anyway, genius or no," she said. "Come along, then—there are some comfortable chairs near the piano. Almost everyone is here, and Marzinski has to get away early. His plane goes at 10.30."

Isabel sat through the music with a queer sense of unreality. It was no new thing to attend a private recital, because a great many artists came down to the Conservatory and played for small groups of teachers and special students—even people of Marzinski's stature. But it was odd to be sitting beside the city's famous critic, to know that he had brought her here, had made a long special trip so that she should be here. She watched Marzinski's incredibly capable hands, and listened with all her ears to the music; but she was steadily conscious of the tall man sitting beside her, of his firm slender fingers locked around his knee. Other people were conscious of him too, and watched him. He was good-looking, important, wealthy; he was somebody to watch. They were curious about Isabel too; looking from her to Arthur Somerville and then back again, as Mrs. Gordon had done so pointedly.

There didn't seem to be any Mr. Gordon. When Marzinski finally stopped playing, three maids brought in coffee and sandwiches and served them. Marzinski and Mrs. Gordon came over and sat with Arthur and Isabel while they ate. Marzinski's small dark eyes kept darting to Isabel's face. At last he said directly to Arthur, with his mouth full, "Your wife, she is so but very beautiful. You allow me to say?"

Mrs. Gordon laughed sharply, a tinkling brittle laugh. "Oh, not his wife, Marzinski! A protégée. Mr. Somerville is not a marrying man."

Marzinski raised the pointed thick black brows. "No?" he said incredulously. He grinned, a monkeyish grin. "Such a protégée I would like, too."

Arthur said coldly, "Miss Gay is a talented pianist."

"So? Indeed? Is not necessary," Marzinski said.

Arthur got up abruptly. "I am sorry, Angela, but I must ask you to excuse us. It was good of you to let us come."

She put a slim much-ringed hand in his. "You are always welcome here, as you know," she said evenly. "Don't forget, you're coming to dinner on Friday, Arthur. It will be very quiet."

They left the house and went back in Arthur's beautiful car to his home again. Two lamps were burning in the green and gold and crimson living room; the old tapestries gleamed out from the shadowy walls. Arthur led the way into the room and put Isabel into one of the deep velvet chairs. He dropped down into the one opposite and leaned back, looking at her. "Did you enjoy that?" he asked.

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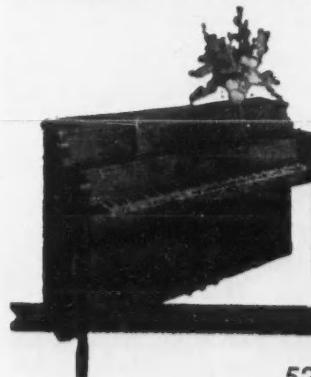
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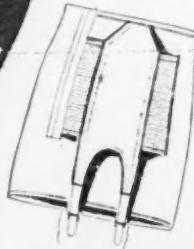


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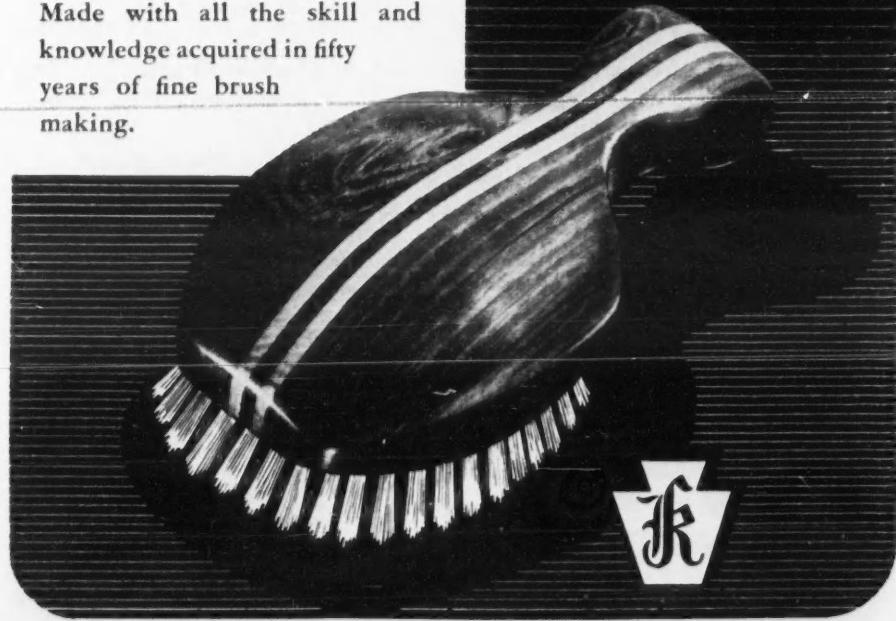
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"Of course. Except . . ."

"Except what?"

"Oh, it didn't matter," Isabel said confusedly. "My clothes . . . I'm sorry I was so stupid. I could have brought a dress."

He put out a hand and patted hers lightly. "It is better this way." He got up abruptly, leaving Isabel wondering what he meant, and went to touch a match to the fire laid on the wide hearth. The flames leaped up through the interstices of the logs and made a cheerful crackling sound. A good smell of burning wood crept into the room. It was warm. It was comfortable and easy.

Isabel remembered Mrs. Gordon's face. Probably she was a widow and probably she wanted Arthur Somerville for herself. That would be logical. So of course it was better for Isabel to have gone to her house as a schoolgirl rather than as another woman, although that was a ridiculous idea. But perhaps that was what he had meant.

Arthur came back again and sat down. He said, "Elfrida's out at some important meeting—she belongs to a lot of organizations. She'll be along in an hour or so." He sat staring into the fire. After a long time he said in a quiet voice, "I find myself very much concerned about your future in Riverview now that I've seen the situation."

She took a long breath. "It's just that I have to get my mind clear, I suppose. Maybe the thing to do is not to accept Riverview. Maybe I ought to think about coming back to the city and getting some sort of job. I wish I didn't believe what you've said about my work. I wish I didn't."

"What would you do?"

"Oh, I don't know. Talk things over with Kceilor, I suppose. Maybe try to go to a larger city . . . only it all looks so much like a squirrel in a cage. Because I do believe what you said. Listening to Marzinski tonight, I knew what you were talking about. I don't begin to be on his level in anything."

Arthur Somerville leaned forward, watching the fire. He said thoughtfully, "I'm grateful to you for believing me. What I'd like to do is take your future in hand. I'd like to take you abroad, get you to the best teachers, stand over the whole business . . . give you about two years of the best that is going. I know exactly what I want for you, which teachers, which kind of work you should be doing."

"You're very kind. But after all," Isabel said with difficulty, "do you really believe I'd be any good?"

"I've never seen anybody with more promise."

Tears came suddenly into Isabel's eyes. She shut them tightly and held the tears back. Her voice wouldn't work, she knew. She was still.

He said lightly, "It's a thing I've done a good deal of thinking about. This protégée idea . . . I suggested it to Mrs. Gordon some days ago. I can't say I was particularly pleased with her tone tonight in regard to it. And Marzinski . . ." He stopped.

Isabel said, "I don't think you should be feeling so responsible for me. All you've done is prevent me from making a muddle of my career. Maybe I won't have a career, but I'd rather not have any than go through life only half a musician. So I'm grateful to you, and you shouldn't be worrying about me, although it's very kind of you."

"But I care about music, you see,



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And I want you to go through life as you were intended, really a musician. The real thing. You'd be surprised how rare they are."

They sat in silence, and Isabel found herself watching the clean line of his face against the firelight. He was a good person. He was like a diamond when it came to his knowledge of music, hard and able to cut through any softer material. But somehow he himself, as a man, did not seem hard and cold, however remote he might appear.

He turned away from the fire at last and sat looking at her. There was something different in his face, an odd almost self-conscious look. He said, "I'm going to make a suggestion. You may find it startling. It's . . . you see . . . I live in many ways a lonely sort of life. My life is my own. There is a great deal of money and nothing in particular to do with it. Perhaps things would have been different if I hadn't spent about seven years of my youth as an invalid . . . perhaps I'd have made some other sort of life rather than the one I have. I see a good many people, but I don't find myself too interested in most of them, so it isn't a case of giving anything up . . ." He was groping.

Isabel went on looking at him. His eyes rested on hers, cool and steady. He said, "Will you marry me?"

THE SHOCK of his meaning held her motionless.

"You see," he went on, "I can't take you about the world on any other basis. And you've got to have your opportunities, and under proper supervision. It's not only that I feel a responsibility, it would be a wonderful thing for me to watch your development, to make sure of it. A kind of fulfillment. You see? Something I can never attain in my own being could happen in yours, through me." He stopped and smiled at her, that gentle diffident smile that she was coming to watch for. He said, "You would be doing me the greatest kindness."

She moved. She looked around the beautiful room, at the waiting piano. She looked down at her blue pleated skirt, and then at her hands, with their empty look. Her eyes came back up to his. "I don't understand," she said.

"Why?"

"You're . . . you must be years older . . . there must have been dozens of promising young musicians. I mean to say, marriage is so big. It's taking your whole life. It's so final."

"It needn't be final. I'm not suggesting that sort of marriage. You aren't interested in marriage now. I know. I am perfectly aware of the way your mind and soul work these days. What you've got to do is work for the next two years, and think of nothing but work. It would be sacrilege to think of anything else. You shall work, if you will marry me. You shall have everything that you need to perfect your very great gift. And meanwhile I shall have the great pleasure, as I suggested, of seeing that gift realized."

"But . . . after two years?"

He lifted a shoulder. "That can take care of itself when the time comes. You will be ready then to do whatever you really want to do. Marriages don't have to be final, you know. You shouldn't enter into one on that basis. If I could do what needs to be done for you any other way, I shouldn't suggest it. But I'm convinced that you need me—you

need my cold, hard, steady supervision. And we can't move about the world together on any basis other than marriage."

Isabel leaned back in her chair. She said, "I can't think of anything so wonderful happening. It would solve everything. But it's so terribly much to take from you, and I can't see what I'd be giving in return. I can't see why you'd do it for me. It isn't as if . . ." She stopped in confusion and found herself coloring.

"No, it isn't as if," he said, and smiled at her again. He touched her hand lightly. "We'll be married next week and go to New York before Christmas. Is that possible?"

After a long time she said, "I don't see how it will all end. Maybe it's very dangerous."

"How dangerous?"

"Well, you—you're such a nice person, and it might be that I—you know, I'm young and I don't know anything, not a thing about anything . . ."

"Do you think I'm a nice person?"

"Of course."

He got up. "Well, just go on thinking so. You won't be so sure when I start working with you. Maybe you won't think I'm even remotely nice. Just forget about me as a person—we're going to work like slaves in a tin mine and be buried in music all the time." He nodded toward the piano. "There's your heart, and all your personal feelings, my dear. You can give yourself up to it without another thought. Can you do that?"

"Oh," Isabel said intensely, "you know I can! You know there is nothing in the world I want so much!"

"Then you've got it," he said.

THE WEDDING was held 10 days later in Arthur's house. There were no guests save Mary and Hugh, and Arthur's sister, Elfrida. The minister was a quiet little man, obviously an old acquaintance of the family. It was he who first called Isabel "Mrs. Somerville." Not until that moment did she realize quite what had happened. There had been the big diamond Arthur had slipped on her finger a week ago, the white orchids he had given her this morning, and the exquisite jeweled wedding ring put on during the ceremony, but they were all extraneous matters. But now she, Isabel, was changed; she was no longer Isabel Gay, she was Mrs. Somerville.

"I wish you every happiness," the minister said. He smiled his faintly remote smile at Arthur. "I am glad for you, my boy. You have chosen very wisely."

When he had gone Elfrida, with a spot of color high in each cheek, said, "Well!" in a breathless voice and sat down abruptly in one of the deep velvet chairs. "I'm sorry if I appear a little distraught, but really this is all so unexpected—delightful, but unexpected." She wiped her eyes quickly. "I never believed my little brother would marry. For years it looked as if one of those . . . I mean to say, so many girls have thought . . . that is," she said confusedly, and stopped. "It wasn't his fault, you know, my dear," she explained to Isabel.

"Elfrida, that's enough," Arthur said. "Relax. There isn't anything to be so excited about. Isabel, you're not touching your champagne."

"It goes up my nose," Isabel ex-

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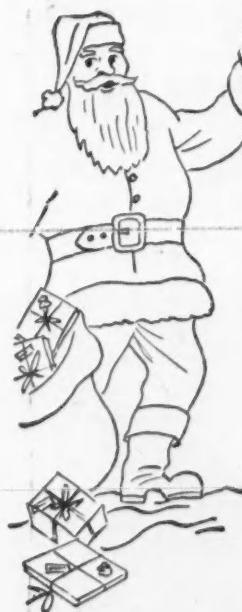
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plained. "I always heard it did." She smiled at him. "I'll try not to be naïve about things as soon as I get my mind straightened out. I hope you'll be patient with me."

"I expect I shall," he replied, and for a moment dropped his hand on hers. This was her husband, this tall handsome man with the clear eyes and the firm steady mouth. Her husband. It was his rings she wore, his house she was to live in.

Later, after the wedding luncheon, Isabel and Mary went upstairs. The immense front bedroom on the second floor had been newly decorated. The wide windows filling the whole front of the room were covered in finely gathered white silk marquisette; the low rounded dressing table had an infinitely full skirt of the same material. The floor was covered with a thick white carpeting, its snowiness relieved by scatter rugs of deep crimson. It was a very demanding room in a way; Mary looked about it rather fearfully before she perched on the edge of the white-frilled bed. "Do you like it?" she said.

"It's lovely, but it will take a lot of living up to. My clothes look pretty queer in that big mirror-lined cupboard." Isabel went across the room and opened the cupboard door. A light sprang on, to disclose her suits, her skirts and sweaters, already neatly put away on hangers. They made the smallest possible showing on the long rod.

"Isabel." Mary spoke with considerable effort. "Do you think you're going to be happy?"

Isabel regarded her glowing face in the mirror. Her cheeks were pink and her eyes shining. She tucked a strand of hair back and pinned it. She said, "I don't see how I can help it, dear. It's like being Cinderella. The only trouble is I can't believe it yet. Not quite." She held up her hand and looked at the rings. "No girl could believe it."

Mary was twisting her hands together unhappily. "I don't quite know what to think," she said. "I know it's too late to say anything. But all week I've been going around sort of worrying—and afraid to ask you. But I have to know. Isabel, you're not just doing this for money, are you? It isn't that?"

"Oh, no!" Isabel cried. "Of course not. It's quite, quite different."

Mary's tired eyes were fixed anxiously on her face. She said, "I don't see how you can think you love a man you've only seen half a dozen times. I'm afraid you're being carried away."

Isabel turned quickly from the mirror. "Oh, Mary, darling, you don't understand at all. I'm not in love with him. He's not in love with me. It's not that sort of marriage at all."

"Not in love with him?"

"Oh, no, not a bit. If I were, I wouldn't marry him. I mean," Isabel explained quickly, "if I were in love with him I'd have to wait and be sure he was in love with me. Don't you see? We've never talked about being in love. This isn't that sort of marriage."

"Then," said Mary in a low voice, "it's a wicked marriage. You'll be miserable if you don't love him. And sooner or later he'll be miserable too, no matter how pretty you are. And worse than that . . . it isn't . . . I don't know how to explain. But it's wrong," she said miserably.

"Mary, you don't understand. We're

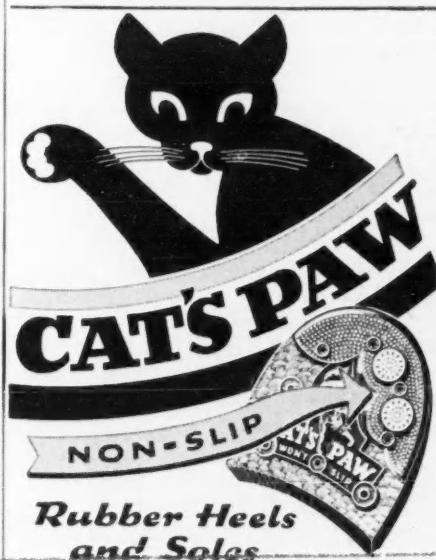
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not thinking of being husband and wife. This is a straight working partnership. We're not . . . there isn't any question of . . . loving each other in the way you mean. That's all understood."

"Understood?"

"We haven't said much about it. There wasn't any need. Arthur isn't in love with me and never pretended to be. Only we couldn't work together as we both want unless we were married. Even if Arthur were a great deal older than he is, I don't suppose we could travel about together. People would talk."

After a long time Mary said, "It just doesn't make sense. He could travel around with you if he wanted to. He could take his sister for a chaperon."

Isabel went on looking at her. She said, "Yes, I suppose that's true. I can't say I'd thought of it. But it would be pretty expensive, and he isn't too fond of Elfrida. She gets on his nerves."

"It wouldn't be any more expensive than buying you diamonds and clothes. And she can't get on his nerves too much or he wouldn't have kept her here all these years. So it doesn't just make sense."

Isabel flushed. "This is all ridiculous," she said. "A man like Arthur Somerville doesn't have to go around marrying people. Even I know that much. You heard what Elfrida was hinting downstairs . . . likely dozens of girls have wanted to marry him. Why wouldn't they? He's handsome and intelligent and wealthy and kind. Anybody would want to marry him."

"I don't like this."

"Oh, Mary, really! You just don't understand the kind of world we live in, he and I. Personal relationships don't mean nearly as much as lots of other things. It's just convenient for us to be married, don't you see? And it isn't as if it had to be final."

"You mean you're planning on a divorce? Already, before you're really married?"

"We haven't said much about it. But it's logical. He says he won't lose anything if the marriage has to be dissolved, and I certainly won't. Meanwhile we can work together . . . it will be wonderful, Mary. I feel just like Cinderella."

"And what does the prince get out of it all?" Mary asked bluntly.

Isabel got up abruptly. "Maybe not enough," she said. "But you needn't try to make me think he's got any cheap ulterior motives. He's much too fine and unselfish and good."

Mary got up. "I don't know what to think. All I can do is pray, and I'm going to do plenty of that."

THE FIRST MONTH or two of Isabel's married life was just as she had expected it to be. Arthur was friendly, cheerful, and entirely considerate and thoughtful. When they met at breakfast each morning he always had interesting plans for the day, and each day was crowded with new and exciting incidents.

They had a wonderful time shopping and planning, and Arthur seemed not the least concerned about whether Isabel worked or not. But she got more and more nervous about it, because it seemed to her she was taking all and giving nothing. Also she was concerned because their relationship was acquiring a personal tone that was surely not what had been planned. Perhaps that didn't matter—it was very pleasant—but occa-

sionally she found herself remembering that this was, after all, only a temporary marriage. It would surely be better to start in more formally.

But that was difficult when Arthur was so kind. She found herself more and more grateful to him. He was no longer the stern cold critic; he was rapidly growing into a warmly indulgent man. Her position was in many ways difficult. But she consoled herself with the thought that sooner or later she would show her gratitude by working as no one had ever worked before, by becoming exactly what he wanted her to be musically; by bringing honor to his name.

Living in Arthur's house was pleasant in every possible way—except that Elfrida was very much afraid that Isabel was going to usurp her authority. Nothing could have been farther from Isabel's mind, not only because she was going to be as busy as she possibly could be, but because, although Elfrida obviously did not know this—her position was after all only temporary.

As for Arthur, his manner toward her was perfect. He was friendly, interested, sweet-tempered and always thoughtful. He had rather a lovely sense of humor, not apparent on the surface, but betraying itself in the glint of an eye over one of Elfrida's large glittering reports of her club activities; or a sudden repressed smile, shared frequently with Isabel, over some incident they observed together in a shop or on the street or at a concert.

It was wonderful to go with him to concerts. He changed a good deal, the humor disappeared, and he rarely spoke even in the brief intermissions. But when it was all over and they were home again, sitting before the fire, he spoke freely and clearly about the music they had heard, and what he said was always a revelation.

One night Isabel did not go with him to hear a group of Russian singers. She had a touch of cold, and Arthur said the concert would be dull. So she stayed at home, sitting for a while in the living room and then going up to her room to put on a nightgown and a long white wool robe and brush her hair. She found herself listening closely, when it came to be 11 o'clock, for Arthur's key in the front-door latch and his step on the stair. Not that she would see him, but it was good to know that he was home again. While she was waiting she found herself hungry, and slipped down to the kitchen to heat up some milk and find some crackers. She had just turned off the heat when she heard Arthur come in. On sudden impulse Isabel put another cup on the small tray she had prepared, added more milk and carried the tray upstairs. Arthur was in his study with the door open. He was standing in the middle of the floor, his back to her, staring at nothing.

Isabel stepped inside on the thick red carpet. She said gently, "Would you like some hot milk, Arthur?"

He swung around and looked at her. It was almost as if he didn't believe he saw her. His eyes were blank, remote, lost in some inner dream. But after a second he took a long breath and smiled at her. He had a lovely smile although he rarely used it so warmly. Something fluttered inside Isabel's breast.

"Can't think of anything more welcome," he said. He took the tray from her hands. He glanced at the two cups. "I was making some for myself. I

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heard you come in. It seems a very cold night."

"It's going to snow. Will you sit down?" He perched on the edge of his desk and took one of the cups. He looked at her over the rim as he drank. She had been in his study rarely. His bedroom opened off it, and this whole back part of the house was his sanctum.

"Were the Russians good?" she asked.

He had been looking down at his cup. His eyes came up to her face. "Yes," he said absently. "Very good."

"You thought they wouldn't be."

"No," he said thoughtfully. "They weren't, either."

"I beg your pardon?" Isabel said politely.

He didn't answer. He slid off the edge of the desk abruptly and set his cup on the tray. He glanced at hers, took it from her and set it down there too. He stood looking down at her.

Isabel got up quickly. There was suddenly something queer in the room, a new feeling, a new tension. She looked up at him, and his eyes had that deep hidden look again. Hers and his clung together. Then she straightened and said gently, "You've been so kind to me." And before she knew it had raised herself on her toes and kissed him lightly on the cheek.

As she touched him he moved too, and his arms came up and around her in a close unbelievable embrace. His lips touched her hair and then her temple, her cheek, and then her mouth. It was not any sort of kiss Isabel had ever known or dreamed. She stood dazed, her heart turning in her breast,

her whole being flooded with warmth; but her lips were quiescent and she made no response to his embrace, so caught was she in surprise and wonder.

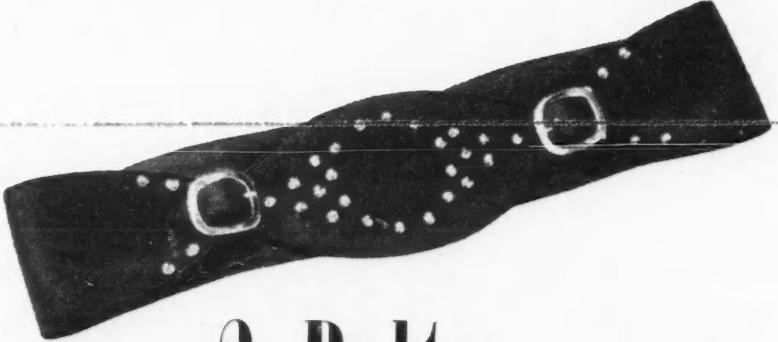
After a moment he lifted his head. He looked down at her as if she were a stranger. He took a long breath. His arms dropped. He said huskily, "Forget me. I . . . forgive me."

Isabel put a hand on his arm. She stood with her eyes searching his face. He looked at her briefly, then put a hand up and loosened hers gently. "I'm sorry," he said. Then, still holding her hand, he led her out of the room and to her own door. He put her inside it and closed it. "Good night," he said.

Isabel lay incredulously in her bed that night, remembering with wonder Arthur's arms, his unbelievable kiss. Her dreams were happy, a new kind of dreaming, and she woke with a sense of wonder and great joy. She went downstairs with an eagerness she could barely restrain, waiting to see him again, waiting for the moment when their eyes should meet with a new awareness—a marvelous awareness of a world she had never known or dreamed of.

But Arthur was not there. He had been called suddenly away, Elfrida explained placidly, observing nothing. He did not come back for a week; and when he came he was formal, cool, obviously thinking nothing of the moment he had held her in his arms. No further reference was made to it and not again did he display anything toward her but the calm detachment of the critic toward the student.

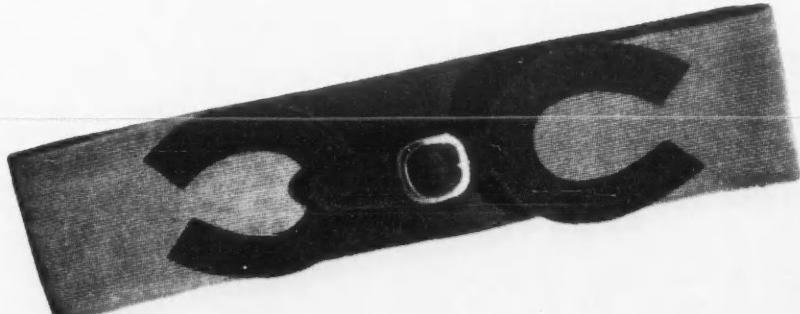
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46 — Chatelaine, December, 1949

The Snow Makes No Sound

Continued from page 10

shortly before I was born. My mother—I was around five, I think. There was a brother of my mother's somewhere in the West. I've tried to contact him through the years, but—" Lisa shook her head, following the quick jerks of the pen in the doctor's hand.

"A guardian, then?"

"Yes. I was sent to him when I was five. Mr. Allan Pumfort."

The doctor's pen poised in the air. "Then of course he was acquainted with the factor contributing to your loss of hearing."

LISA HESITATED, glancing quickly around the room for some solid object for her eyes to cling to. She had rehearsed this coming speech to guarantee a smooth and unemotional delivery.

"No. Mr. Pumfort didn't know. My mother never told him, and when he tried to write her she couldn't be traced and after that she died. So you see—no one knows. I don't know. Whether deafness ran in either family or whether my mother was ill—during her pregnancy—" Inside her smooth grey gloves her fingers relaxed. "I know you must think I'm a fool even to ask—I know there's not the remotest chance that you can tell me anything. The evidence—there just isn't any—" Her hands went limp and lost in her lap. "Only I thought—" Lisa said.

Dr. Weinard's pen had ceased to work. It lay precise and neat against the edge of his notebook and she knew he would not pick it up again.

And when she looked at last into the doctor's face she knew also that the interview had been over for five minutes.

She stood for a moment before the mirror in her white and lilac foyer thinking grimly that it was a marvelous thing to have arrived at so perfect an adjustment to a handicap. Oh, yes, it was marvelous. She had gone to Dr. Weinard simply because she was trained to be thorough. The visit was the final one in a series of consultations with doctors and if she had not gone she would have felt restless, dampened by the feeling that she had not added the final period—a "there now I have done all I can do." She liked to think she was a cool realist. But in her heart she paid a silent dogged homage to Fairyland, and because of this last she swayed a little now with sudden numbness. Dr. Weinard could not help her. No one could help her.

"Oh, Scott, oh, Scott! If only it weren't so unfair to you!"

Then pulling down her jacket with a harsh jerky movement she went into the living room.

"You see? I came home early to surprise you," Scott said.

"You came home because you're wonderful. You came because you knew I'd want you here when I got back."

"All right," Scott agreed, smiling up

at her. His head tilted comfortingly against the divan. An open magazine lay across his knees and it was as if he had looked up in greeting from an absorbed account that he intended to go back to any minute now.

She needed an extra moment to gather up her forces. She crossed the room and slid her arm across the mantel reaching for cigarettes. For all his casualness she felt his eyes on her, waiting and anxious.

Suddenly, between two puffs of smoke, she said in a light cool voice, "Darling, we aren't going to have any babies. Do you mind?"

Lisa thought: If I turn my back and walk quickly across the room I won't hear what he says. Still she stood with her arm flung across the mantel and her eyes on Scott's mouth. And of course it was not an eternity before he answered, but only the time it took for him to flip shut the magazine and slide it off his knees.

Then Dr. Weinard wasn't able to tell—"

"Of course not," Lisa said with a short laugh. "Did you really think he could? I didn't."

"There's another man I've heard of," Scott temporized, sucking his lip in concentration. "McKinley—McHenly—some chap in California."

"Oh, Weinard's the best. No use going farther. It's all simple and logical. He said there was no sort of examination he could give me that would explain my condition. We just simply won't ever know whether it's hereditary or congenital—or really, darling, any more running to doctors! It's a waste of time."

"Lisa."

"What?"

"Let's not try so hard," Scott said quietly.

She gave him an expert glance of surprise.

"Lisa."

"All right," she said giving in. It was a relief to drop her head quickly into the crook of her arm. Still he did not come to her.

"Lisa, you know I don't care if we don't have children. You must believe that."

"Maybe not now," Lisa said. "But when we get older we'll feel cheated. We'll miss something."

"It won't be that way."

"You think so now," Lisa said. "It's a natural instinct to want children. It's normal."

"There are exceptions."

"Oh, yes!" Her hand came down in a convulsive fist against the mantel. "I'm not normal, am I? Let's not kid me! I've got two tin ears and I'm a fit mother to a brood of little tin-eared."

Now she was weeping coolly against his chest in a quick shame for her outburst.

"Listen, Lisa, listen. There's still a 50-50 chance the baby would be all right. Or we can adopt one, darling. Lisa, listen! Don't cry!"

But the chink had widened and she

wept too for crickets singing, and her mother's voice and a lover's sigh in the darkness and all the unfound sounds of her youth.

Later Lisa lay between soft sheets with the tears gone and her cheeks fresh and stinging from icy water. It was simply that no one knew how it was. They saw the smooth surfaces—in her case a tall girl with cinnamon-colored hair and a narrow face dominated by her agile intelligent eyes. They were ignorant of her thousand searches into the world for materials to build an attitude, an acceptance, a will. There were so many little crutches, thought out and put to use to lift her up. She wore her hair long and loose to hide the button in her ear and the wire that looped down her back under her arm to the amplifier at her breast. She bought her clothes from a definite point of view. They must be designed with jabots or tucks or ruffling across the chest so the bulge made by the hearing aid would not show. Suits were good and she preferred them. Materials were important. They must be soft and light of weight, for rough weaves rubbed against the amplifier and the delicate instrument picked up the sound.

Once long ago she had been stricken by the swift pace of conversation, of questions put to her that she did not hear. That was before she had cultivated the little pleasant "Hmmm" which could be yes or no or anything at all. It was a trick, a breathing spell to indicate that she was aware she had been addressed. Then her quick eyes could pick up the words forming on the speaker's mouth and she was safe once more. But all this was a very long time ago.

Turning on her side Lisa saw Scott's dark head burrowed into the pillow and watched the gentle rise and fall of the sheet in tune with his breath. Presently she began to think of her mother . . .

THERE WAS so little to remember of Blanche Wales: Hands that tugged and pushed at stubborn snarls in the cinnamon hair of a four-year-old. Across the room a face with a shrewd mouth opening, closing in anger or exhaustion, directing unheard words at a child who lived in an almost soundless world. When she grew older Lisa understood that her mother had been a vain, unfinished woman. Blanche Wales had been deeply resentful that her poet husband had so selfishly died and left her alone with a child who had "something wrong with her." When she grew older Lisa forgave her mother for her vanities, but she could not forget her hands that passed champagne so prettily to guests or lit a taper with studied grace and yet had no softness for her daughter.

There were no words for Lisa then. Only faces and lips that moved strangely, and sounds. A sound for Fear in the shrill burst of the doorbell; a sound for Laughter when the delivery boy blew into a paper bag and spanked it until it popped; a sound for Wonder and a sound for Pain. But no sound for Love.

In the vast rococo room that had been her father's study there was a long pier mirror. Before this mirror clowning and posing Lisa found the thrilling excitement of her own voice. Here she could laugh, feeling the delicious throbbing in her throat; roll her tongue against her cheek, thrust it between her lips that

were soft and faintly salt from stolen crackers. A thousand variations were mirrored here and each brought sound—wildly beautiful, or comic, or hoarse and frightening as a crow's cry. Sometimes it brought her mother walking with quick hard steps preceded always by her hands pushing Lisa into her room, out of doors, away.

When Lisa was five Blanche Wales locked the door of her house, put it up for sale and started for the city with the

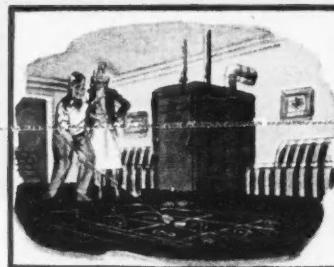
vague intention of finding more fashionable people, or more exotic people, or some sort of people different from the townsmen who bored her. She had an indefatigable imagination that was not in the least inventive, only capable of enlarging upon what she read in novels or saw on the screen. But she was certain that somewhere there were people who existed in a roseate world. On her way she made one stop in a nearby suburb where she paid some money and

deposited Lisa on the doorstep of a man named Allan Pumfort. He was a pioneer in work with the deaf. Leaving Lisa in his care was the one morally gracious act Blanche ever performed and the only heritage she left her daughter.

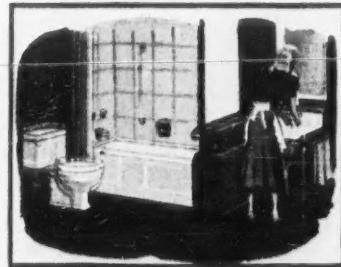
Eventually, hours after Blanche had gone, Lisa was persuaded to walk with the man in the black suit, whose hair was white as light, out to the back yard. There two white rabbits waited for her admiration humped together in a cage,

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their pink noses quivering fiercely. After that—a black stove, milk warm from a pan, a woman's face descending in a smile; a cake small as a blossom which she could not eat but guarded inexplicably in her fist. Then a hand on her hair as she drooped against an unknown breast.

In Allan Pumfort's house the sunlight fell into the room where Lisa sat, solemn and silent on a child's chair. On the table before her stood a large mirror on a stand, a stack of colored pictures, a whistle, a bell, and a toy that looked like a frog. Allan Pumfort smiled down at Lisa as he took her hand, separated her thumb from her fingers, and turned her face until she was looking at it. Then turning her head once more, this time to the mirror where she could see her reflection beside his, Allan Pumfort thrust his tongue between his teeth, withdrew it into his mouth, and closed his lips firmly.

"Thumb," he said indicating first Lisa's thumb and then his.

Twice more he said the word; once with Lisa's hands pressing against his cheek and throat, once with Lisa's hands placed on her own. Again he directed Lisa's glance upon the mirror, moving his lips with patient articulation.

Now, following with eyes gone wide and watchful, Lisa held her face in her hands and the memory of vibrations in her mind. With sudden aching she forced her breath up through her throat until it fell upon the air—a marvelous thing, a shimmering thing—a word.

"Thumb," Lisa said and the gates to the world were opened.

How many words in the world? How many wonderful words?

"Apple, car, shoe, swing," Lisa said in days that followed. "Star, comb, bath, gum." Other children scouted across the grass playing their harsh games, but Lisa worked. She matched colored pictures with the movement of Allan Pumfort's lips, she learned to compare the written and the spoken word. By the time she was 10 her lip reading was spectacular and her speech artificially spaced, but free.

"Why am I deaf, Pum?"

"You're not really deaf. Let's say you have a severe hearing loss."

"Well, why am I like I am?"

"I don't know. But no one is perfect, you know. Better to be hard of hearing than stupid."

"Is stupid bad?"

"I think so. I think it must be very sad to be stupid."

"As bad as dead, Pum?"

"That's a new word for you, Lisa. Did you read it somewhere?"

"Is my mother dead? And my father?"

"Yes."

"As long as dead is not as bad as stupid."

ONE BLEAK November day a box arrived. But the anticipation that had rushed like gold through her head for many weeks veered suddenly to flow as tears. Stiffly Lisa stood in the centre of the room imprisoned by the black boxes on her thigh and on her breast connected with the cord that ended in a button in her ear. In the excited assemblage of these things there had been swift talk of A and B batteries and pitch and volume control. These Lisa had scanned impatiently holding to the radiance of her expectations.

Now she wept with her braid coming loose from its fastening across her brow. The black button and the slim black cord swung wildly about her knees.

"Pum, you said it would make me bear!"

"But it will, Lisa! It will make you hear much better. But first we must learn to use the hearing aid properly."

"It's awful! It's awful! I can't hear. Only noise!"

Only at times like this did Allan Pumfort glimpse his young pupil's unfailing hope for normalcy. Her sunny nature had been constructed carefully by his confidence, but he saw that there were corners in her that he could not turn.

More work, then, for Lisa. Where she had trained her eye to read speech and her lips to use it, now she began the long slow training of her ear to hear it. So in time the awful noise became intelligible words that she could hear and understand when spoken within the radius of her outstretched hands. She heard eventually from a distance of five feet, then six, but beyond that all sound became a blur and from across the room a quiet voice could not reach her at all. But always there were her eyes to hear.

She sat on an old trunk in the attic. She was 12. Her legs were long and thin and her face only hinting at the strong curving bones beneath a tanned and freckled skin that would one day bring her beauty. She was not pretty now. Her whole body was straining in awkward gestures toward what she was to become. Only the quick delight in her eyes would remain constant through her life.

"So you hear the rain on the roof, Lisa?"

"Oh, Pum! I do! I hear!"

"Then the hearing aid has proved to be a friend after all. Well, in the winter you will hear sleigh-bells, and carolers under the window. Wait until winter."

It was impossible to wait. It was hardship to wait. Daily she scanned the sky for the first lead tint that would signify the coming of the snow. She awoke on that morning, then, knowing without opening her eyes that thick flakes had been falling most of the night. In her slippers and pink robe she started up the attic stairs. In her haste she had put the wrong slipper on the wrong foot, but no matter now. The hearing aid was a black armor against the flush of her robe.

An hour later Allan Pumfort stuck his worried face around the curve of the attic stairway, fitting his startled glance into all the stunned young tragedy in Lisa's eyes.

"I wanted to hear the snow falling on the roof, Pum."

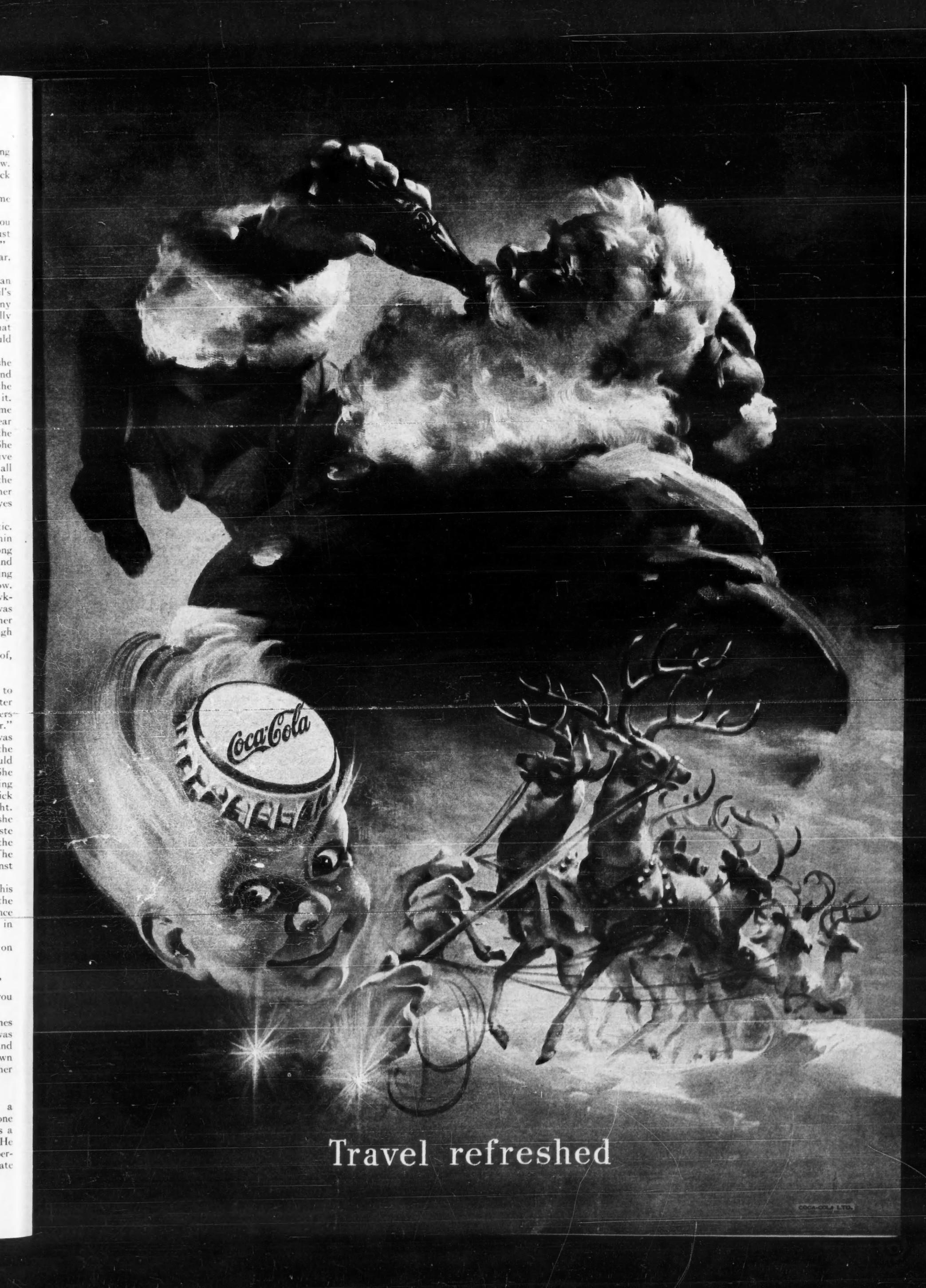
"Lisa—"

"Oh, I waited and waited so long!"

"Lisa, my dear, my dear. Didn't you know? The snow makes no sound."

She had wanted it to sound like chimes or heartbeats. Now suddenly there was no more room in her for wishing, and turning to follow Allan Pumfort down the cold stairs Lisa lost some of her capacity for wonder.

SCOTT KENDALL saw her at a fraternity dance. He had come alone out of a sense of duty since he was a faculty adviser to the chapter. He intended to dance once with the chaperone who was the wife of his immediate



A black and white advertisement. At the top, a Coca-Cola bottle is shown with its cap removed, revealing a bright light source inside. Below the bottle, a reindeer is pulling a sleigh. The reindeer has large, detailed antlers. The sleigh is being pulled through a dark, snowy landscape with falling snowflakes. In the background, several reindeer are visible, some with glowing lights inside their bodies. The overall atmosphere is magical and festive.

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superior in the Philosophy Department and then make a discreet departure. He stayed to dance most of the evening with Lisa until, sensing the amusement in her eyes he realized that he was making himself conspicuous. Mumbling something polite and perfectly ridiculous he left. He had liked the way she danced—with an intense but quiet joy as if she were responding to some inner octaves and cadences. They had exchanged less than two dozen words, but she was in his mind now. He was restless, trying to remember what it was he had heard about Lisa that seemed so odd.

He sent her a formal note inviting her to dinner. Suddenly, during their dessert he remembered. He set down his coffee cup with a gesture that was almost abrupt.

"Nothing, Lisa. I just remembered something I'd heard about you that's not true."

"Oh?"

"That's the trouble with a small university. Such damfool tales get started somehow—"

"Tell me, Scott."

"It's too ridiculous and it's unkind."

"I want to know."

"All right, then. I heard you couldn't bear—"

"Yes. That's very nearly true."

All the last half of her senior year Lisa spent falling in love with Scott Kendall. It was the first genuinely effortless thing she had ever done. For once there was no need for the constant determined labor that had filled her years. There was only the pleasure of opening all the little side pockets in her mind for Scott to see.

"Oh, I don't pretend I don't wish I had normal hearing. When I was 15 I was terribly brash about it. I charged all over people, bowing them over with the announcement that I was hard of hearing, but they needn't shout. I had a very big chip and I suppose it gave me a sinister satisfaction to be defiant. How awfully a girl wants to be like everyone else when she's 15. Not to wear the same clothes, and use the same slang, and be in love with the same movie star! That's tragic! But of course, one grows up . . . Certainly I speak over the phone. If it's properly amplified. You'll see. The next time I go to the city I'll call you from one of those special phones in the station for the use of the hard of hearing . . . Darling, wasn't prexy's speech dull? I thought I'd scream if he started up with that walking a mile to school and washing under the pump routine again. Frankly, I shut off my hearing aid in the middle of it. So you see, sometimes I have the advantage . . . Oh, Scott, Scott, I wish I were perfect—for you . . ."

IT WAS NOT until May that Scott and Lisa Kendall received the letter from the adoption agency. It was here, after all the months of waiting, slanting innocently in the mailbox.

"I can't!" Lisa gasped suddenly. "Oh, Scott, I can't!" She dropped it nervously on the table and then crept back to lay her hand on Scott's shoulder as he slid a knife under the flap.

"It's a girl," Scott said smiling. "They've found us a little girl."

She had to go back for a moment, to the beginning of Scott's sentence, repeating the words silently until the whole thought fell in place.

"Shouldn't—" Her voice shot ridi-

culously high and she began again. "Shouldn't we pass out cups—or something?"

Then Scott pulled her roughly down to his knees and held her against him.

"You're sure about this now," Scott said after they had read the letter many times.

"Absolutely."

She wanted a child who need never stand alone and mystified when other children's faces crinkled over the mischief of a silly tune. She wanted her child to stand proud and serene under the hard sky.

"It's the only way we can be sure," Lisa said slowly. "Every mother wants a better life for her child than she's had herself."

"They want us to come to see the child on Thursday," Scott said, satisfied.

In the end Lisa made the trip alone. The head of the Philosophy Department fell ill and Scott was forced to take over the professor's classes.

Paying off the cab she had one last moment of panic that was neither fear nor indecision, but simply saying good-bye to a familiar path before starting on a new phase that called for a different set of thoughts. Then, glancing up at the stern dignity of the Welfare Home, Lisa started up the walk with her mind already inventing the many things she would do.

The baby was beautiful; a strong girl of 10 months with thick black curls. Her solemn intelligent eyes under straight brows reminded Lisa with a sharp thrill of Scott's. She was allowed to hold the baby—she was named Janet—for a few scrupulously sanitary moments. She discussed plans with the welfare director for a return visit with Scott on Sunday.

Flushed and weighted down with a sense of completion, Lisa hurried down the long clean grey corridor. Taking a wrong turning she blundered through a door and came upon a lively scene in a playroom. She took it in with a quick comprehensive look, and then murmured an apology to the nurse in charge. Two minutes later Lisa was back, her face animated with a touch almost indignant curiosity. She spoke rapidly to the nurse. Her voice rose in tension. Suddenly she turned and walked swiftly down the corridor back to the director's office where she was closeted for an hour.

IT WAS SUNDAY. Lisa sat in the little reception room where she had first been permitted to hold the little dark-haired baby. There was a picture on the wall that she looked at now, puzzling over it, for of course since Thursday it no longer had the same meaning. Across from her Scott thumbed awkwardly through a magazine. From the way he held his mouth Lisa thought he was humming a little out of nervousness.

"They ought to put out a little booklet to cover a situation like this. What to do until the baby comes," Scott said. He was pacing now, in dark suit crossing and recrossing the watchful line Lisa had established between herself and the door.

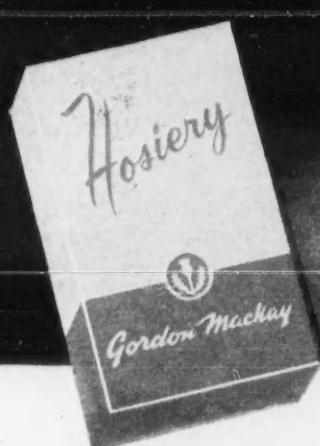
"You haven't been much of a help, darling," he accused her kindly. "You haven't told me what to expect."

It was true. When she got home she found it impossible to talk about their adopted child. Only think. And feel.

"Listen, Scott. About the baby they found for us—"

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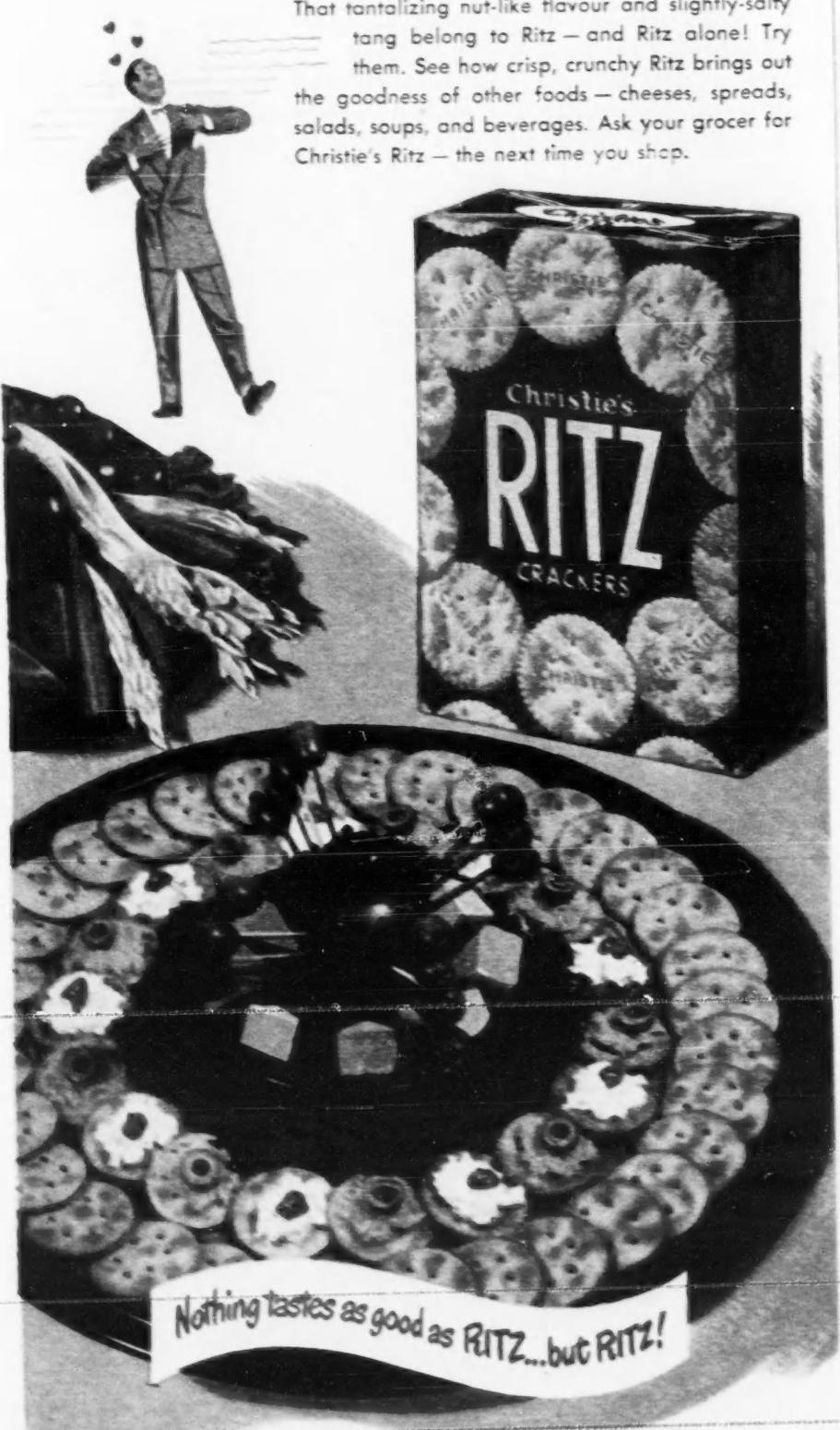
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"What?"

"Nothing," Lisa said in a suffocated voice. "You'll see."

"What color's her hair? Black?"

"Did I say black?" Lisa said starting. Then with a half gasp she rose from her chair as the door opened and a nurse came in leading a little girl of three. She was an exquisite little thing with the dainty narrow feet of a dancer and an elfin dignity upon her face. She hung back into the folds of the nurse's skirt, but her eyes went out and out into the room seeking something familiar. They fastened on Lisa's face, hovering there like a butterfly.

Now! Lisa thought. She would have to stand up under the stiff charge of Scott's questioning and his disbelief. But he shot her a brief glance and no words. Instead he addressed himself to the child.

"Hello, dear. My name is Scott. What's yours?"

Lisa saw him bend to one knee, holding out his hands.

"Ruth? Mary?" he prompted gently. "Ellen? It's Ellen, isn't it?"

Under their delicate lids the child's patient eyes did not falter, nor her body sway, nor her head tilt toward Scott. Lisa cried, "She can't hear you. Not from across the room. This isn't the baby they planned for us to have. Darling, Ellen is—"

There was no guide for Lisa but the sharp black shape of Scott's suit against the window rising higher and higher until he stood erect, an unreadable profile suspended against the light. His hand crept across his breast until his fingers tucked again and again at his pocket handkerchief. Falling spiritually to her knees Lisa made her silent plea:

Let him understand that this is not the same. We're not bringing a child to the world with a strike against it. We're taking one that's bere . . . waiting, needing. Let him see that if we walk away

Doomed to grow bere, to learn sterile words with no love behind them. Who would take her

—a defective child? Doomed! Scott, do you

know the sound of doom? I know it!

Let him understand that we can save her—from pity, from emotional want, and from the terrible silence that comes with darkness. I saw her, Scott—hanging over her dolls in the playroom, not knowing that the children had moved on to another game. They called and called her. I

saw her crumpled face when she looked

up and saw them. I know the swift thud

that fell against her heart as she hurried

to catch up with them. Remember, Scott?

You've said you're proud of me. She'll

be more than I am. There's so much we

can do.

Scott, this is no sacrifice for me, but

an urgent need. See this, now! This

child is my fulfillment for all my own

years. See this! If you can, want her

as I do . . .

Now an echo that was Scott's hard

heels on the floor rolled over the silence of the room.

He walked slowly, past the window, past Lisa, until he stood stooping before the little girl. With the sudden sure judgment of children, Ellen put her hand in his.

He turned, straightening. The words

halted for a moment on his lips and

came out half rough and embarrassed

for they were new words to him and

untried. Scott said: "Mrs. Kendall, I

want you to meet my daughter." Smiling,

the child and the man came toward

her.

ELLEN KENDALL raced across the grass. She was almost six—all brown arms and legs and wide grey eyes. She cupped her hands, holding a treasure tight against her stomach as she ran until turning the corner of the house she threw herself upon Lisa.

"Mother! Mother! I found it."

"Slow—slow, darling," Lisa said laughing. "Down—don't scream. Nice soft voice, remember?"

Ellen took a breath and dropped her voice. She was just learning to control her pitch. "Mother, I found this," she said carefully.

"A bird's nest?" Lisa said amazed.

Scott came through the screen door and knelt beside them in the shadows. "What's this?"

"I found it," Ellen said. Then, as if the marvel of it were too much, Ellen sank to the grass, spread her limp hands on her knees and bent her head. It was one of her rare moments of repose lasting no longer than it took her to say, "I'm so-o-o happy!" She was up again hopping on one foot. "I want to swing. Push me, daddy."

Keeping her eyes on Scott and Ellen, Lisa pulled off her garden gloves and flung them aside. Her thoughts swerved to her mother, but she found oddly that she could not keep them there. She reviewed instead these last two years with Ellen. She started to rise with sudden eagerness, and then sat back as Scott dropped into a chair beside her.

"Some workout Ellen gave me," Scott said. "Wish I had her energy."

"Scott, you heard what Ellen said?"

He waited a minute, and then said in a light voice: "Oh, she just learned to say that at school. She learned to say, 'I'm so sorry and I'm so happy.'"

"But it's true—I mean Ellen is happy."

"I'd say the happiest kid in town."

Lisa stood up. She took a step away and then, hooking her thumbs excitedly over her belt, she faced Scott.

"Then if that's true, by the same token why, if we had a child of our own and it turned out he couldn't hear well, he could still be happy. We could have a child, Scott! It's true, isn't it—that his life could be full and good?"

She saw him rise. His mouth grew gentle as he laid his hands upon her hair. "Lisa, I've been waiting for you to say this. I knew eventually you would."

For a moment she stared, brought sharply awake to the fact that Scott had always known what it had taken her so long to learn. It was life that mattered and the happiness you could create in it. This she had denied their own child. She had been wholly wrong, for she had counted only the sorrows of the handicapped and had forgotten that there could be glory. Blind eyes could see if the mind had vision, and deaf ears could hear through an eager heart.

She waited a minute more, feeling a tremendous excitement and thinking for one last time of her mother's hands. Already she only half-remembered and there was no longer any bitterness.

Under the sun Ellen moved in lazy circles, dancing to a rhythm in her head. Scott waited coolly in the shadow of the house.

Resolutely Lisa lifted her face to Scott's to meet his smile.

"Why do we stand around in the shade?" Lisa asked softly. "Darling, I want to walk in the sun!" *

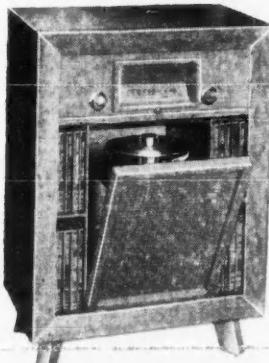
H
ere's happiness and fun
for everyone
...this Christmas!

Budget Terms

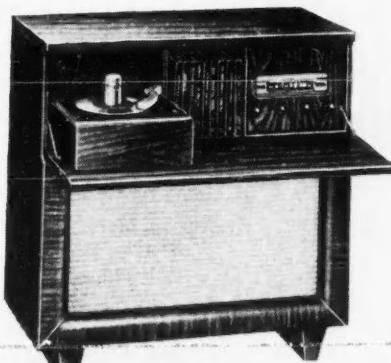
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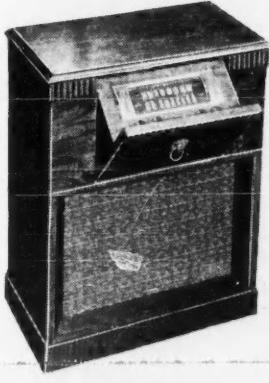
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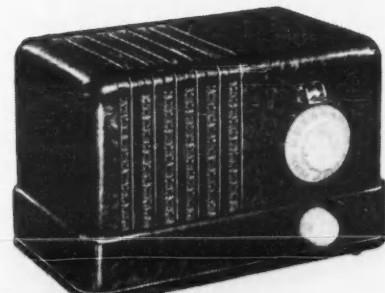
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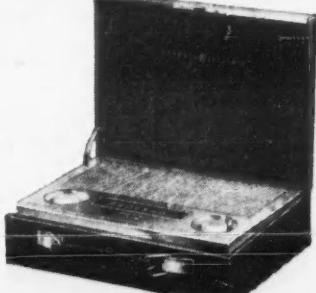
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Radios for Christmas!



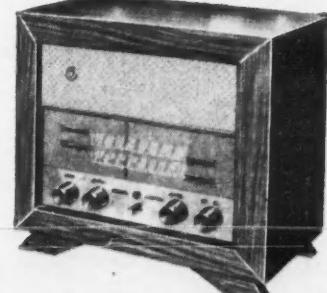
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Birks Sterling

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Beauty and Value

Choose from
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This is an invitation to you to see for yourself the perfection of Birks Sterling.

Feel the substantial weight and perfect balance of each piece—admire the richness and depth of the design.

Because Birks Sterling is made in our own craftshops, you will find the value unsurpassed in Canada.

Chamilly	19.80
Georgian Plain	21.25
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Francis I	19.00
George II	25.55

Prices above are for complete six-piece place settings comprising luncheon knife and fork, teaspoon, salad fork, cream soup spoon, butter spreader with hollow handle.

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BIRKS

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LONDON, WINNIPEG, WINNIPEG, REGINA, SASKATOON, EDMONTON,
CALGARY, VICTORIA, VANCOUVER

TEEN PAGE

Merry Christmas Morn



To Paint — For that favorite sister, a pretty pair of flavor extract bottles for her dressing-table. Oil-paint flowers on the sides, do the top in contrasting color.

Beau-blessed . . . an old-fashioned mustache cup! Buy the biggest mug you can find, and paint on bright free-hand scrolls with his name smack dab in the middle. Fill it with cigarettes, pipe cleaners or the like.

To Sew — To tuck in her Christmas stocking, a fashionable fur tippet. With $\frac{3}{4}$ of a yard of imitation Persian lamb (2 inches wide) make a neat little tippet to wear under collars or round the neckline of a plain dress. Buy the fur at any novelty counter for about \$3.

Make this pretty pair for Christmas gifting—or just for yourself! A little boy's cap and scarf—gay as the holiday in bright red, or dressy in black. Buy Simplicity pattern No. 2597 for the cap, and use your own clever figuring for the scarf. A yard and a half makes both.



You can hang this one right on the tree! A glamour stole from two yards of net and two packages of dime store sequins. Sew the sequins on to give a sprinkled effect. White net and silver glitter is ethereal . . . black with silver looks très swish. Or try colored net spiced with many-colored sequins.

For every gal pal on your list—a square of colorful silk from the remnant counter, or department store. Roll the edges yourself, and you have an inexpensive scarf.

Amazing, what can be done with a few lengths of ribbon! Here's a belt, for example, of four colors of grosgrain, each a yard long, sewn together on the machine. The finished belt is four inches wide . . . and that attractive. Make up one shaded from rust to dark brown, or from pink to deep mauve. Fasten the ends with snaps. Once made, you'll want to try a matching tie for collar smartness.

Kindergarten kinder will welcome these cute sweethearts with "Ohhs" and "Ahhs." Soft, cuddly and simple to make. Step-by-step instructions in Simplicity pattern No. 7302.



starts here

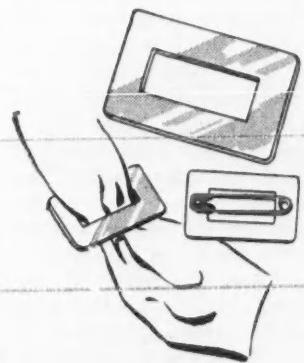


To Make—Gift with a green thumb rates high with mother and the aunts. Buy a plastic toy violin; with a can opener punch out about three holes just below the strings, in the base. Tuck in sprays of artificial ivy. With the bow as background this is a lovely and different wall decoration. Or you might plant a cup and saucer with real ivy. Or start some green agrowing in a china teapot or copper candy dish.

Watch them beam over these! Button earrings—the bigger the better, since fashion says larger jewelry is in again. File the hook off the back of the button. Buy a package of jewelry backs. With plane glue, stick on the backs and leave for a few hours to dry. You have an expensive-looking gift at a tiny price.

If she's just old enough to use scissors, she'll love the makings of a huge scrapbook. Make up a pot of paste, get the biggest scrapbook you can find, add blunt scissors and a pile of colorful pictures ripped out of old magazines.

Here's the thing for your new sister-in-law . . . or any other happy homemaker you know . . . a practical recipe file. At the stationer's, buy a 3-ring binder and a dozen brown business envelopes, of a size to fit inside. Punch 3 holes in each envelope, and on the front print CAKES or COOKIES or the like. Decorate with lace-like pictures, or your own drawings. Insert the envelopes in the binder in alphabetical order; cover the binder in an inexpensive length of kitchen plastic (the dime store stocks this). Pop in a few clipped recipes, for good measure!



To be long prized by almost any girl with a taste for the unusual—these buckle gifts. Yep, any buckle will do, provided it's big and glittery. Remove the tongue with a file or pliers, and fasten a safety pin on the back with plastic wood or plane glue. Makes a pretty trim for lapel, beret or handbag. Good as a scarf ring, too.

To Cook—How about something special for your best beau's mother? Something you cooked up all on your own? The Institute pages have the delicious answer to your problem . . . 'specially those gumdrop cookies and that Christmas divinity fudge. Wrap your kitchen cracker and stuff it in a little wicker basket, along with a few jars of unusual things to eat—raisin jelly, mushrooms in wine and the like. All for less than \$3. And finish off with a big red bow. Or you might fill the basket with spices and herbs.

Jay & Jill

"It's from Birks this Christmas"

NO FINER GIFT THAN A CHALLENGER
"THE WATCH OF PROTECTED ACCURACY"

BIRKS



Challenger

Designed and fashioned exclusively for Birks, in Switzerland's world-famous ETERNA craftshops, Challenger Watches are superb examples of the watch-maker's art.

We invite you to visit your nearest Birks Store to examine the beauty and faultless workmanship of these precision timepieces. Yes, you'll be proud to wear a Challenger—you'll be proud to give a Challenger!

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BIRKS
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HAMILTON, LONDON, WINDSOR, WINNIPEG, REGINA, SASKATOON,
EDMONTON, CALGARY, VANCOUVER, VICTORIA



Skin Specialist Develops New Home Beauty Routine!

● Every woman occasionally has some little thing wrong with her skin. If you are ever troubled with rough dry skin or ugly little blemishes—here's wonderful news about a new home beauty routine that was developed by a skin specialist. It really works!

Clinically Tested

In recent tests, scores of women followed this skin specialist's directions, using just one cream—medicated Noxzema. In only two weeks 4 out of 5 women showed softer, smoother, lovelier skin! Here's what they did:

New 4-Step Routine

Morning—1. Apply Noxzema generously all over your face. With a damp

cloth "cream-wash" your face just as you would with soap and water. **2.** After drying, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema. Its gentle medicated formula really helps your skin.

Evening—3. Before retiring, again "cream-wash" your face—it will feel so clean! **4.** Now massage Noxzema into your face. Pat a little extra over any blemishes. You'll be delighted at how quickly it helps heal them.

Follow this skin specialist's 4 simple steps for just 10 days. A trial will convince you this Home Beauty Routine is a truly marvelous aid for your skin. Get Noxzema today at any drug or cosmetic counter. 21¢, 49¢, 69¢, \$1.39.

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DOW CHEMICAL OF CANADA, LIMITED, TORONTO



Santa Claus

Continued from page 9

she knew at last the delicious feeling of being part of the stream of life, of counting for herself, as a person? She remembered the noontime walks with the young folk in the business school—the quick lunches at drug-fountain or dime-store counter. To live again, not just look on, as others did.

Outside the window on the mound Grandfather Talbot stood, tall and angular in the disreputable old raccoon coat he refused to give up, the towering fur hat so shabby it made her mother wince. Then she saw the thermometer—eight below zero. She must hurry. Grandfather mustn't be out long in that weather. That was one of the forbidden things, along with overexertion and shock.

She grabbed an old ski coat from the closet downstairs, stepped into furred snow boots and zipped them up. The pocket of the ski coat yielded a green woolen head square and matching mittens. Pulling them on she let herself out the front door. For an instant, as her nostrils contracted with the cold, she was blinded by the glare of sun on fresh snow. When she could see, alarm prodded her with a sharp finger, for the old man was nowhere to be seen. Down the steep flight of stairs she saw his boot prints, but the snowplow had just passed obliterating them from the sidewalk. Then she saw the deep marks of his cane. He had crossed and was headed down toward Sherbrooke Street. Valerie began to run.

Finally she sighted him, ahead of a group of skate-laden children, plodding along purposefully, his old pipe going like a steam boiler. "Where do you think you're going?" she asked gently, coming alongside.

Grandfather Talbot slowed, looked sideways at her and stopped, knocking his pipe clean but holding it in his hands, savoring the warmth. Then he said crossly, "I'm going down to see Santa Claus!"

He said it so belligerently Valerie laughed. He waited now and she knew why. She had caught him, so whether he went on or not was her problem. He was forbidden crowds, specifically he was forbidden the Talbot Store—and she knew he would not be going to see the Santa Claus at any of the other department stores. If she let him go he might agree to work on his Memoirs again. Yet it was a chance. She took it. "I'd like to go with you, but if you're going to get excited over escalators or changes like that, we can't. You know my position."

The old man squinted at her, trying to be sure she meant the implication. Then, grinning suddenly, he thrust an arm through hers. "I promise. Now, let's get going before our ears freeze off!"

At Sherbrooke Street he raised his cane to salute his old friend the traffic policeman on duty there. Instantly

dense crosstown traffic stopped as they made their way across the icy street to an approaching bus. Valerie had no purse with her, but dug quickly in the vast pockets of the ski coat. "We're rich—38 cents."

They were pushed onto the bus by those behind them, and the driver, a young French Canadian, blithely snipped the excess crowd off by closing the doors, much as a cook slices off extra crust beyond the pie plate's edge. Grandfather Talbot's eyes glowed as he leaned down from his strap to ask Valerie if she too felt like a currant in a bun.

Valerie felt the first warm surge of Christmas spirit as she looked down on the busload of mothers and children. She listened to the excited blending of French and English. Good old Santa Claus—Père Noel himself. Valerie was glad this Christmas was not going by without her *feeling* it.

Some instinct, at which Valerie marveled, moved the old man toward the door as they neared the street nearest Talbot's. He couldn't have seen through the frosted windows. They oozed off the bus and he spearheaded their way toward Montreal's main shopping artery. He sailed past the side door of the Store, but when they rounded the corner and came up against the fringes of the great crowd there, Valerie knew why. Knew it with a feeling of guilt.

Of course he would want to see this much publicized exhibit! Why hadn't she thought to bring him? When the crowd had shifted they arrived at last before the big window. Valerie dropped her arm and leaned there, his face, between great mittened paws, as intent as any child's. He only glanced at the effigy of Santa Claus spilling fabulous toys from the great sleigh. His eyes devoured the sleigh itself, inch by inch, for the sleigh was *real*. A neat placard to one side, signed by Paul Farnham, the New York corporation's young general manager, said he had found the sleigh gathering dust in the company garages. Even the wording of this placard, Valerie noticed, showed that this young American had quickly grasped the Canadian pride in old-country origins. This sleigh had been brought from Scotland nearly 90 years before by the first Thaddeus Talbot when he brought a new wife with him to found a trading post in the colony.

Now in his eighties, Grandfather Talbot had of course ridden in that sleigh as a child, in the far-off halcyon days when life must have been sweet and uncomplicated. Abruptly Valerie felt the old man leave her side. Clutching the back of his coat she came after him and caught her breath as he headed for a revolving door. He hated revolving doors. But he manoeuvred this deftly and waited with a near patience until space on a Toytown Express could be found for them.

When they were a part of the churning mob in Toytown Valerie could hardly believe her eyes. Oh, surely

A Letter from a Lady

The paper is noticed before the letter is read.

Cameo Stationery smart and stylish, Economical too.

In the box or by the quire. All styles and sizes.

CAMEO
Stationery

Styled by BARBER-ELLIS

Baked in
Bonnie Scotland

KEILLER'S Dundee Cake!

Famous for generations with taste-canny Scots at home and abroad, KEILLER'S Dundee Cake is Scotland's contribution to eating enjoyment. Wholesome and hearty, it's baked from a batter rich with real butter, blended with tempting toasted almonds, plump Sultana raisins and other delectables . . . KEILLER'S Dundee Cake leaves you with a taste for more!

Ask for KEILLER'S Dundee Cake at your favorite food store. Look for the tin with the tartan band, labeled "KEILLER'S." Packed oven-fresh in vacuum tins.

Keiller's
of Dundee
"GUID THINGS TAE EAT"

James Keiller & Son, Ltd., Trenton, Ont.

Grandfather must see that the store had blossomed under the new management! The ceiling was draped in indigo-blue and dripped stars. The columns had become pillars of polar ice and over all moved the softly shifting colored beams of simulated Northern Lights. Grandfather must know now that there was no son, grandson, nephew or nephew-in-law able or willing to make the Store a career and keep it a Family thing. And this young American, "trouble-shooter," the paper had called him, was not without imagination.

At last they stood against the railing beyond which two tall girl helpers, clad in ballet - brief, red - velvet, ermine-trimmed like Santa's ornate costume, funneled the children to and past the old saint. One child looked into the face of Santa Claus and screamed, "Maman! Maman!" bolting in pure terror. Grandfather muttered, "Making an assembly line of a child's hopes and dreams."

Then the old man snorted, and Valerie's alarmed eyes followed his outraged ones in time to see the Santa Claus deliver a good swift kick to the shins of a boy of eight or nine.

"Grandfather—wait! You didn't see what the child did—" But the old man was exploding from the crowd like an earth-bound rocket bomb, and Valerie arrived at the elevators as two went up and one down. She did not know which he had taken. But a quick glance at a nearby store directory sent her dashing toward the stairs.

SHE STOPPED at the railed-off place before the door which said, "Paul Farnham, General Manager." If she spoke to either of the flanking secretaries Grandfather might come before she had prepared Paul Farnham for him. Certainly the old man's temper would not improve when he discovered the old General Offices on third were now Ladies' Rest Room. She took a breath, sailed through, tapped on the door, and went right in.

A tall, dark-haired young man rose as though by closing the door she had pulled him up on a string. His brows knit in puzzlement as he stared frankly. Feeling suddenly overwarm Valerie jerked the scarf from her head, and the young man blinked at the brightness of her hair. Valerie was thinking how wrong the Family had pictured him.

"I'm sorry to burst in so rudely, but it's urgent. It's about an old man—" A buzzer on the desk went off furiously and, without removing his eyes from her, he flipped a key.

"Yes, Miss Gauthier, I am aware—yes, I—yes, thanks." He flipped the key on the stream of words. He waited.

"An old man is coming to complain to you about Santa Claus."

"Oh? What did Santa Claus do—to the old man?"

Valerie saw he was laughing behind his eyes. She said, "Old Mr. Talbot is the old man I mean."

The result was all she had expected. "Would you repeat that—slowly?"

Quickly Valerie repeated what she knew he had heard the first time.

"Old Mr. T himself—in the flesh—coming to see me?" Valerie nodded. "What happened?"

"There was this eight-year-old boy speaking to Santa Claus, and suddenly he just kicked him!"

Continued on page 59



Stop... for an Instant

Time out for his favorite hot drink . . .
Cadbury's "Instant" Drinking Chocolate!
Quick? Simply add hot milk
and serve! Syrup, icing, and
fudge recipes on the tin . . .
ask for "Instant" today!

At your grocer's



Gifts To Make



If you've a way with a needle, better get busy on this one for Christmas. It's the perfect gift for an about-to-be-married girl friend or sister. The nightie has gathered fullness across the bodice and is trimmed with lace to match the negligee, which has a full, flowing skirt and long full sleeves. No. 3048.

Here's one you can make in a few hours. A tailored suit-blouse and a gift you can be sure will be welcome. Hand-stitch the edges of the collar and pockets. The wide shaped collar is cut in one with

the kimono sleeves. Easier to make and newer to wear. No. 3017.

Now we ask you, what could be a cuter gift for kid sister than this perky little hat and bag set? In felt or velveteen it's a fashion-conscious twosome. The box-type bag, secured with a drawstring, has side sections which join to a flat bottom. No. 2963.

Ho-hum, a merry Christmas to all and to all a good night! This two-piece pyjamas and coat would be so nice to come down in on Christmas morning or to find in a gaily wrapped parcel. Make it in two colors of satin or crepe and just for fun embroider initials on the pockets. The trousers are fitted at the waist with soft pleats and a snug waistband. No. 2999.

A dainty bias-cut slip with a snug bodice fitted by darts and a pointed seam which is just above the natural waistline. The pattern comes complete with transfer for the embroidery on the bodice edge. No. 3042.

For pattern descriptions and details for ordering
see page 63

Continued from page 57

Paul Farnham's pleasant face moved slightly. Valerie found him suddenly very attractive. "I'm not surprised. Santa Claus has been pinched, slapped, had pins stuck in him. It can't be the first time he's been kicked."

"The boy didn't kick Santa Claus—Santa Claus kicked the boy."

Now Paul Farnham chuckled. "Good for him, he'll feel better. I'll speak to him, but I promise nothing. He's been trying to quit for two weeks but our contract is iron-clad."

"Santa Claus is not my concern, but Old Mr. Talbot is. I am responsible for him and he has a slight heart condition. He never goes out alone—he must not be crossed."

"Yet you bring him downtown four days before Christmas?"

Valerie felt herself flushing. "I was wrong. I took a long chance, I know, but the house was so full of wedding guests and bother." Then she had to erase his grin. "And how could I know he'd see the Santa Claus at Talbot's kick a child?"

"Touché," Paul Farnham said softly.

Valerie was annoyed to find she was noticing how entirely satisfactorily his hair grew back from a wide intelligent forehead. "I'm trying to correct my lack of judgment. If anything happened to him I'd never dare go back to that house."

Paul Farnham's smile became conspiratorial. "I likewise would be advised to hit the road if he passed out before putting his mark on certain papers."

"Then you will do as I ask? Don't cross him. Agree with anything he

says until I can get him home? You mustn't let him know I've been here—he hates being explained."

Though Paul Farnham appeared suddenly to have forgotten why she was there, his eyes returned from their inventory to seem pleased that she was. "I can see that a nurse getting in wrong with the Talbots might find earning her living in Montreal difficult."

VALERIE STARTED, opened her lips to explain who she was, then didn't. He had come around the desk, had her elbow firmly, and she was astonished to feel his touch right through the fur-lined ski coat. Before she could think twice he had asked her name, and she had said, "Valerie Dunstan—" omitting the final Talbot, to say lamely, "The old man calls me Val."

"Does he now?" Paul Farnham said gently, as though he might like to do likewise. Then they forgot each other as commotion arrived at the door. On the ground glass was an odd silhouette—a great shaggy shadow with a raised cane struggled with two female restraining shapes.

"Old Mr. T?" Paul Farnham asked quietly. Valerie, beyond words, nodded, her eyes searching the room for another door. She ran toward the only other one—behind the desk. Paul said it was his washroom, clothes closet but she was welcome to it. She pulled the door to as she clasped her hands over her ears against the expected crash.

When it didn't come she removed her hands in time to hear Paul Farnham say equably, "Good morning, sir. May I help you?" And she leaned there in

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by Marge



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Blue Grass Bath Soap and Dusting Powder . . . 3.25.

June Geranium, Carnation and White Orchid Flower Mists . . . 4.75.

Beauty Box—Simulated Alligator in Black, Brown or Red . . . 10.00.

Blue Grass Bath Petal Wafers—3 tubes in a box . . . 6.00.

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Hand-O-Tonik, and June Geranium Soap . . . 2.10.

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rising wonder, against the overcoat that smelled of good tobacco and mild shaving lotion as its owner coaxed an angry old man's bellow down expertly, until it was almost a purr. And why not? He was agreeing with everything Grandfather Talbot said, asking his opinion, his advice. Had anybody done that in years on anything that mattered? Abruptly some ventilator fan above her head began to clatter, and Valerie, to her disgust, heard nothing more.

When the door opened finally Valerie looked cautiously around Paul Farnham, and when she saw he was alone she came out, smoothed her hair, and shook her clothing a little. Absently she took the cigarette he offered, then handed it back. "Thanks, but I won't have time."

Carefully Paul Farnham placed it between her lips and held his lighter. "You have time," he said, and Valerie thought, how comfortable I feel with him. He's young and alive and vital because he's working at something he likes.

"He's quite a character, your Old Mr. T. Far from dead—from the neck up. He's been put out to pasture too soon even if he is in the eighties as he says. His kind prefer to die with their boots on and have earned the privilege I think. Best of the lot, I'll bet."

Valerie smiled faintly. "You don't expect me to answer that."

Sitting on the corner of his desk Paul Farnham sabotaged her intention to set him right about herself. His gaze was so frankly approving she crushed out her cigarette in the ash tray he held and turned away. "I'll collect him now."

Paul Farnham did not move, but he did look at his wristwatch. "I promised to keep you here a few minutes. He said a young woman would be trailing him. In four more minutes I'll tell you where he is."

Valerie's grey eyes narrowed. "You started that noise in there—so I couldn't hear?"

"The fan—yes." His brown eyes asked that she relax and be amused with him, but instead Valerie found herself annoyed, uneasy. She started for the door, but he was there first, leaning against it easily. "Look, I did what you asked—of course, I saved a plate-glass door, too—but let me keep my promise to him now. Santa Claus is off on his morning relief and the old fellow insisted on firing him himself."

"On firing—you didn't let him do that?"

"He wanted to so much. Santa Claus is French Canadian and old Mr. T said no American could possibly understand the delicate entente between the races like an old-timer. He was afraid I'd hurt Santa Claus' feelings, but actually Santa Claus will be so delighted he won't upset anyone. Be reasonable, will you?"

When Valerie could speak she asked coldly, "He'll be in the Employees' section of sixth floor rear?" Paul Farnham's face went poker-dead, but he nodded. "I'll get him home at once," she finished.

"You can take him home at five-thirty. He's our replacement Santa Claus."

"He's what?"

"I think you heard me."

"But that would kill him! One day of it would."

"He's quite determined. Says he has longed to do it for years. I don't think

it will hurt him to be that happy for a little while."

"You have no right to think—you aren't responsible for him—you don't love him. I can see what superb publicity it could be! 'Old Thaddeus Talbot plays Santa Claus in the Store he founded the last Christmas he owns it.'

"If you knew anything about it you'd realize Santa Claus can never be anyone but himself."

Valerie turned to the telephone. "I'll call the family—"

Paul Farnham took it from her firmly. "I advise you to speak to him first. I'll take you to him now."

They rode up in the freight elevator without speaking. They walked along the corridor of Employees' leisure rooms to a door beside the Men's Lavatory. Paul Farnham asked her, "Shall I see if they are decent?" She nodded. He returned instantly and held the door open.

DOWN THE NARROW dressing room Valerie saw Grandfather Talbot's head appearing grotesquely above the padded breadth of the Santa Claus costume. Around him, fastening and adjusting, bobbed the deposed Santa, a middle-aged Frenchman who slid into and out of English with the astounding facility of the Québécois. Then Grandfather Talbot saw Valerie and stiffened for battle. The ex-Santa embraced her with Gallic thoroughness and exited with shouted warnings and thanks for his deliverance. Valerie heard the door close softly behind her and knew Paul Farnham was gone.

"You must listen," she began, but the old man interrupted vehemently.

He was going to do this thing. He had figured how. He could say he was working on his Memoirs, that she was helping him, and they preferred to work in one library or another for quiet. There would be a hell of a row if she told, but the Family would give in—if he offered to sign the sale papers. Valerie knew she had lost. He chattered on about Paul Farnham and Valerie knew a swift stab of jealousy that the young stranger had scored so thorough a personal victory.

"Did you know he thinks you are my paid nurse?" Grandfather asked.

Valerie nodded. "I didn't get to explain that fully."

"Might be fun to sort of let it slide a day or so, eh?" He watched her slyly, and when he saw the beginning of her smile, knew he had really won.

While Paul Farnham and the make-up man finished transforming Grandfather Talbot into Santa Claus, Valerie waited in the corridor by a window. She looked up at Mount Royal's great cross rising in the cold sunlight, and felt curiously alone. If anything went wrong, she would never forgive herself, she knew. But he did seem happy, and if Paul Farnham felt it could not hurt him—

She had not heard approaching footsteps, and the voice that came over her shoulder had amusement in it. "Waiting about could be tiresome. The tallest Santa's helper, the one on the left, is our Mademoiselle LaFramboise, from Children's Books and Games. She is sorely needed in her department—if we could find a replacement."

Long before closing time she knew she would do it. She had looked long at the little mock-ermine halo of Mademoiselle LaFramboise—it would be very

becoming to her, and if she brushed her hair loose on her shoulders it would screen her face effectively. Grandfather Talbot was delighted, so she teased him a little. "The skirt is awfully short, isn't it?"

"What of it? All Talbot women have good legs!" he retorted easily.

Paul Farnham drove them home in his little coupe. Grandfather, as chipper as if he hadn't had children crawling over him all day, talked incessantly of some new idea they were going to try out next day. They got out at the corner, and halfway up the steps to the house the old man began to lean heavily on her. Looking back she saw Paul Farnham still watching from the light of the corner street lamp, and the sight reinforced her enough to get Grandfather Talbot the rest of the way to his room.

Once the old man was in bed Valerie laid down the law. They would have supper together from a tray. He was delighted. When she returned from taking the tray back to the kitchen he was fast asleep. This was a minor miracle she knew, as she turned out the lights and raised a window a daring half inch. Not for months had he slept without a sedative.

HER MOTHER came in next morning as she dressed. "Val dear, you're a wizard with Grandfather Talbot. He's been almost decent to everybody at breakfast. He told us about working on his Memoirs with you as if he'd thought it up himself. So I spoke to your father and he spoke to Uncle Frank. You can go back with them and work in Uncle Frank's office in Victoria until Easter." Valerie said nothing, her mother was so pleased with herself. But Victoria, even the much-desired job, seemed now a part of somebody else's life.

"Val, not that old dress—and that wretched ocelot coat. I was sure I'd given them away. You look exactly like a little shop girl, dear."

Radiantly Valerie turned to her mother. "Do I, mother? Do I, really?"

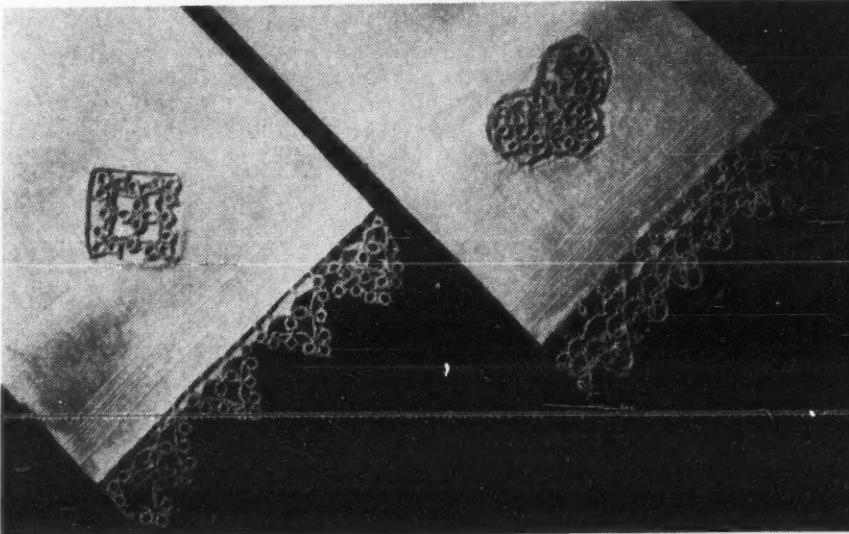
Going downstairs, her mother whispered. "You've a fitting today—the last one, but I'll call Eugenie she'll have to take you when you can make it."

A corner of Grandfather Talbot's dressing room was screened off for Valerie, and the freshly cleaned helper's costume was there. As she got into it she heard Paul Farnham and the make-up man outside with Grandfather Talbot. She was too intent on dressing herself to hear their talk, but when she stepped around the end screen she missed Paul Farnham's glance of approval. She was shocked at his appearance—for he was sunken-eyed and dirty, paint-streaked and utterly weary-looking. Not until the three of them stepped from the elevator at the Toytown floor did she know why. She stood stock-still and looked. Why he must have worked a crew right through the night to supervise Grandfather Talbot's conviction that Santa Claus should be a private affair between himself and the children.

The centre section had been cleared and a huge Ice Palace stood there. It had two entrances, but inside was only a great space with the throne chair toward the back. Valerie found she was to stand at one entrance and separate the children from their grownups. Inside no one urged—they could go up to Santa Claus if and when they chose. As they left by the other door, the other helper reunited them with their adults.

An excited tremor of near panic slid through Valerie as the opening bell sounded. Across the way the other helper winked encouragingly at her. On

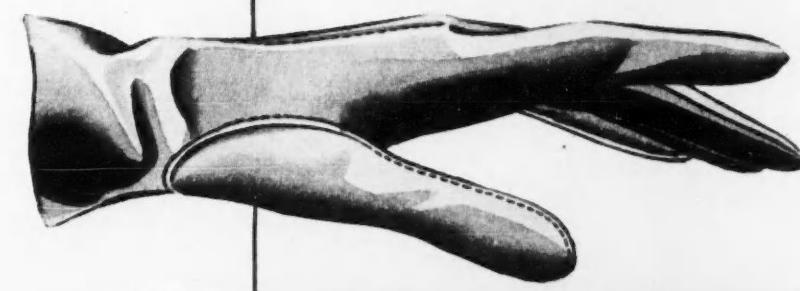
Continued on page 63



... and trim with Tatted Lace

For an inexpensive, quickly worked Christmas present, you can't choose better than this . . . hand work a pair of fine linen guest towels with delicate edging of tatted lace, and daintily wrought medallion insets. You'll have a long-to-be-treasured gift for the lady of the house. Try these exquisite designs, too, on plain slips and panties—to add a luxurious feminine touch!

Instructions for two tatting patterns may be obtained from Chatelaine Handicrafts, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2. Order No. S-230, price 5c.



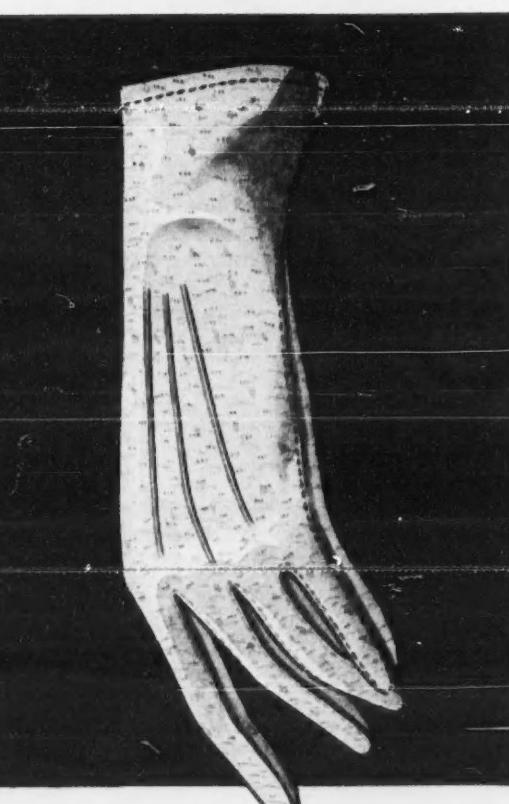
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Simplicity
3030

Simplicity
JACKET 3018
SKIRT 2719

Simplicity
2604

Simplicity
BLOUSE 2977
SKIRT 3015

Simplicity
3041

Teen Twosome . . . Here's a blouse and skirt for casual partying during the holidays. Make the full, softly pleated skirt in velveteen or corduroy. Black velveteen would be pretty . . . the pockets edged with jet beads. The blouse has a small pointed collar and short cuffed sleeves. No. 3030.

Misses Matchups . . . The kimono-sleeved blouse has an outside tuck at either side of the centre front band. It's a perfect blouse for scatter pins or chunky beaded necklaces. The skirt opens in the back with hooks and eyes. Wear it with a purchased belt, wide and bright in color. No. 3041.

Double Talk . . . A trim little jacket to dress up in after winter sports. Good, too, for school or

*For pattern descriptions and details for ordering
see opposite page*

office wear. All of which makes these two patterns mighty wearable. The dart-fitted jacket hugs the hips and nips the waist. The skirt, just right for tweeds as well as soft woolens or velveteen, has soft box pleats in front and back. The jacket No. 3018. The skirt No. 2719.

Skater's Delight . . . A costume to make you look like a prima donna on skates. The basque jacket, styled with a rounded collar and long sleeves,

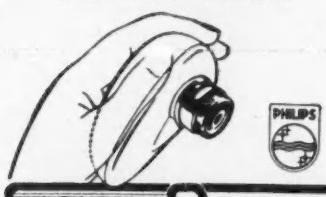
may have novelty buttons or a zipper closing. The skirt is widely flared and meant to be lined with a bright, twirl-flattering color. No. 2604.

After-ski Comfort—There's a pattern here for every type of fun-activity that you'll be into come Christmas holidays. For after-ski parties you might want to make yourself a warm casual-looking skirt to wear with a sweater or blouse. Here's one, No. 3015, with saddle-stitched pockets actually big enough to carry things in. It has six gores and two small pleats on the side front panels and one on either side of the centre front panel. The blouse, No. 2977, has a large pointed collar falling in soft folds. Wear a scarf nattily tied under the collar and blouse.

Portrait of a happy man. He's a PHILISHAVING fan!



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Continued from page 61

his way out Paul Farnham touched her shoulder and bent to whisper, "Easy does it." She looked inside to see Grandfather Talbot entering through the slit behind the throne chair. Then the elevator doors clanged open and a rip tide of children surged out. Tall kids and short, skinny and fat, shiny clean and dingy, bold or shy, a literal sea of children sped to engulf them.

The day held, besides the steady stream of children, her noontime visit to Eugenie, and what happened at five o'clock. What happened at five o'clock faded everything else into swift nothingness.

Paul Farnham materialized at her side, took her elbow, ducked her into the Ice Palace, through the milling children. They passed Grandfather Talbot with children crawling over him like ants on a gumdrop. They went out the opening behind into a dark place which housed the light switchboards. Paul held her in the shadows as men with cameras ducked into the Ice Palace and flash-bulbs began exploding. A child or two cried out. But when Valerie started to go back Paul Farnham's arm tightened about her. She could see his face in the slice of light from the opening.

"The papers heard of our new presentation of Santa Claus. This is front-page free publicity. I knew Old Mr. T was disguised enough, but I felt you might wish to be included out." He was smiling down at her, and Valerie caught her breath.

"Oh, yes," she said, and next moment Paul Farnham's smile had gone and he had bent quickly to her lips. Then someone shouted for him, and she was alone, standing there in the dark, her fingers at her lips in disbelief.

That night Paul Farnham put them into a taxi, but he held Valerie back a moment. "Old Mr. T says you've had no time off this week—that you may have tonight. If I came to the corner near the house at seven, will you have dinner with me?"

Valerie looked at his tired face. He needed sleep. There was a big wedding buffet where she was expected, but would not be sorely missed. "I'd—like

Pattern Descriptions

3030—Teen-Age blouse and ankle-length skirt in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 12. Blouse: 1 1/4 of 35". Skirt: 3 1/2 of 35" material with nap; 3 of 35". Price 25c.

3041—Misses' blouse and ankle-length skirt in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16. Blouse: 2 of 35". Skirt: 4 1/2 of 39" material with nap; 4 1/4 of 35". Price 25c.

3018—Misses' jacket in sizes 12-20. Size 16: 2 1/2 of 35" material with or without nap. Price 25c.

2719—Misses' skirt in waist sizes of 24, 26, 28, 30. Size 26: 4 of 35". Price 25c.

2604—Three-piece skating ensemble including jacket, skirt and pants in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15: 3 1/4 of 35" material with nap; 2 1/2 of 54". Price 25c.

2977—Blouse in sizes 12-20. Size 16: 2 1/2 of 35". Price 25c.

3015—Skirt in waist sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32. Size 28: 3 1/2 of 35". Price 25c.

3048—Nightgown and negligee in sizes 12-20. Size 16, nightgown: 3 1/2 of 35". Lace edging: 4 1/2 of 2 1/2" width. Negligee: 6 1/2 of 35". Price 25c.

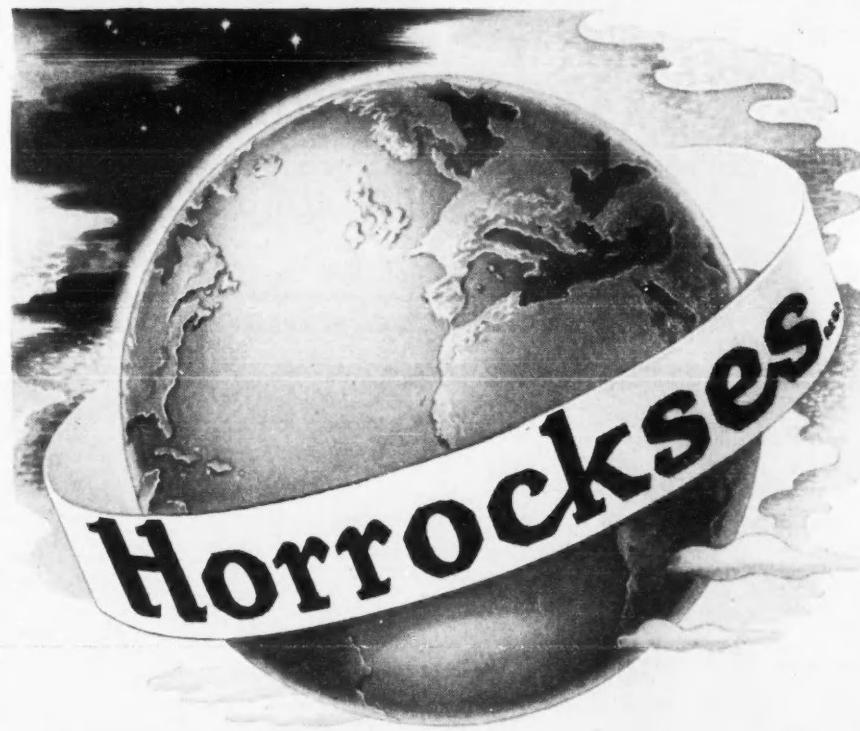
3042—Misses' slip including transfer in sizes 12-20. Size 16: 2 1/2 of 35". Price 25c.

2999—Two-piece pyjamas and coat in sizes 12-20. Size 16, Pyjamas: 4 1/2 of 35". Coat: 4 1/2 of 35". Price 25c.

3017—Misses' blouse in sizes 12-20. Size 16: 2 1/2 of 35". Price 25c.

2963—Hat and bag in one size: 1 1/2 of 35" or 39" material with or without nap. Price 25c.

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"My hands were almost frostbitten in July"

says EVELYN KEYES, Columbia Pictures star, co-starred with DICK POWELL in "MRS. MIKE"—Released thru United Artists



When I was filming "Mrs. Mike", we actually used real snow on the sets. While the rest of the country was sweltering in summer heat, I spent day after frostbitten day working in machine-made snow drifts at sub-freezing temperatures...



In scenes like this, with Dick Powell, my hands froze...



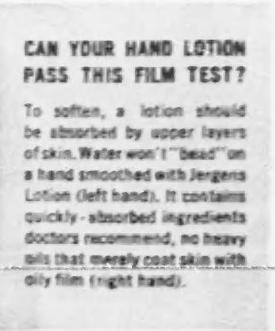
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that," she said and got in the taxi beside the old man.

"Should I have?" she asked as they sped through the cold.

"Of course," Grandfather Talbot said firmly. "I like that boy, you know that. He's going places. But tonight you'd better tell him who you are. He was talking as we had lunch together."

"You pumped him," Valerie accused gently.

"Maybe. I know he's come up the hard way, and that kind is always more sensitive than the rest. So you'd better tell him."

Happily Valerie closed her eyes. "I will. But it was nice to be noticed because I'm me—just because I'm me."

The old man patted her knees affectionately. "I'm going to sell. The rest want their money, and I know Paul will be good for the Store. I'm going to make one condition—that they make him Managing Director and leave him up here."

"Because he'll always let you keep a finger in?" Valerie asked gently. The old man nodded tiredly.

WHEN VALERIE ran to the corner at seven, through a fine powder snow, Paul Farnham was waiting before a horse-drawn sleigh, a little sheepishly. The bells tinkled as the horse threshed about in the cold. "Do you mind? I've been wanting to ride in one of these since they first appeared, but hadn't the nerve somehow. I thought after dinner we could go up on Mount Royal—that place they don't allow cars to go."

"I'd like that, too," Valerie said softly. "It's been years since I've done it."

They ate by candlelight at a small café down East called Chez Ma Tante, and after, as they cantered along the icy lower level streets, Paul's arm about her shoulders steadied her, and when they turned onto the smooth mountain road, it stayed.

They got out in the compound before the Chalet at the top. Paul swept a section of parapet free of snow with a gloved hand and they leaned there looking down on Montreal, so snug and peaceful in winter white. And Paul began to speak, quietly, almost as though thinking aloud. He loved Montreal, every sprawling inch of it on its island in the broad St. Lawrence. He hoped he could live his life out right here. Valerie was glad to see Grandfather Talbot had given no inkling as yet of his decision. Tonight would be theirs, without complication.

But she expressed surprise that he, a young American, felt that way about Canada. Did he not know that ambitious young Canadians headed for the States as soon as they were able for the chances they considered quicker and bigger below the border? Oh yes, he knew that, but he felt the tide was on the turn. He might be among the first, but he would see others who felt as he did, that Canada was perhaps the last frontier of adventure and opportunity on the continent.

Valerie felt warm and grateful to her native city as they returned to the sleigh and slid through the night, past the stark winter birches downward. She had an odd feeling that they belonged to each other a little from that moment of shared thought, and when he kissed her the only surprise she felt was the unexpected response of her whole self.



MAI (my) ZETTERLING

Glamor Is A Part-Time Thing



Comes a year-end, the custom is to make up lists and issue forecasts. On British films this season, these will be passing strange.

★ ★ ★

Who could guess that Mai Zetterling would be scoring twin hits as the super-blondie of QUARTET and the pathetic amnesiac of PORTRAIT FROM LIFE? Her next is LOST PEOPLE.

★ ★ ★

In this, she again intrigues audiences by proving that, given brains, beauty and personality, glamor can be cultivated like cucumbers or rubbed on and rubbed off like lipstick.

★ ★ ★

Even odder is the undisputed fact that the British in this day of crisis, are coming up with the most refreshing new comedy style since W. C. Fields. This consists of taking highly original ideas and tearing them into very small pieces with a straight face.

★ ★ ★

After PASSPORT TO PIMLICO, added evidence: KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS or Eight Murders in Three-Quarter Time; TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND or Scottish Humor May Be Taken With Or Without Water; CHILTERN HUNDREDS (Possibly to be called YES M'LORD or something quite different) or Strange Bedfellows Make Politics.

★ ★ ★

The curiosity of the last six seasons is the suspense-thriller, OBSESSION, also called THE HIDDEN ROOM. It looks as if it was based on Britain's sensational acid-bath killings. But the film was almost finished before the culminating crime even occurred; then banned till an actual murderer could be caught, convicted and hanged.

★ ★ ★

In ANIMALAND, cartoon country, peopled by David Hand characters, an amiable squirrel named Ginger Nutt in 1949 outdistanced the pack in popularity. For the monthly THIS MODERN AGE subject, the heaviest audience demand now comes from teen-agers who want facts but want them guaranteed straight.

To be sure you see these J. Arthur Rank films, ask for the playdates at your local theatre.

On  Release

The spell was unbroken as she lay at last in bed, marveling that in so few hours one's life could resolve itself into a purpose and a hope. When she remembered she had not explained who she was, the fact seemed unimportant.

Next night Paul drove them to the corner near the house again. As by arrangement, Grandfather Talbot trudged along as Paul held her back. He understood the wedding rehearsal was to be held at the church tonight, but might be over by nine. If he were waiting would she come down to his place for coffee before a wood fire? Valerie looked into his overbright eyes, felt the restrained elation in him and knew Grandfather Talbot had told him about his plans. "Yes," she said quickly. "I'll come."

The rehearsal went smoothly because everybody had other engagements. Valerie slipped out 10 minutes before nine, but Paul was waiting. He did not speak as he manoeuvred the little car down the icy slopes to Sherbrooke's welcome level. Then he merely said, "Hello!" and touched her hands clasped in her lap. He turned them finally into the courtyard of one of Montreal's most feudal midtown apartment blocks. His place was on the top floor. He took her things in the little foyer and sent her along to the living room where she saw the flames of a fire leaping warmly. When she offered to help him get the coffee he said no. He wanted to find her waiting when he came in.

She sank onto the thick rug before the fire, and sat back on her heels. He came soon and stooped to put the tray on the hearth, then dropped down beside her. He started to pour the coffee, then placed the pot back meticulously and took her in his arms. He held her a long moment before he kissed her. Then the words burst from him.

"Val, the old fellow's going to sign—on condition they let me stay and run the Store. Val, can you know what it means that a man like Old Mr. T likes what I've done enough to be willing to have me go on?"

"Yes. I can understand, Paul."

"Now I must know about you. I got from him all he would tell me—he said I must ask you. He did say there had been someone—who didn't come back from the war."

"He must have meant Hugh. I was never in love with Hugh, Paul. We grew up next door to each other. I was hurt when he was killed. I'll always miss him a little, but it hadn't had time to be love. It might have meant

marriage if no one had come along for either of us."

"It sounds as if it could have been a good marriage, Val. Same backgrounds, same goals. I—I almost made a fool of myself a year or so back. A vice-president's daughter, a poor little rich girl. I realized my mistake in time, but she didn't. Her father was annoyed and I stayed on the same rung longer because of her. But you, Val, and me, I think we are right for each other. I've watched you—your patience with an old man who must be trying at times. With the children at the Store, under the most impossible of conditions—you're sweet and tender. And in my arms, Val, you're all I want for Christmas, but I want you very badly."

The leaping firelight hid the fact Valerie had lost all color. She avoided his arms. Now, she told herself—tell him now before he says anything else, before he touches you again. Tell him now.

"Paul, remember the day I burst in on you so rudely—it was just three days ago."

He smiled. "I know. You blinded me with the sudden sight of your bright hair."

She licked dry lips. "I didn't tell you I was his nurse, Paul. You assumed it because I was concerned about his health. Things happened so quickly, but for years now one of the family has been with him all the time—they take turns. Paul, I'm his granddaughter too. It's my older sister who's being married tomorrow. I'm Valerie Dunstan—Talbot, and I love you."

PAUL FARNHAM did not move, scarcely did he seem to breathe. Never had Valerie seen a human being so still. His face went putty-colored, then pokerdead. When he moved at last, even violently, it was relief to her. He rose quickly, awkwardly, almost in recoil. He looked down at her as if doubting his eyes as well as his ears, then he turned and beat fisted hands upon the mantelpiece.

"Why, Paul—" Valerie rose and turned him to face her, then was sorry she had.

"Was it amusing, Miss Talbot? Did the Talbots all enjoy it—the Talbots who would not even meet me for a business discussion but sent instead battery after battery of Scottish lawyers to attend to their affairs?" He shook himself free of her hand. "Tell your Grandfather it won't work. If he still

Continued on page 84

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Meet the Author

Mada Gage Bolton makes her first bow—fictionwise—in a Canadian magazine with her delightful Christmas story, Santa Claus is a Private Affair (for beginning see page 8). Its authentic wintry atmosphere comes naturally, for Montreal is the writer's home town. Besides housekeeping for a husband and two daughters—and the Boltons, she tells us, are a hobby family—she is an enthusiastic member of the local short story club, an active, producing group which includes that well-known writing team, Margaret and Leslie Gordon Barnard.



The thing to do when too much work or play leaves muscles creak and lame is rub on **Absorbine Jr.** Rub it on those torture-spots and *clock* how fast it brings relief!

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Your Family Isn't Fireproof

by John Caulfield Smith

Editor, Home Planning Department

LAST Christmas Eve a proud daddy bought an electric train for his little boy. He set it up in the living room and was amusing himself watching it circle the track when suddenly the mechanism short-circuited, showering sparks on some cotton-batting snow heaped under the Christmas tree. The "snow" burst into flames and in an instant the tree was ablaze.

Calling to his wife to phone the fire department, the father quickly pushed back the chesterfield and chairs and, with rare presence of mind, kicked the flaming tree toward the centre of the room. The wires holding the tree upright were broken, and as it fell he succeeded in throwing the carpet around it, smothering the blaze. Outside of a scorched ceiling and a ruined rug, there appeared to be no sign of damage.

The firemen, however, thought of something the parents had forgotten. "What about the little boy?" asked the chief. "Why, he's in his room upstairs. Didn't even wake up!" "Well," said the chief, "I think we'd better take a look at him." They did. The little fellow was unconscious. The brief, fierce blaze had sent deadly gases roaring upstairs, through the open door and into the bedroom.

Aided by an inhalator and artificial respiration, the firemen succeeded in restoring the boy's breathing. But had

they not been called, and had the child's condition not been promptly discovered, the ending to the story might have been a sad one.

Often people forget that fire can kill without burning. It only takes a whiff or two of superheated air to sear your lungs. Poisonous gases generated by burning wood, wool or other fabrics can do the job just as quickly. Thus, persons on the upper floors of houses die without being aware a blaze has broken out.

Last year nearly 500 Canadians—over 200 of them children—lost their lives in fires. Thousands of others were injured, some for life. Additional scores of less serious outbreaks helped raise the total damage to almost \$70 millions.

This is a shocking record. And it is particularly reprehensible that so many fatal fires occur during the otherwise happy period extending from a few days before Christmas to a few weeks after New Year's. The majority result from hazards that exist only at the festive season, and from human carelessness that wouldn't be tolerated at any other time. To help prevent such disasters, here are timely suggestions for you to follow.

The Tree

Make sure your tree is a fresh one. Buy it as near Christmas as possible, and leave it outdoors till the time to

decorate it. During the first day or two it won't catch fire any more readily than one growing in the woods, but as it dries it becomes increasingly dangerous.

The tree may be kept fresh by mounting it in the type of stand which enables it to be set in a pan of water. The base should be cut at a 45-degree angle to permit the tree to absorb the maximum amount of water. Don't add any so-called fireproofing chemicals. Plain water will do a better job.

Steady the tree by means of inconspicuous wires attached to the wall, and place it so that if it should fall, it cannot block living-room exits. It's not necessary, perhaps, to point out that your tree should be kept away from stoves, radiators and other sources of heat. A corner free from curtains or hangings should be your choice.

With so many friends dropping in to visit, there are common-sense smoking precautions you can follow. Provide lots of extra ash trays, and if someone is smoking dangerously near the tree, suggest the effect is prettier a few paces back.

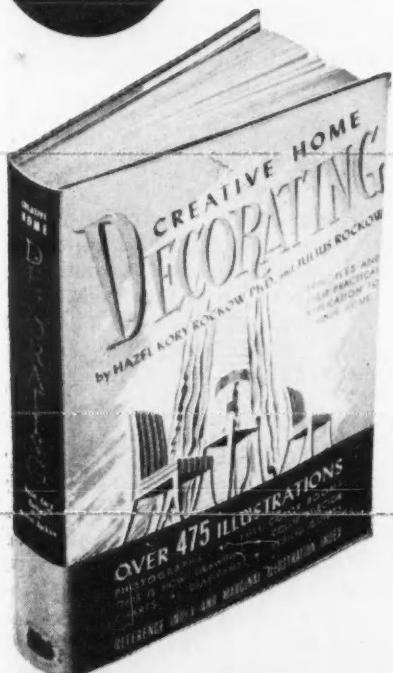
These general precautions will lessen the fire hazard. But even so the Christmas tree, surrounded by flammable cotton, laden with decorations and gifts, may catch fire through a short circuit or a flicked match. Be prepared if it should flame up. Don't panic. Get

If your house should catch fire, don't panic! Get the kids out and phone the fire department before you try to extinguish the flames.

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the children out of the house and call the fire department (that number should be at your finger tip). Then do what you can to quench the blaze.

The Lights

Candles are rarely found on Christmas trees today. Instead, they are used more and more as table tapers, or as decorations in mantelpiece groupings or window displays. Many are now made in a variety of shapes—angels, Santas, bells—and are handled as though they were figurines.

No matter how peaceful the candle-light looks—never forget it is an open flame! So use common sense when you artistically combine candles, "snow" and pine boughs. For security, drip a few wax drops into the candleholder, then wedge the taper into it. Heat from your fireplace could topple one set on the mantel.

Check the wiring of colored electric lights, since a short circuit could easily wrap the tree in flames. Last year in Winnipeg, Christmas tree lights with plastic colored wiring caused a serious blaze. When the covering was tested by fire department experts it was found to ignite as quickly as celluloid. The plastic industry is taking steps to see that this sort of thing doesn't happen again. Meantime, play safe and buy only those tree lights which have been properly approved. This same advice applies to the purchase of heat-operated toys and electrical gadgets.

Fuses also require caution. If you put too many lights on one circuit, the heavy load will cause the fuse to blow. The remedy is to eliminate some of the lights and replace the blown fuse with another of the same size and rating; usually a 15-ampere one. Never use a coin, hairpin or the like. If you do, there's no protection from overloading. A short circuit could quickly kindle a fire in the wall that would keep your local firemen busy.

The Fireplace

A blazing hearth is a delight at this season . . . provided it's safely placed behind a fire screen. Too often fireplaces neglected all the rest of the year are piled high with Yule logs or special joy logs to add to the pleasure of the day. And too often trouble follows.

The Decorations

It's essential to use fire-resistant decorations in your home. Terrible tragedies have occurred when fire flashed across rooms filled with flimsy, easily ignited hangings. Insist upon flameproof materials—most stores have metal, glass and asbestos decorations that are every bit as effective as those of the hazardous paper, cotton and celluloid type.

Cotton batting and paper costumes catch fire easily and burn with great intensity. Santa Claus whiskers have caused many Christmas tragedies. If you can't locate the noninflammable kind, flameproof what you have by dipping them in a clear solution of boracic acid and borax, mixed in equal proportions.

Christmas tissue wrapping paper is gay and colorful—but burns like tinder. As gifts are opened, all paper and string should be gathered into a scrapbasket specially provided for this purpose. Empty this into a covered refuse can outdoors as frequently as needed.

Prevention of fire should have a place in your Christmas planning. +

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See the new giant size bowl in this set of four mixing bowls—clear and sparkling PYREX. No end of other uses because they're heat-resistant for oven use, perfect for food storage and so pretty on the table for salads or fruit. Smartly boxed all ready for gifting and only \$2.50.

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**If you bake at home—
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Full-Strength—Goes Right to Work

Modern Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast keeps for weeks and weeks right on your pantry shelf. It's fast—it's ACTIVE. All you do is:

1. In a small amount (usually specified) of lukewarm water, dissolve

- thoroughly 1 teaspoon sugar for each envelope of yeast.
- Sprinkle with dry yeast. Let stand 10 minutes.
- THEN stir well. (The water used with the yeast counts as part of the total liquid called for in your recipe.)

Next time you bake, insist on Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Keep several weeks' supply on hand. There's nothing like it for delicious soft-textured breads, rolls, dessert breads—such as all the family loves!

CINNAMON BUNS

Makes 2½ dozen

Measure into large bowl

1 cup lukewarm water

2 teaspoons granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of

2 envelopes Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.

In the meantime, scald

1 cup milk

Remove from heat and stir in

½ cup granulated sugar

1¼ teaspoons salt

6 tablespoons shortening

Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast mixture.

Stir in 2 well-beaten eggs

Stir in 3 cups once-sifted bread flour and beat until smooth; work in

3 cups more once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. While dough is rising, combine

1½ cups brown sugar

(lightly pressed down)

3 teaspoons ground cinnamon

1 cup washed and dried seedless raisins



Shortcuts to Festive Food

by Jane Monteith

THE TRIMMINGS for your Christmas dinner should be, and can be, a pleasure to you as well as your family. It's merely a question of timing—of knowing what you want to do and organizing things well ahead. The Institute has found that the festive touches for the holiday meal can be planned long before Christmas. You can prepare most of the food the day before. Then you'll have the great day itself free to enjoy.

* * *

For example, here's a simple recipe for a work-free Christmas day:

INGREDIENTS: Turkey and all the fixings.

PREPARATION: Two or three days before Christmas—make the cranberry sauce and the hard sauce for the pudding and store both, covered, in the refrigerator; work out a detailed cooking timetable for Christmas day.

On the day before Christmas—stuff the bird; wash and trim the vegetables; cut fruit for the cocktail; make the fancy garnishes and wrap them in twists of waxed paper; cook the giblets for the gravy. Store everything, suitably covered, in the refrigerator or some other cool place. (You may have to eat out of cans for a day or so before Christmas because of a bulging refrigerator, but it's worth it.) Set the table.

METHOD: On Christmas Day proceed in this order: First the turkey goes into the oven; next, put the pudding on to steam; later cook the vegetables (the potatoes still in their jackets); finally, peel and mash the potatoes, make the gravy and then serve dinner.

* * *

Garnishes for the Christmas dinner can be simple, yet very effective. You can "deck a dish with holly" made from maraschino cherries: Cut "leaves" from green cherries, then chop a quarter cup of red ones and store, tightly covered, in the refrigerator until needed. Just before serving, arrange two or three "leaves" and serve bunches of "berries" on each fruit cup or grapefruit half you're using for a first course.

* * *

There are two schools of thought about cranberry sauce. Should it be sauce—or jelly? If there's a division of opinion in your family, make the jelly in a ring mold and serve the sauce in the centre. Please everyone.



A similar controversy exists about the kind of stuffing for the turkey and the type of gravy for the mashed potatoes. So—stuff the neck of the bird with one kind of dressing and the body with another. Make plain gravy, then add giblets to half of it.

* * *

Which should you make first, the gravy or the mashed potatoes? Why, the potatoes of course. Then drop them by serving spoonfuls onto a greased cookie sheet and brown them in the oven while you make the gravy. Range the potato mounds round your bowl of cubed, buttered and brown-sugared turnips. Very pretty and oh, so easy to serve.

* * *

If you have celery on hand, save the greenest leaves to garnish the turkey. They're just as attractive as parsley sprigs and will eliminate one item from your shopping list.

* * *

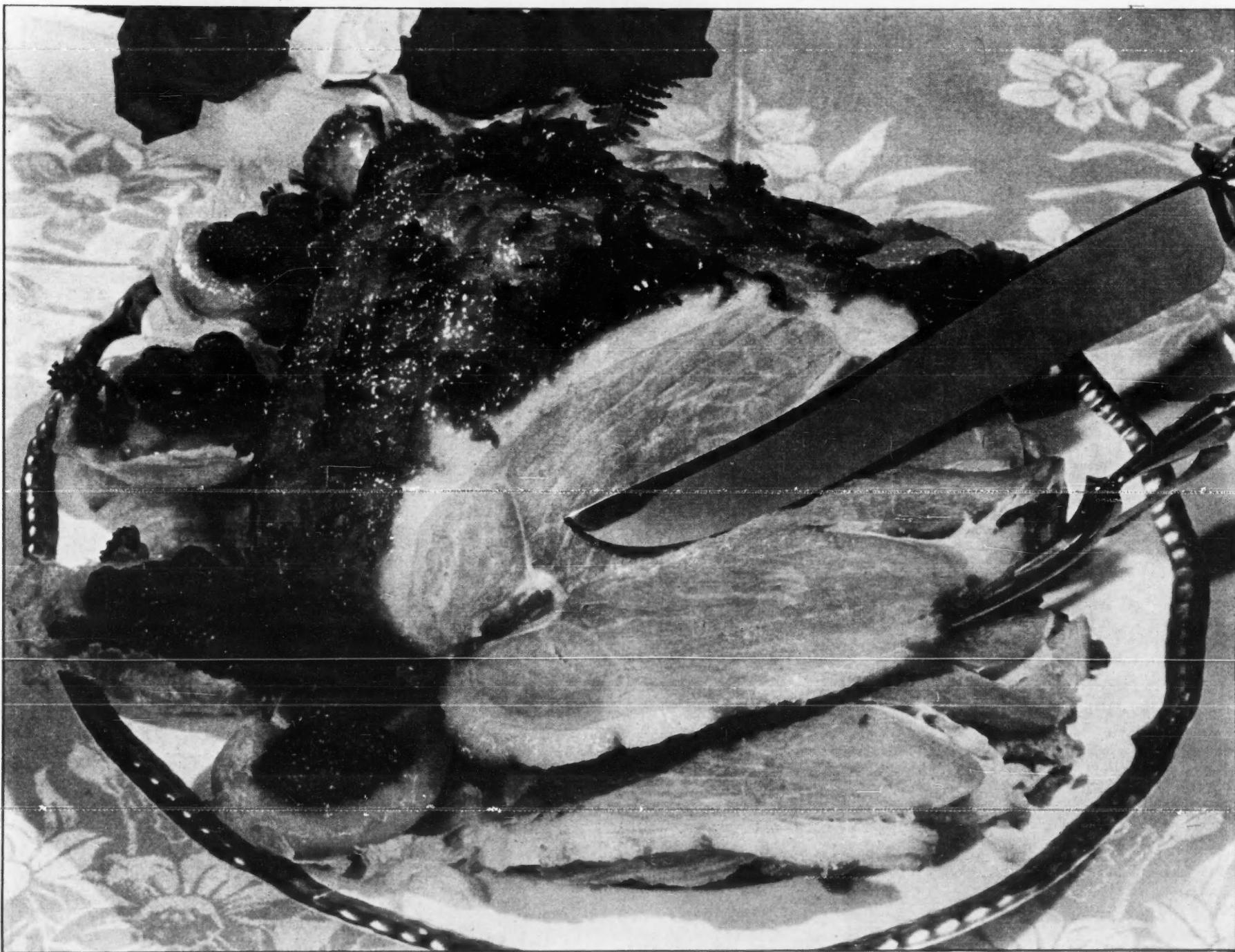
Will you be expecting "unexpected" guests on Christmas Day? If you keep the glasses (and the sherry or a fruit drink to go in them) in a handy spot and store a quantity of cut Christmas cake (carefully wrapped in several layers of waxed paper) near the cookie supply, you'll be ready to serve lovely refreshments at any time.

* * *

Canned liver (the kind designed for babies) makes a wonderful base for hurry-up holiday snacks. Pep it up with a bit of chopped onion, salt, pepper and mayonnaise or canned mushroom soup. Keep it in a covered container in the refrigerator ready to spread on crackers or toast rounds. The other canned chopped baby meats, with additional seasonings, can be used for delicious holiday sandwiches or canapes.

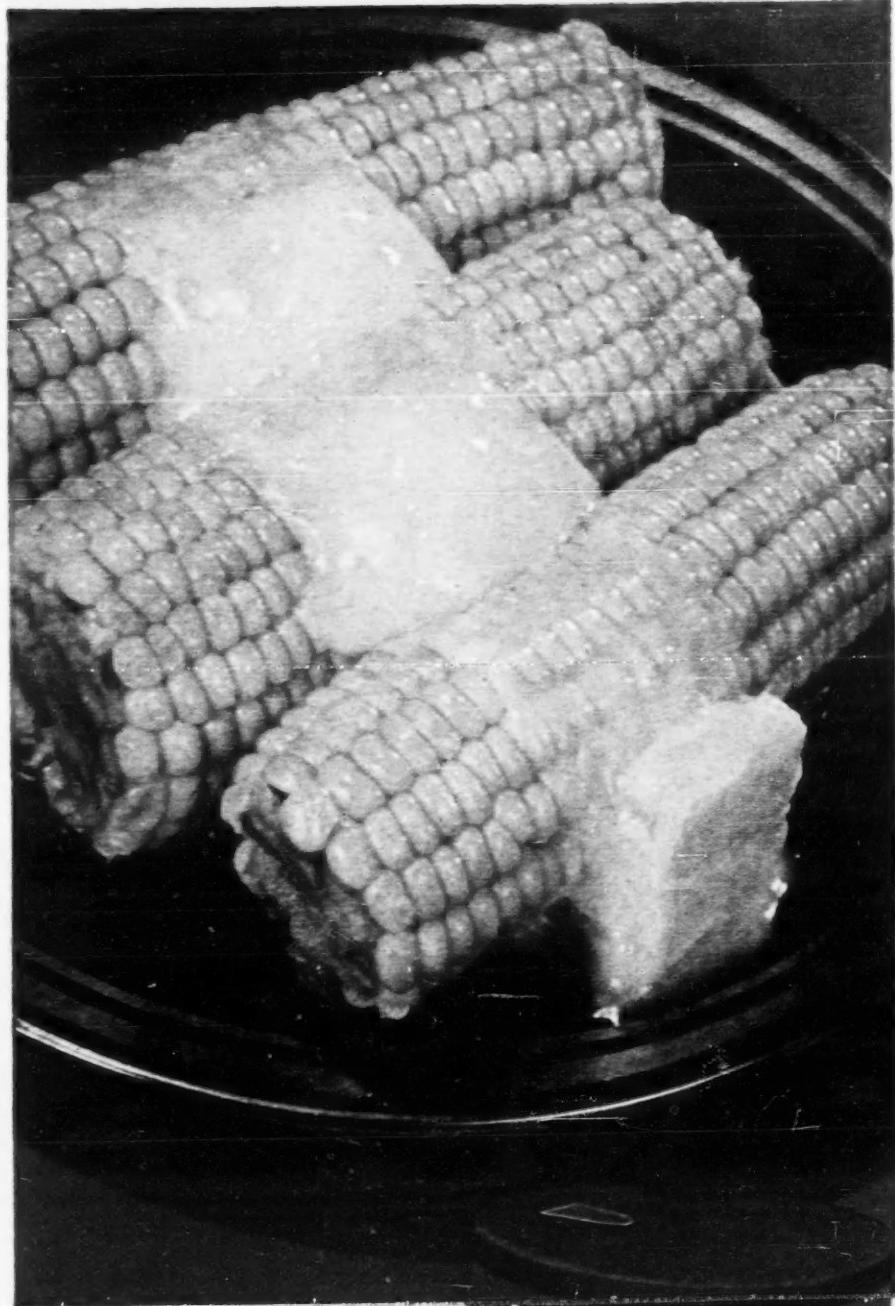


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SCIVING CANADIANS
THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Three Ways to Carving Success

by **Marie Holmes,**
Director Chatelaine Institute

CARVING THE TURKEY begins in the roaster, I always say. The bird is much easier to carve if it's had long, slow cooking—no cover, no searing, no water, no basting. A 300-degree oven for 3½ to 4 hours is best for a 10- to 12-pounder. Put it on a board for kitchen carving but for the table give it a roomy platter—legs of the bird to the carver's right.





WHETHER YOU STAND or sit to carve you'll need proper tools. I prefer a long-handled, well-curved two-tined fork to hold the bird steady. A really sharp carving knife is a must. I choose one that's hollow-ground with a nine-inch blade and pointed curved tip. Another knife, with five-inch thin blade, is fine for getting between the thighbone socket and the carcass. You can use it to detach the wings, too. Don't forget a big spoon for the stuffing!



WITH THE FORK firmly inserted in the breast, you are ready to carve the white meat. Deep, thin slices cut right down from the top of the breast will give you more servings. Do not use sawing back and forth motion. A word to those seated round the table: Do direct your attention (and conversation, too) away from the carver!

47 OUT OF 71 OFFICE WOMEN CHOSE HEINZ IN COMPARATIVE TEST WITH WELL-KNOWN BRAND

A vote of exactly two-thirds of a group of women office workers in favour of Heinz Vegetable Soup should start some thinking and comparing on the part of those who habitually buy some other brand.

These 71 women were served two brands of soup, identified only by numbers, and as in the case of six similar taste tests the verdict was overwhelmingly for Heinz.

Try a taste test yourself. Heat a tin of Heinz Soup and a tin of any other leading brand and let your family compare them. Then you will know what you have been missing. Once you have tasted the wonderful difference you will agree that Heinz Soups, like all Heinz products, are unrivalled in flavour.

At your grocer's look for the two newest varieties—Heinz Puree Mongole and Heinz Chicken Gumbo. Both are taste treats you will enjoy.





CREAMY PEACH WHIP

Dissolve Lemon Lushus in 1 cup boiling water. Add 1 cup peach syrup. When commencing to set whip until fluffy. Fold in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, whipped, and 1 can peaches, drained and diced, reserving a few halves for garnishing. Place a peach half on bottom of mold. Pour in mixture and chill. Unmold, garnish with peaches and whipped cream. Serves 8.

It's just like magic, the many, many surprising desserts you can serve so easily with Shirriff's Lushus. Surprising too the extra zip and tang you enjoy only in Lushus.

Every flavour is as lively as the new picked fruit . . . because it's sealed liquid-fresh in the flavour "Bud".

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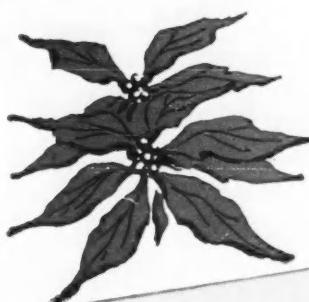


ANOTHER TREAT— SHIRRIFF'S "BUD" DESSERTS

Chocolate, Butterscotch, Caramel, Vanilla. They make the grandest desserts—also delicious pies, tarts and fillings. Extra creamy and rich with the flavour sealed fresh in the flavour "Bud".



Four Menus



Menu 1

- *Fried Turkey Patties
- Hashed Brown Potatoes
- *Savory Spinach
- Pickled Beets
- Christmas Snow Pie
- Coffee Tea

Menu 2

- *Creamed Ham, Mushrooms and Rice
- Baked Squash
- Green Beans
- Mustard Relish
- *Baked Orange Pudding
- Coffee Tea

Fried Turkey Patties

1 cup thick white sauce
2 cups chopped cooked turkey
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon celery salt
Few grains cayenne
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley
Dry bread crumbs
1 egg, beaten
3 tablespoons dripping or shortening

PREPARATION: Make thick white sauce: Melt 4 tablespoons butter in top of double boiler. Add $\frac{1}{3}$ cup flour, salt and pepper to taste and blend well. Gradually add milk and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Cool.

METHOD: Combine chopped turkey, seasoning, lemon juice, parsley and white sauce and mix well. Chill and shape into patties. Coat thoroughly in bread crumbs, dip in beaten egg and then roll in bread crumbs again. Heat fat in frying pan; add patties and brown thoroughly on both sides.

Yield: 4 to 6 servings.
Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Creamed Ham, Mushrooms and Rice

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup raw rice
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1 cup diced cooked ham (or canned meat)
Dash of pepper

PREPARATION: Put rice into a $2\frac{1}{2}$ -quart saucepan almost filled with salted, boiling water. Do not cover and keep boiling vigorously for about 15 minutes until rice is tender but not mushy. Drain well.

METHOD: Heat soup in a saucepan until smooth, stirring constantly. Add rice, meat and pepper and mix well. Heat thoroughly.

Yield: 4 to 5 servings.
Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Baked Orange Pudding

1½ tablespoons butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
2½ tablespoons flour
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
2 eggs, separated
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated orange rind

METHOD: Cream butter, add sugar, flour and salt. Beat egg yolks well, add milk and orange juice and combine with first mixture. Add lemon juice and orange rind. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into mixture. Turn into a buttered baking dish, set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 25 to 30 minutes or until set in the centre. This pudding has its own sauce at the bottom. Serve warm or cold.

Yield: 4 to 5 servings.
Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Savory Spinach

Cook 1 pound of spinach in as little water as possible. Drain off water and save liquid. Melt 1 tablespoon butter in a frying pan and add 3 tablespoons chopped onion. Fry until golden-brown. Stir in 1 tablespoon flour, blending well, then add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup spinach water (making up liquid with water if necessary). Season and cook until consistency of thin gravy. Stir in spinach and serve garnished with 2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced.

Yield: 4 servings.
Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

for Christmas Week



Menu 3

- *Beef Upside-Down Pie
- Mashed Potatoes
- Cubed Turnips
- Raw Relish Sticks
- *Cranberry Tapioca Pudding
- Coffee
- Tea

Menu 4

- *Salmon Soufflé
- Creamed Potatoes
- Green Peas and Onion Rings
- *Apple Gingerbread
- *Nutmeg Sauce
- Coffee
- Tea

Beef Upside-down Pie

1 pound ground beef
1 cup bread crumbs
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons milk
1 tablespoon fat
2 medium-size onions, sliced
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato paste
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water
1 teaspoon sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups baking powder
biscuit mixture
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk

METHOD: Combine beef, crumbs, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons milk and shape into 6 patties. Brown in the fat and cook through. Brown onions in the drippings and put into a greased $1\frac{1}{2}$ -quart casserole with the patties. Combine tomato paste, water and seasonings and pour over the meat. Then combine the biscuit mixture with the $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk and roll out $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick to fit casserole. Place on top of meat and bake in hot oven (425 degrees F.) for 15 minutes. Invert on platter. Yield: 6 to 8 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Cranberry Tapioca Pudding

Wash 2 cups cranberries and put in saucepan. Add 1 cup of water and simmer until all berries have burst—about 10 minutes. Add 1 cup sugar and bring to boil. Drain berries and add enough water to make 2 cups liquid. Combine 3 tablespoons minute-type tapioca, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt and cranberry liquid and mix well. Cook until tapioca becomes transparent, stirring constantly. Add cranberries and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated orange rind. Cool. Serve with cream. Yield: 6 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Salmon Soufflé

1-pound can salmon
5 tablespoons butter
5 tablespoons flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg
Few grains pepper
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk
2 eggs, separated

METHOD: Drain salmon and flake it. Melt butter, add flour, salt, nutmeg and pepper, blending well. Add milk slowly and cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Add sauce to flaked salmon and beat with an egg beater until well blended. Add egg yolks and beat well. Beat egg whites until stiff, then fold into mixture. Pour into a greased $1\frac{1}{2}$ -quart casserole and bake in moderate oven (325 degrees F.) for 45 minutes. Yield: 6 to 8 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Apple Gingerbread

Line the bottoms of well-greased muffin tins or individual baking dishes with sliced apples. Sprinkle with sugar (about $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon per serving) and two thirds fill with your favorite gingerbread mix. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) about 15 minutes. Serve warm with nutmeg sauce.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Nutmeg Sauce

$\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
1 cup boiling water
1 tablespoon butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg

METHOD: Mix sugar, cornstarch and salt in saucepan. Add boiling water and cook 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and add butter and nutmeg. Serve warm. Yield: about 1 cup.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

"My Christmas Dinner is half-ready now... thanks to Aylmer"

Let Aylmer add the "trimmin's" to your Christmas Dinner, too!

Let Aylmer add those bright notes . . . the tangy, colorful jellies . . . the rich red glow of tomato juice . . . the tempting green of olives.

Let Aylmer heap turkey-piled plates with golden corn, wax beans, or the fresh green of peas.

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- ✓ Aylmer Tomato Juice Cocktail
- ✓ Aylmer Maraschino Cherries
- ✓ Aylmer Red Currant Jelly
- ✓ Aylmer Olives
- ✓ Aylmer Onions and Pickles
- ✓ Aylmer Dew Drop Peas, Golden Wax Beans and Golden Corn Kernels
- ✓ Aylmer Mincemeat
- ✓ Aylmer Glacé Cherries
- ✓ Aylmer Cut Mixed Peel
- ✓ Aylmer Peaches
- ✓ Aylmer Strawberries

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Pies and Cookie Recipes

Continued from page 13

Mince Lemon Meringue Pie

1 (9-inch) unbaked pie shell
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons cornstarch
1 cup cold water
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 eggs yolks, beaten
2 cups mincemeat

Meringue

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
2 egg whites
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cream of tartar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind

METHOD: Prepare pastry shell and put in refrigerator while making filling. Combine sugar, salt and cornstarch, gradually add water and cook, stirring constantly, until thick and clear. Remove from heat, add lemon juice and beaten egg yolks. Stir until smooth. Fold in mincemeat. Turn into unbaked pie shell and bake in a moderately hot oven (400 degrees F.) for 30 minutes. Remove from oven and make meringue. Add salt to egg whites and beat until foamy. Add cream of tartar and beat until stiff. Gradually beat in sugar, a little at a time. Fold in lemon rind and spread over baked pie. Lightly brown in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve warm.

NOTE: To decorate pie for Christmas: Cut out pastry holly leaves using cardboard pattern and bake until lightly browned. When cold, brush with egg white and sprinkle with green-colored sugar. Place around edge of baked pie. Arrange cherries in groups of 3 between leaves.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Raisin Sponge Pie

1 (8-inch) unbaked pie shell
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups washed seedless raisins
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg
2 egg yolks, beaten
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup thin cream
1 tablespoon melted butter
2 tablespoons corn syrup
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

METHOD: Prepare pastry shell and allow to stand in refrigerator while making filling. Measure washed raisins into large mixing bowl, add brown sugar, salt and spices. Combine well. To beaten egg yolks add cream, melted butter, corn syrup, vinegar and vanilla. Blend together and pour into raisin mixture, stirring well. Fold in beaten egg whites. Turn into pie shell and bake in hot oven (400 degrees F.) for 5 minutes. Reduce temperature to 350 degrees and bake 20 to 25 minutes.

NOTE: To decorate pie for Christmas: Before baking cut extra pastry into long strips about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide. Moisten edge of pie shell. Twist strips gently and place around rim of pie, pressing gently against moistened edge. Twist another long strip and coil around on top of fill-

ing. When serving, place sprig of holly in centre or insert small candle holder with candle. Light candle just before bringing pie to table.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Christmas Snow Pie

1 deep 9-inch baked pie shell
OR 2 shallow 8-inch baked pie shells.
4 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons cornstarch
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
3 egg whites
3 tablespoons sugar
 $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon mild peppermint flavoring
Whipping cream
 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1 square bitter chocolate, grated

METHOD: Mix cornstarch and sugar in top part of double boiler, add boiling water gradually and cook over direct heat, stirring constantly, until thick and clear. Place over boiling water and cook for 10 minutes longer. Add salt to egg whites and beat until stiff, gradually add the sugar and continue beating until creamy. Fold in peppermint flavoring. Pour hot cornstarch mixture slowly over egg whites, folding in until well blended. Cool slightly, then turn into cold baked pie shells. Chill in refrigerator. Just before serving, cover with whipped cream and sprinkle with grated chocolate.

NOTE: To decorate pie for Christmas: To $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of unwhipped whipping cream, add 2 tablespoons sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cocoa, combine and allow to stand in refrigerator for a couple of hours. Just before serving pie, beat cocoa cream until stiff. Outline a large star on chilled pie filling, using sharp knife. Fill in centre of star with whipped cocoa cream, or simply outline star using pastry tube or cake decorator. For 2 pies, double the amount of whipping cream, sugar and cocoa.

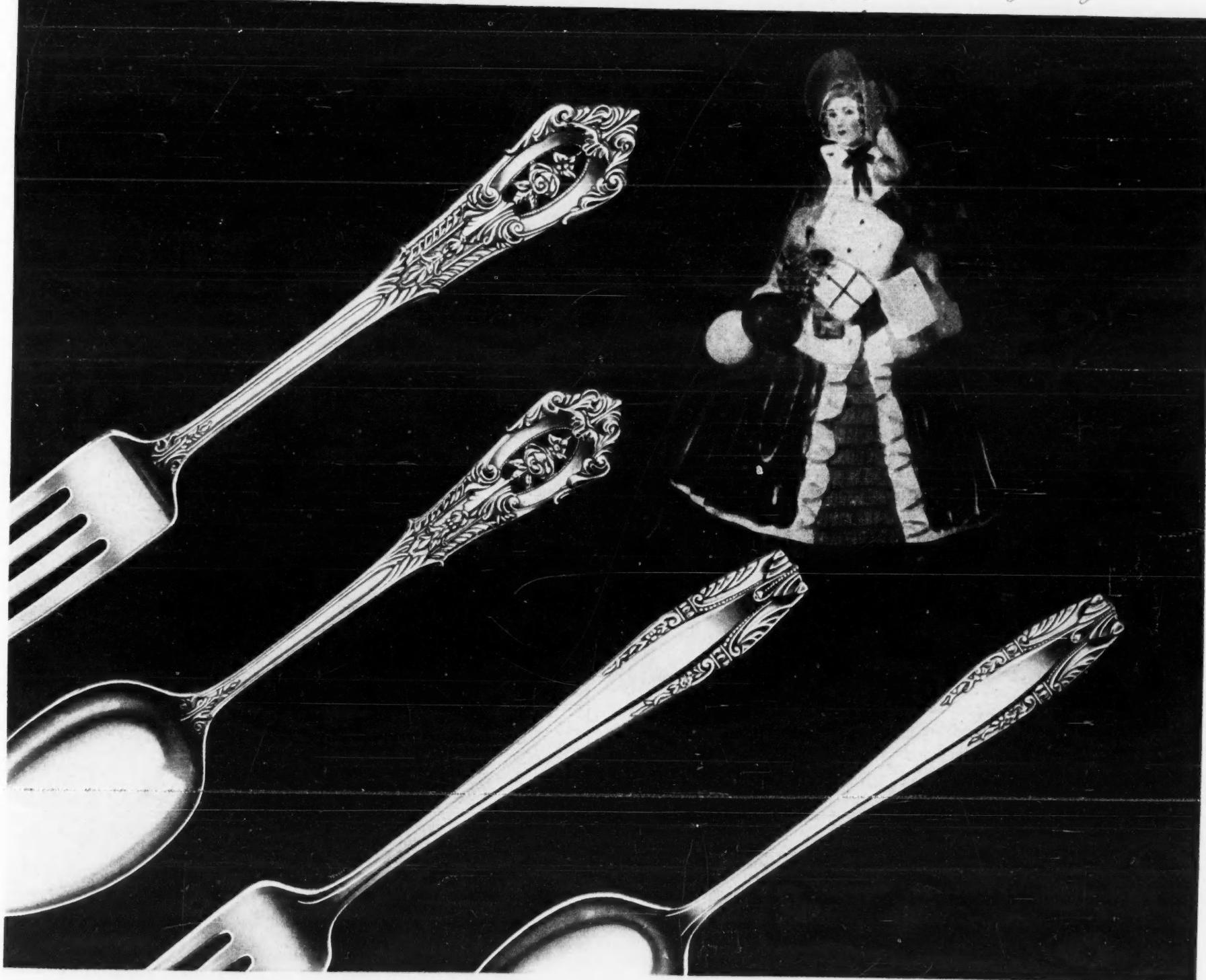
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Christmas Refrigerator Cookies

$\frac{2}{3}$ cups sifted bread flour
OR $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted pastry flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking soda
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sliced, blanched almonds
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced red and green cherries
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft butter or margarine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft shortening
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon extract
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond extract
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar
2 eggs, well beaten

METHOD: Sift together sifted flour, baking powder, baking soda and salt onto piece of waxed paper. Add nuts and cherries and mix well. Cream butter or margarine and shortening until fluffy. Add flavorings. Gradually add sugars, mixing until creamy. Add beaten eggs and combine well. Add dry ingredients, combining thoroughly. Chill dough $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour. Shape chilled dough into rolls 2 inches in diameter. Wrap in waxed paper. Chill at least 8 hours in refrigerator. Using sharp knife slice

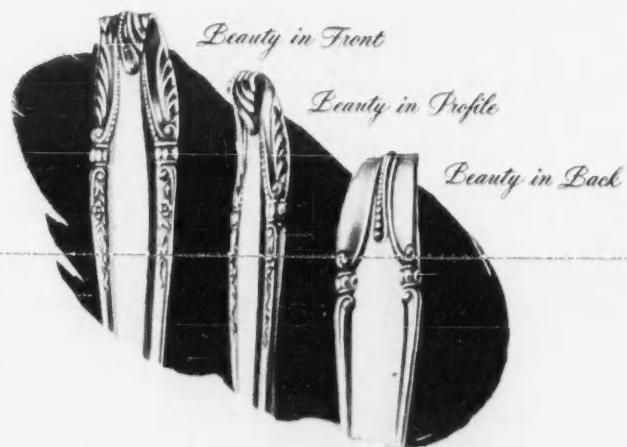
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dough into $\frac{1}{8}$ inch slices. Arrange on ungreased cookie sheet, leaving space between cookies to allow for spreading. Bake in moderate oven (375 degrees F.) for 8 to 10 minutes. Remove cookies from pan and place on wire rack to cool.

NOTE: This dough may be kept in the refrigerator for 1 week to 10 days and baked as needed.

Yield: About 7 dozen cookies.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Gumdrop Cookies

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup soft butter or margarine
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
2 eggs, beaten
1½ cups sifted pastry flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cornstarch
2 teaspoons baking powder
10 to 12 gumdrops, cut in strips

METHOD: Cream butter or margarine, gradually add sugar and beat well. Stir in beaten eggs. Sift together flour, cornstarch and baking powder and blend into first mixture. Drop from spoon onto greased cookie sheet and dot with strips of gumdrops, patting in gently. Bake in moderate oven (375 degrees F.) for 10 to 12 minutes.

Yield: About 3 dozen cookies.

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Coconut Raisin Spice Bars

1½ cups sifted bread flour
OR 1¾ cups pastry flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon allspice
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup soft shortening (part butter)
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup light molasses
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts
1 cup seedless raisins
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded coconut
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk

METHOD: Grease and lightly flour a cake pan (9 x 12 inches). Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and spices. Cream shortening and butter until fluffy. Gradually add sugar, mixing

until creamy. Add beaten eggs. Beat well and add molasses, nuts, raisins and coconut. Add sifted dry ingredients and milk, combining thoroughly. Spread in prepared pan. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Let cool thoroughly. Cut in squares or bars.

NOTE: If desired, top may be dusted with icing sugar or spread with thin icing and sprinkled with shredded coconut.

Yield: 32 bars.

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Oat Surprises

1½ cups sifted bread flour
OR 1¾ cups sifted pastry flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft shortening
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft butter or margarine
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
2 cups rolled oats
Marmalade or date filling
Maraschino cherries

METHOD: Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Cream shortening and butter or margarine until fluffy. Add vanilla. Gradually add sugar, mixing until creamy. Add milk and rolled oats. Add sifted dry ingredients, combining thoroughly. Chill dough at least 2 hours (preferably overnight). Roll out chilled dough on lightly floured board. Cut out with cookie cutters in desired shapes. Place half the cookies on lightly greased cookie sheets. Put $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon filling on top of each. Place half a maraschino cherry in centre and moisten edges of cookies with water. Make two $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch slits crossing each other in centre of each of the remaining cookies. Place on top of matching shapes on cookie sheet, so cherry halves pop up through right angle slits. Press edges together to seal. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees F.) for 10 minutes. Remove cookies from pan and place on wire rack to cool.

NOTE: For marmalade ginger filling combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange marmalade with 2 tablespoons chopped preserved ginger.

Yield: About 40 cookies.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

There are more ideas for pies and cookies in Chatelaine Bulletins No. 2200 "Twenty-Eight Cookie Recipes," price 10 cents, and No. 2206 "Thirty-Four Pies," 15 cents.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

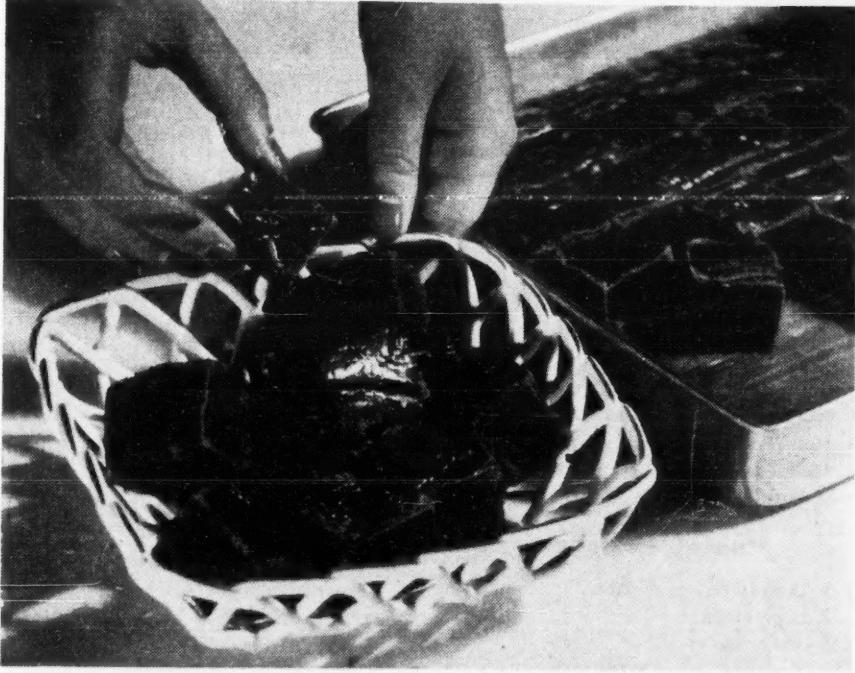
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Let's make Candy for Christmas



by Jacqueline Roy

of Chatelaine Institute

IF SOME of those on your Christmas list have a sweet tooth, homemade candy is the answer for their gifts. The making of the candy can be fun because there are so many kinds to choose from, most of them easy to make.

Your own family will want to nibble on some candy during the holidays, too, so lay in a home supply. You can even turn out attractive and edible favors, place cards and Christmas tree decorations with some of your confections.

Pack the candy in ornamented boxes—use lots of imagination, gay paper and ribbon and you'll have a gift to be proud of. This make-it-yourself present has another attractive feature (draw nearer, my budget-wise dears), it's economical, too.

Wrappings

Start well ahead of time to save suitable boxes for packing the candy—could be empties from candy, note paper, biscuits, etc. If you prefer, you can buy your boxes, either plain or transparent. Paste bright wrapping paper over soiled or marked boxes and line the bottom half with waxed paper or paper doilies. When wrapping the whole box use transparent cellulose paper, aluminum foil, gay paper shelving or any gift wrapping paper. Finish off with Christmas ribbons and seals for that "specialty shop" look.

Good "Nibblers"

Whether you tuck them into corners of your gift boxes or eat them yourself,

stuffed fruits and nuts make a sure-fire hit. Dates, softened prunes and figs can be stuffed with any one of these: marshmallows, chocolate fudge, nuts, raisins, shredded coconut, maraschino cherries. Stuff nuts by pressing a half nut into opposite sides of a ball of fudge.

Try dried fruit balls—use finely ground dried fruits and moisten with lemon or orange juice; shape into balls, then roll in fruit sugar, crushed graham cracker crumbs or shredded coconut.

Decorate with Candy

Christmas tree decorations that are edible are twice as much fun. Try tinting popcorn with colored sugar syrup and when it's dry, string it on thread. Makes effective festoons for the tree, and the small fry can eat it later.

Make place cards and favors from popcorn balls too. While shaping the balls, push a candy cane or wooden meat skewer into the centre. Wrap in transparent paper, leaving the candy cane sticking out the top. Fasten the name card on with a seal. At the end of the meal this "place card" can be eaten.

Chocolate Fudge

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
 2 cups sugar
 Few grains salt
 2 tablespoons butter
 1 teaspoon vanilla

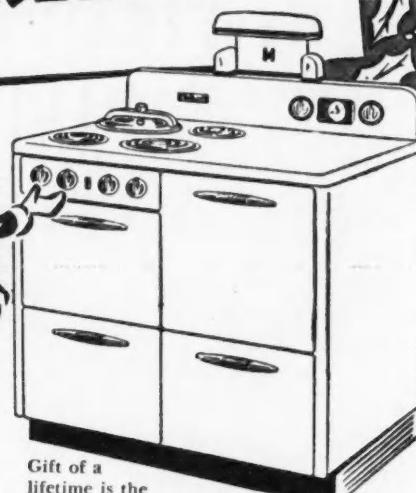
METHOD: Add chocolate to milk and cook until blended, stirring constantly.

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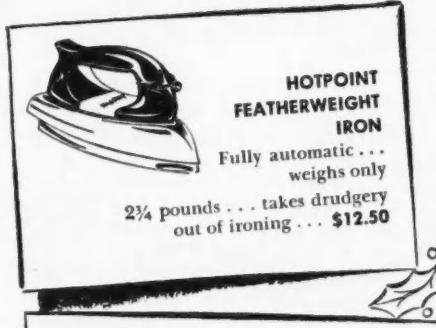
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Add sugar and salt and stir until mixture boils. Continue boiling without stirring until soft-ball stage is reached. Add butter and vanilla. Cool to lukewarm and then beat until mixture thickens and loses its gloss. Turn at once into a greased pan. When cold, cut in squares. Note: If desired, 1 cup broken nuts or 1 cup coconut may be added just before the fudge is put into the pan.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

from the spoon. Add gradually to beaten egg white, beating constantly. Add vanilla and continue beating until stiff. Drop by spoonfuls on waxed paper. Nuts may be placed on top to garnish.

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Christmas Divinity Fudge

2 cups granulated sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup light corn syrup
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
Few grains salt
2 egg whites
1 teaspoon vanilla
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped, candied cherries
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup halved, blanched and
toasted almonds

METHOD: Melt marshmallows and butter over boiling water. Stir in popped rice, mix thoroughly, then spread about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch deep in a greased jelly-roll pan or cake pan. Set in refrigerator until firm, then mark and cut out in triangles. Stick colored toothpicks into base of triangle, put other end of toothpick into the top of a large gumdrop. Silver dragees or colored cake decorating pellets may be pressed onto "trees." Yield: 24 small Christmas trees.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Note: To make chocolate trees, add 1 square (1 ounce) semisweet or unsweetened baking chocolate to the marshmallows as they melt.

METHOD: Mix sugar, corn syrup, water and salt, stirring over heat until dissolved. Let boil without stirring, to light crack stage (265 degrees F.). Pour syrup in a thin stream over stiffly beaten egg whites, stirring constantly. Take care not to scrape the bottom or sides of the pan. Add vanilla and continue beating until creamy. Add cherries and nuts and beat until candy will hold its shape. Drop quickly from tip of spoon on waxed paper, or pour into slightly greased pan and cut in squares.

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Pastel Popcorn

2 quarts popped corn
2 cups sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
2 tablespoons butter
Green coloring
Red coloring

METHOD: Pop corn and salt it slightly, divide into two equal portions and put into separate bowls. Combine sugar, water and butter and place over low heat, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Then boil until it forms a soft ball when tried in cold water. Divide syrup into two equal parts. Color one portion a delicate shade of green and the other a delicate shade of red. Pour one portion of the syrup into one bowl of corn and stir gently until the kernels are well coated. Treat the other bowl of corn with the other portion of syrup in the same way. When dry, put the two colors together in a large bowl for serving. Third and fourth colors may be used as well as the first two.

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Fruit and Nut Balls

$\frac{1}{2}$ cups marshmallows (cut in
small pieces)
4 cherries, sliced
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cherry juice
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup dates, chopped
2 tablespoons chopped nuts
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon cream
4 Graham crackers (rolled to
fine crumbs)
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded coconut

METHOD: Combine all ingredients except cracker crumbs and shredded coconut. Form into balls and roll half the balls in cracker crumbs and the other half in shredded coconut. Yield: about 18 balls.

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Peanut Brittle

2 tablespoons butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup corn syrup
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
1 cup shelled peanuts
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon soda

METHOD: Melt butter in saucepan, add sugar, corn syrup, molasses and water. Boil until brittle when tested in cold water. Add peanuts and soda, mix thoroughly and pour into buttered pan. When cool, break in squares.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Holiday Snacks

2 cups brown sugar
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup water
1 egg white
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla

METHOD: Cook sugar and water together slowly until mixture threads

★ ★ ★
Have you ever thought what happens to
the little woman who stays at home?

Read the story of

The Wife of the Traveling Salesman
in January Chatelaine

Reader Takes Over

Artist's License

Dear Editor: I have just read the first installment of Frances Shelley Wees' story, "Melody Unheard." Being a pianist of sorts myself I perused it with great interest and it gives promise of holding the reader's attention through future issues. But did George Englert who illustrated the story take the trouble to read any of it? Obviously not, and I am surprised at your acceptance of his illustrations, attractive as they are. . . There's no resemblance at all between the author's heroine and the artist's. An unimportant point possibly to a lot of readers, but not to a practical one like myself, who likes the illustrations to picture the people in the story. I shall be waiting impatiently for the next issue . . .

—Mrs. D. L. Wood
Toronto, Ont.

No Obscurity, Please

Dear Editor: Please do not give us any more stories that do not reveal the ending clearly. I have just read "Stranger in Town," in October Chatelaine—a long story with no clear ending. I may be dumb, but why should the heroine go to see a woman and come out crying? I hate those stories. We do our share paying for the magazine and should not have to be bothered working out the endings. Life is a puzzle enough; reading should be a pleasure, not a pain in the neck. "Miniature" in September suffered from the same fault. Why didn't the writer reveal whether the plane had left? She surely could have told us that much. . . The rest of the magazine is good, but the stories seem to cater to the young, like everything else these days.

—Miss S. J. M.
Beaverton, Ont.

Unreconciled Housewives

Dear Editor: In answer to your English correspondent who grabbed adventure in September Reader Takes Over, I think she is perfectly right. I for one appreciate what a fine opportunity we Canadians have for traveling and would love to take advantage of it. However, what can one do when, at the age of 27, you find yourself with a house and four children to tie you to your own back yard . . . Deep inside we housewives all long for something more, and are never really reconciled to a humdrum housewifely job.

—Mrs. F. P.
Toronto, Ont.

Who Hates Showers?

Dear Editor: Will you kindly extend to Eileen Morris my heartiest congratulations on her article, "I Hate Showers," in September Chatelaine. Written in such a humorous style it was delightful reading and every word true. Best wishes for more such pieces and all power to the writers of Canadian magazines.

—A. S. Watkins
Vancouver, B.C.

. . . After reading Miss Morris' article on showers I just had to sit down

and express my views as a newlywed. Looking back on those showers, and how much I needed and enjoyed them, I shudder to think what I would have had to buy if my good friends hadn't rallied around. It's true I was tired sometimes, because I was fortunate enough to have nine or ten get-togethers. But believe me, it was well worth those few hours . . . as for replacing them with a bachelor-girl luncheon! To me that wouldn't be any fun at all. Let's keep up the parties for the brides-to-be—because I like showers! —Mrs. J. M. Unionville, Ont.

Feeble Effort?

Dear Editor: I simply can't let your anonymous writer get away with that dreadful article in your November issue on the conditions of country life in Canada. I have never read such disgusting drivel in my life. Every line breathes of her frustration and emptiness and unhappiness. The community she lives in must need the police, the Children's Aid, the church and the jail . . .

What about our Women's Institute work, with its projects of craft work, community service and adult education? What about our Junior Farmers, and Junior Institutes, our dozens of real live recreation centres built up by the people of our community without waiting for some government employee to set it up for us . . .

"The Kingdom of Heaven is within thee—" I bitterly resent the implication that such conditions as are described are common or to any large degree prevalent in rural Canada and I pity the writer from the bottom of my heart. Adult life with so little to live for must be hard indeed. Every man must work out his own salvation and he who makes such feeble efforts can expect no results.

—Ruth S. Hauck
National Convener—Citizenship
Federated Women's Institutes of
Canada

Brampton, Ont.

. . . In the article, "Alcoholics—Country Style," the writer has dared to expose what is growing to be a terrible menace. In our small rural community a few miles from Vancouver even our annual Christmas Tree entertainment held in the schoolhouse for the children was degenerating into an excuse for having a dance, with the inevitable liquor drinking, small children in danger of being kicked, and teen-agers asked to "try a drink—outside in the car." Parents are to blame, and it is high time some of them had sufficient moral backbone to take a stand against it.

British Columbia. —A Reader

Keep It Canadian

Dear Editor: Do I ever love my Chatelaine! And because it is a Canadian magazine. I do hope it will not become more English, as your correspondent in B. C. wishes. If it does, I shall cease to get it. Surely we, as Canadian women, can have an all-Canadian magazine for our enjoyment.

Winnipeg, Man. —M. A. C.



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To sisters: Whether her interests lie in cooking, sewing, home decoration or the many other home-making favorites, she will find features on every subject in CHATELAINE.

To mothers: Each issue of CHATELAINE carries a special article on childcare by a famous medical specialist. Too there are special pages on patterns, and countless tested recipes.

To daughters: CHATELAINE has long been famous for its wonderful handling of teen-age problems. How to dress . . . make-up . . . dating, etc. Wonderfully informative too, on subjects that will prepare her to take her place in the business . . . and homemaking fields.

To girl friends: Fashion trends . . . both Canadian and those of other countries are discussed and suggested to help the Canadian woman attain that dash of "chic" economically, but well.

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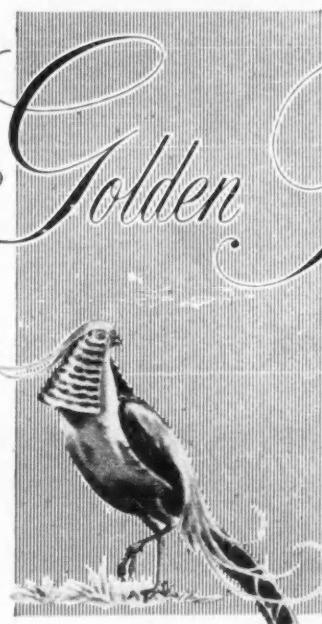
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One Bed . . .

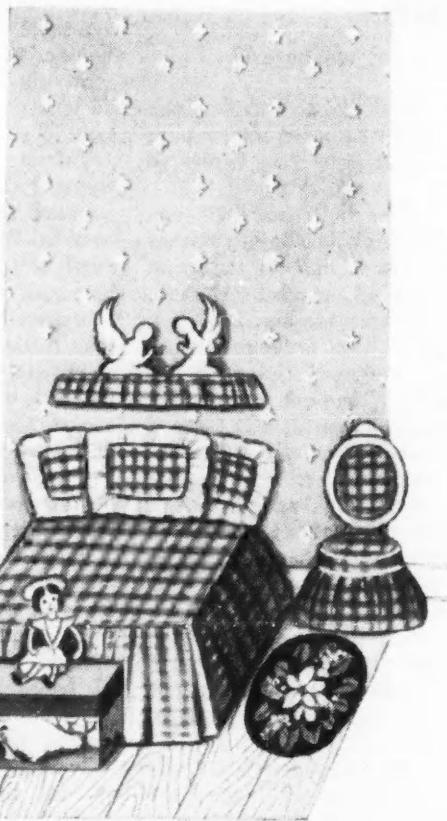
THESE THREE BEDS are one and the same. The original was a relic of the 1920's . . . a companion piece to the Model T Ford and the flapper.

We took it out of the spare room we call our "glory hole," sawed off the head and footboard and took stock of our assets. What we had left was a comfortable mattress and good springs, a free hand in designing. Before making a final decision, we worked it out on a drawing board three ways:

IN THE SKETCH ABOVE we gave the bed a half-canopy. This is easy to make. It consists of ruffled white organdie curtains hung from a cornice. The cornice is homemade from half-inch planks covered in quilted chintz to match the bedspread and pillows. It is attached to the wall with metal brackets obtainable from any hardware store. Dust ruffles on the bed and pillow edging of ruffled organdie give a feeling of continuity to the whole.

DESIGNED FOR a little girl's room is the bed covered in demure checked gingham. A grouping of pillows against the wall and a shelf edged with gingham ruffle and holding ceramic angels supply the interest. There is no bedside lamp to tempt sleep away but a tiny night light between the angels makes a soft glow along the way to dreamland. A slipper chair, covered in matching gingham, makes a cozy grouping and is a convenience to mother in those precious moments when good nights are said or bedtime stories are told.

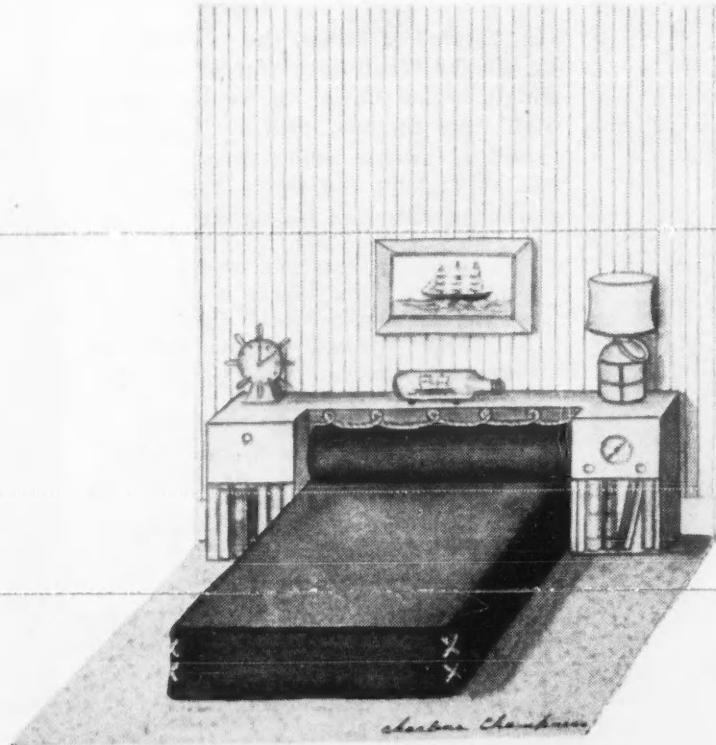
IN THE SKETCH opposite the bed is designed with the young man of the house in mind. It is as carefully tailored as his best suit and consists of a cupboard unit (easily made in any home workshop) to replace the discarded headboard. The cupboard conveniently houses books and radio. A salty flavor has been added in the blue denim cover with its white rope trimming. The corners of the bedspread are laced to give that extra tailored look and the pillows, for the same reason, are concealed in a blue denim "hammock." Loops of white rope hung from wooden pegs secure the hammock to the back.



Three Ways

If there's an old bed stored away in your attic, why not turn a nuisance into an asset by remodeling it for junior or junior miss?

by Charlene Champness



Charlene Champness



THIS ADVERTISEMENT MAY SAVE YOU \$100

Before you decide on any new home laundry equipment — compare it with the new, de luxe Easy Spindry! Find out what you get for the extra you pay! Then find out if *any other washer at any price* gives you these advantages of the Easy Spindry!

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DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY LIMITED

Santa Claus

Continued from page 65

wishes to sell I'd like to complete the deal as it would help me in my next assignment. But only if he wishes to sell still."

Valerie's sudden anger surprised even herself. "You think he offered you that condition because of me? If you think that you're not big enough for the job, you've simply come too far, too fast, Paul Farnham." Then her anger evaporated as she thought of the old man's disappointment. "I'm not a nurse, but I took a business course, and I stood third in a class of 40, and if you think getting the chance even to take the course was easy, think again. I've a job in Victoria, B.C., after the holidays. I won't be here to embarrass you. But if you disappoint an old man who believed in you—if you dare!"

After a moment Paul Farnham asked coldly. "Shall I call a taxi for you?" She shook her head, wondering if she could get out now with a shred of dignity.

"No, the doorman will get me a taxi."

She tried to cry in the taxi so she could be finished before she told Grandfather Talbot as she knew she must. But even without being able to cry she felt drained and limp.

The old man took it quite calmly. "Let him stew tonight. Get yourself some sleep. Tomorrow's a hell day for us—the three hours at the store, then the wedding and reception. One good thing about a Christmas Eve wedding, folks will leave early."

"I can't go to the Store in the morning! I—I can't see him again," Valerie cried.

Sternly the old man said, "You can do what is necessary—now it is necessary to sleep."

Valerie found it curious that not seeing Paul at all next morning hurt as much as she had feared seeing him would. Would it be like that always now? She was glad for the rush of going home, of dressing, of leaving for the church; all the furore and excitement that made the ceremony itself almost an anticlimax. And the reception found her too busy to remember anything except the cut-and-dried actions and phrases she was now grateful for. She kept an eye on Grandfather Talbot, for he loved champagne. But finally she forgot even him.

For she felt reaction beginning. When about half the guests had gone, around seven-thirty, she slipped away to her room. She got out of the heavy maid-of-honor dress, and flung herself across her bed, shaken with weeping. Tears of loss and tension, and finally a fitful restless sleep.

The telephone shrilled in her ear, and she sat up abruptly. Through the darkness her bedside clock said it was nearly 11. She grabbed the telephone to stop it ringing again. All about her the house seemed quiet. "Hello," she said. The voice that answered was Paul's.

"I wondered if you would answer. Old Mr. T's waking up now. I think I'd better bring him home."

"You mean Grandfather Talbot? He's asleep in his room, isn't he?"

JAZZ

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Seal of Approval**

"He's been asleep in my bed since about seven-thirty. I felt you might miss him in the morning."

Valerie was thoroughly awake now. "I don't understand—how did he?"

"He arrived in a taxi—rather tight on champagne. He says he took it from people too young to have been served it anyhow. I'll have him there in about 20 minutes." He hung up.

With shaking hands Valerie got into a housecoat of warm blue wool. She waited by the front door and watched the tall young man half-carrying the drowsy old one up the steep front steps. Behind her the house seemed to have settled into an uneasy quiet. If only they could get Grandfather Talbot to bed without waking anyone.

They did. It was while Valerie was going downstairs to let Paul out that they heard a door opening upstairs. Quickly Valerie pushed Paul around into the conservatory where only the bright Christmas tree lights still burned. She held her breath as she noticed he held her hand.

From above came her mother's tired voice. "Who is it?"

"It's Val, mother."

"I just remembered I forgot to put

the servants' presents under the tree. I'll be right down, and you can help."

Quickly Valerie said, "I'll do it, mother. Where are they?"

"Will you? They're in the lower large desk drawer." There was a moment's silence. "I'll miss you, dear, when you go to Victoria. Do you still mean to take that job?"

"Yes, mother," Valerie said finally.

Her mother sighed. "Well, get to bed—the children will have us up at daybreak for their stockings, you know." Soft steps and a door closed.

Paul Farnham pulled her gently into the dark corner by the Christmas tree, and she saw he was remembering as she was, the dark space behind the Ice Palace, where he had kissed her.

"Val, I was a fool last night not to see you could never be like anyone else in the world, except maybe Old Mr. T. I couldn't bear you to be in Victoria, B.C., or anywhere without me! It's Christmas Eve when those who love enough seem able to forgive. Val, could you possibly—"

With her fingers Valerie stopped the words. "Merry Christmas, Paul," she said softly, then replaced her fingers with her lips. *

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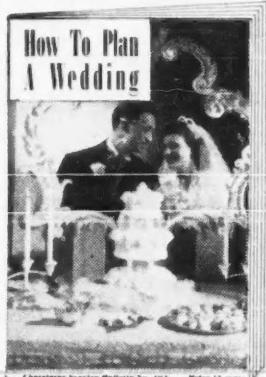
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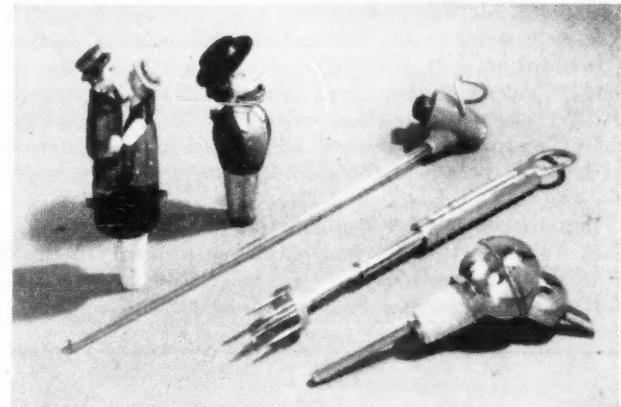
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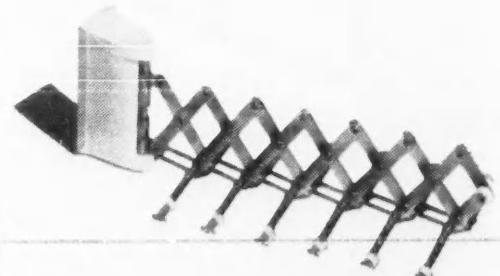
This month the shopper scouts for little things to hang on the tree, to tuck in the stocking, to wrap as gifts . . . purposeful, amusing things and all under five dollars. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope with your enquiry about the shopping sources.



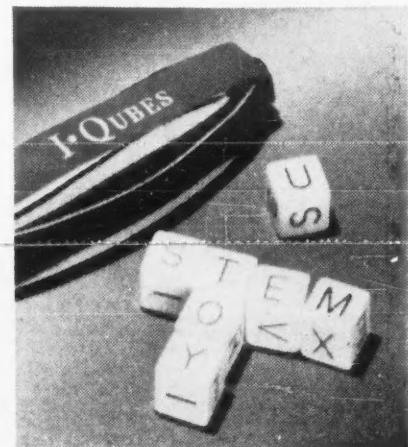
For the hand that wields the carvers, a fork designed to hold the turkey, roast or ham steady on the platter. Gives the sort of nonskid performance the head of the house will be grateful for the year 'round. Of highly polished steel for around \$4.50.



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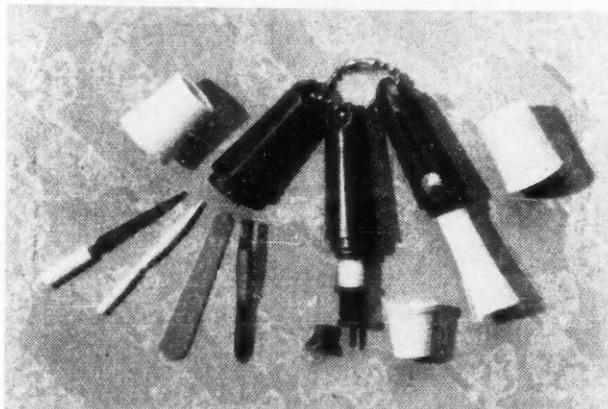
I-cubes for your I.Q. It's a pocket-size game where you shake all seven of the ivory dice, toss, then count the number of words you can form in a given time. Good fun for one or a party. About \$3.45.

with Chatelaine

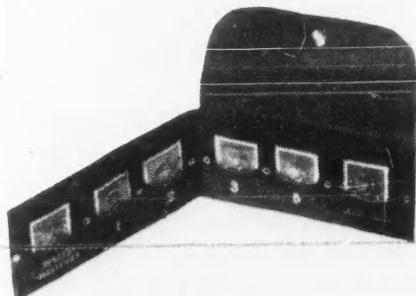
by Wilma Tait



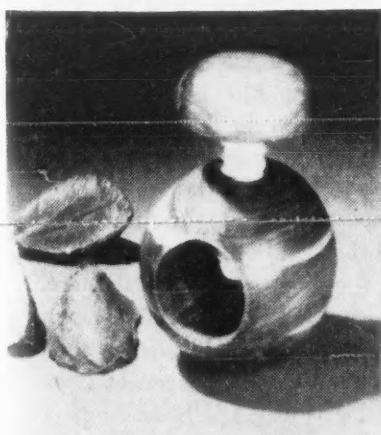
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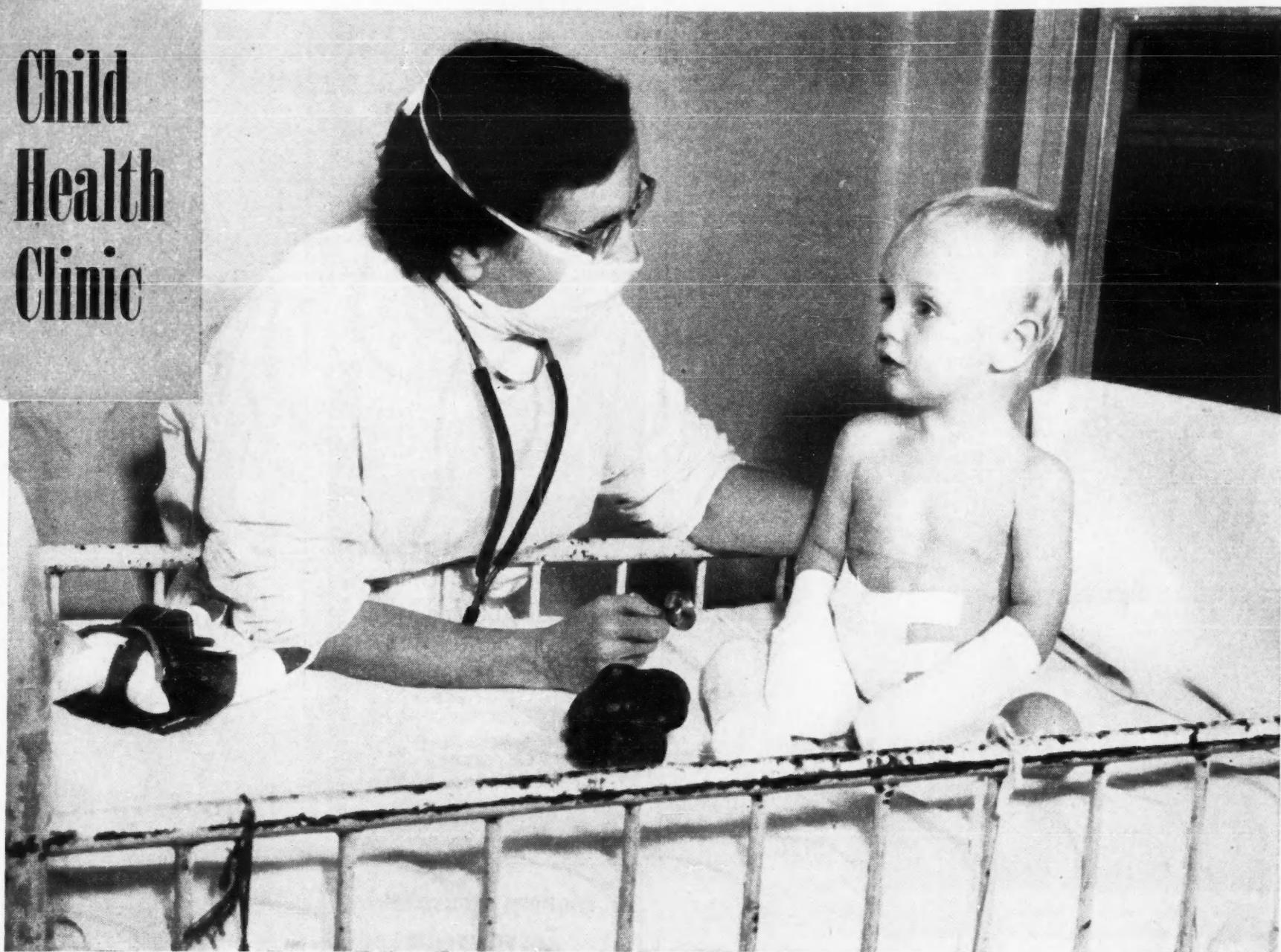
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Child Health Clinic



They Serve Our Children

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

ABOUT 60 years ago the present Hospital for Sick Children was built. It's an old-fashioned red brick and stone building that you hardly notice as you walk along College Street in Toronto, but there are few Canadians who haven't heard of its work.

Our Hospital serves a far larger area than Toronto alone. In fact one third of the patients come from outside the city. Every year we get patients from all the provinces and from many other countries as well. Nearly all of these children are sent to us by their physicians because they believe that even with our present limited setup we have exceptional facilities for the diagnosis and treatment of unusual and difficult conditions.

For example we have specialists in heart diseases who are experts in discovering why blue babies are blue. Usually they can find out what abnormality in the heart is responsible for the trouble. Some of these patients can be cured or greatly improved by operations and our surgeons have successfully operated on over a hundred of them. One, an eight-

year-old boy, was sent to us from out-of-town. He had been very blue since birth, he could not walk even 50 yards without getting short of breath. He couldn't go upstairs at all. He had to be content to sit quietly. He couldn't go to school, but his mother had taught him at home and he was a clever pupil. The detailed examination of his heart revealed a condition that could be relieved by operation, although not without risk. The operation was done by a skilful young surgeon and now the boy is a new youngster entirely. He moves around freely, and is able at last to enjoy an almost normal life. Although still slightly blue, he can walk three blocks quite easily and can go upstairs. Next spring he's going to have a chance to go to school. You can imagine what a difference this treatment has made to that home. Blue babies actually are quite common. One of them dies every day in the province of Ontario alone. A large percentage of them could be saved. In the new hospital our facilities for treating them will be greatly expanded.

Over the years we have played a large part in guarding the health of children across Canada. Thousands of babies and children have been treated in our wards—in fact about 12,000 each year are patients here. Many of them are brought hundreds of miles. No acutely ill child is ever refused, although sometimes the wards have to house 50% more than their regular number of patients. In our new hospital all can be comfortably accommodated.

There is always a long list of

* *Continued on next page*

The doors of "Sick Kids" have always been open to any acutely ill child, in spite of outmoded buildings. Now, with its new home, one of the best-equipped on the continent, this great hospital will stand guard over the health of children everywhere in Canada.

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nonurgent cases awaiting admission, and because we are so limited for space, this list is growing. Last year it numbered more than 800. In the new building we will have approximately twice as many beds as we have now. This will enable us to keep up with the demand.

Thousands more patients who are well enough to be cared for at home are examined and treated in our Out-Patients' Department. Some 70,000 treatments and examinations were given in that department alone last year. If you have any doubt about the crying need for a larger hospital you should visit the long corridor where these patients and their parents gather. They now come by appointment, but until we have more examining and treatment rooms we cannot handle such numbers without unavoidable delays.

Already our Hospital, working under very crowded conditions, treats more children than any other hospital in North America. When the new building is finished it will be the largest of its kind on the continent. Nevertheless it does not compete with or duplicate the service of any other hospital in Ontario. The members of our clinical staff are constantly applying new methods that seem to be of value or improving old ones themselves. Frequent regular meetings where the results of new treatments are described or where the work done in other hospitals is reviewed keep the whole staff abreast of modern progress.

At these meetings the results of treating patients with such new drugs as streptomycin, aureomycin and chloramycetin are reported in detail. These drugs are nothing short of marvelous. For instance, many babies so heavily infected with tuberculosis that it has spread all through their bodies can now be completely cured by streptomycin! Twenty-five years ago, when I was a medical student, nothing could be done to save their little lives. They were beyond help. When new drugs are scarce, as they generally are when first manufactured commercially, hospitals such as ours can usually obtain some of them, because the makers know that complete records of their effectiveness will be kept.

Tucked away in the basement is the orthopedic shop where special shoes, braces, frames and other appliances are cleverly fashioned for many of the surgeons' patients. Away in another corner is the small swimming tank where the physiotherapists exercise children whose muscles have been weakened by polio or other diseases. These departments will both have better equipment in the new hospital so that they can keep up with the demand for their services.

The dairy, where thousands of babies' feedings each year are prepared, does its work well despite cramped quarters and old-fashioned equipment. How all the meals for the older youngsters and the nurses are prepared in the small kitchen devoted to this purpose would amaze you, but they come out on time and in appetizing form. Naturally the dairy and the kitchens in the new hospital will be much larger and also better designed and equipped.

Another big job that the Hospital does is to provide excellent lectures and training not only for the senior medical students but also for graduate physicians who plan to become child specialists or surgeons.

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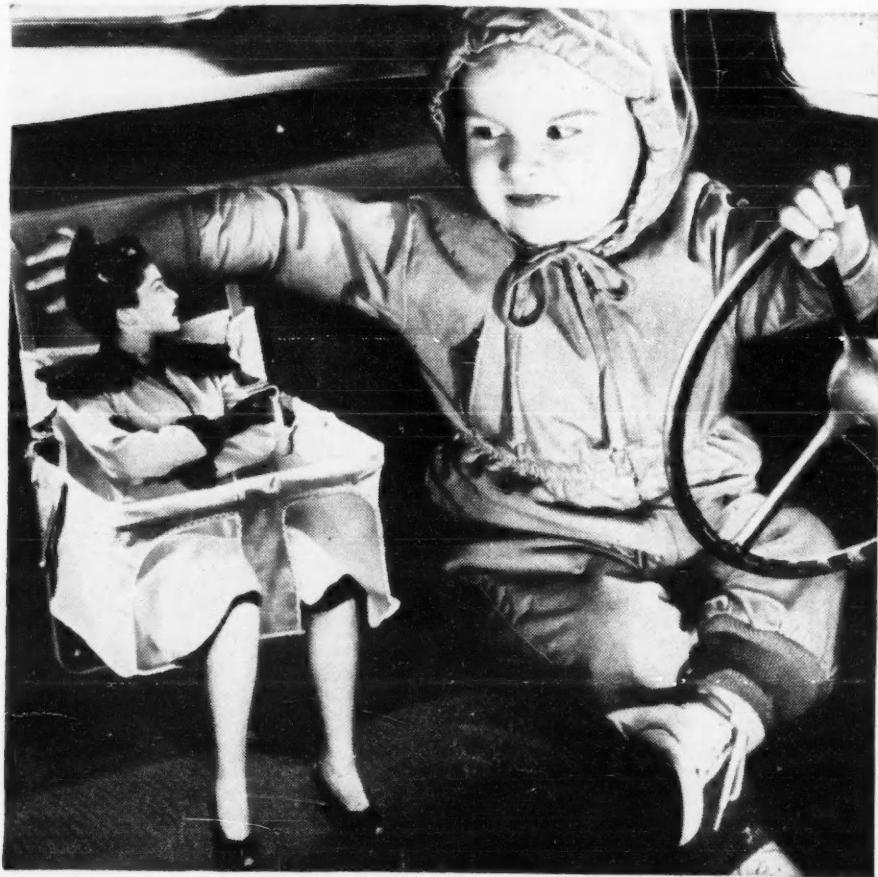
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BABY: This may not be any joy ride for you, Mom—now that you're being me for a day!

MOM: Joy ride! I should say it isn't! Wriggling around in these straps makes my skin so uncomfortable I could howl!

BABY: I hoped you'd get to see it my way, Mom! Now maybe you see why you ought to keep my skin protected with Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder!

MOM: Write your own ticket, lamb! But tell me now, why do you need both?

BABY: That's a cinch, Mommie. Pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Oil to smooth me over after my bath. And more of the same at diaper changes, to help prevent what my doctor calls "urine irritation."

Other times, Mom, lots of soft, soothing sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder, to chase chafes and prickles and keep me purring!

MOM: Angel, I've been an awful flat tire about this! Just step on the gas and let's be on our way to the nearest headquarters for Johnson's!



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A very large percentage of the child specialists from Halifax to Victoria took their training in the Hospital for Sick Children. As a matter of fact, few Canadian hospitals offer such training. Hundreds of nurses too have taken their training here. Seventy per cent of our own nurses come from outside points.

A large number of the clinical staff are also working on research problems in our dreadfully overcrowded laboratories. At the moment, important studies on diabetes, polio, Rh disease, coeliac disease and leukemia are under way. One of our staff physicians was active in developing new methods for diagnosing and treating coeliac disease. Now, if the condition is spotted early and is well controlled by diet and treatment, it doesn't stunt the children and make them unhappy and irritable. And if their parents see that they stick to their special diets and protect them as much as possible, they usually do very well.

The whole fourth floor of our new building will be filled with laboratories. In our first campaign some organizations and individuals specified that their gifts were to go toward setting up a research laboratory. Thanks partly to them we will have the excellent laboratories that all large modern hospitals need. You would be surprised to know how much work the laboratories do for even one patient. When you consider that the new building will house nearly 700 in-patients you can imagine how busy our laboratory will be.

What does this hospital mean to Canada as a whole?

(1) We are a centre where physicians from all over Canada can send their unusual and difficult cases with the assurance that they will be studied with great thoroughness and treated by the most effective means possible. If your own child falls a prey to such a disease you will be thankful for the services this hospital can render you and your physician. You can never be sure that your family will escape such troubles.

(2) We train physicians and nurses who spread out all over Canada. Their work will help to keep our youngsters healthy and to cure them when they fall ill.

(3) Our staff is often called upon to advise city, provincial and national health departments and organizations on problems relating to child care.

(4) Our fundamental researches on foods have been of value to the armed forces, to the allied prisoners of war and to the Canadian population at large. We have also done our best to popularize this knowledge. We are here to help you and we need your help.

In 1945 we applied to the public for a sum of money then considered sufficient to build an adequate new hospital. At the time it was estimated that \$7½ millions would cover the cost. Construction and equipment costs have almost doubled since 1945. The plans for the building and equipment have been modified in every possible way to reduce the cost. Even when all this has been done, the estimated cost is now set at more than \$12 millions. As you realize, the demand for children's medical services is urgent and increasing. We need four million dollars to complete and equip our new building.

Will you help us? Make your contributions generous and send them to the Building Fund, Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto.



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Chatelaine

for December, 1949

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December, 1949

Vol. 22 No. 12

Merry Christmas

... and a Happy New Half-Century!

MERRY CHRISTMAS to you—from all of us at Chatelaine. Here we are, caught for a moment on the whirligig of Time, halfway through a fabulous century, turning toward the Year of our Lord, 2000 A.D.

This is the most heart-warming of all our festivals. This year, more than ever, we can surely call out, with a Dickens fullness of delight, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

BUT AS WE BUSTLE about the delightful chores of Christmas, most women's hearts will be filled with a new awareness of history. Who can resist looking backward—and then ahead, as 1950 comes rushing in?

For this was the century which, so Sir Wilfrid Laurier predicted, would belong to Canada. We've grown to nationhood in the first 50 years. Will Sir Wilfrid be proven a true prophet? We, the people, can help decide.

We started the century at war. Two devastating ones crashed about us in the years between. As we turn the pyramid of the decades, the fear of war is in our hearts again. Will it come? We, the people, can help decide.

The Atom Bomb haunts us too. Yet, as someone said the other day, the Atomic Age could yet be the Golden Age toward which man has been struggling. We, the people, can help decide.

Charity has become a new science, and the poor and needy are better cared for than ever before in history. Yet still there is not enough care for those who need it so desperately. Must this always be? We, the people, can help decide.

LOOK BACKWARD, yes—but forward too, with the confidence that comes from a belief that we *are* learning how to help mold the forces that build our way of life.

So with cheery hearts we can turn toward 1950, making our merry shouts about Christmas—and making, at the same time, our own decisions to help build a happier new half-century.

Byrne Hope Sanders

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